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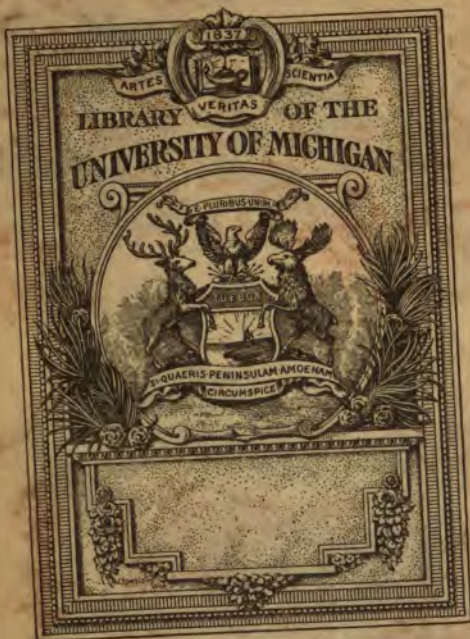
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Amie L. Safford

Aug. 2nd '9

THE VILLA
80181
ON THE RHINE

BY

BERTHOLD AUERBACH

AUTHOR'S EDITION

With a Portrait of the Author, and a Biographical Sketch

BY

BAYARD TAYLOR

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. II



NEW YORK
LEYPOLDT & HOLT

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BOOK NINTH.

CHAPTER I.

THE ENTRÉE INTO THE VICTORIA.

BEFORE the Victoria hotel, in the capital, stood a row of carriages; the sparrows flocked around them, and the coachmen gathered in groups, shuffled their feet to keep off the cold, swung their arms over their chests and under their shoulders, and bantered each other.

The sparrows wrangled; they could find no more food and flew away. The coachmen grew silent; they had spent all their jokes. What can be done or said on a Winter's afternoon in the snow-covered, empty streets of the capital. Everything is as mute as the late Prince, who stands cut in stone upon yonder lofty column, a cap of snow on his head, and epaulettes of snow on his shoulders. The parade is over. The chancery officers hold their sessions in the court-rooms, and up there in the Casino the shutters are closed, that they may play cards by candlelight. The time comes for the relief of the guards up there at Prince Leonhard's palace; the soldiers wear large capes, and mittens on their hands. The sentinel, who is relieved, whispers something in the ear of his comrade, who takes his place; it cannot be very important. A chancery-beadle comes along, bearing a roll of documents: he meets a court-lackey, clad in a long coat reaching almost to the ground; they exchange pinches of snuff, and pass on. Such is the life of a petty capital on a Winter's afternoon.

But now things look up; something is going on. There was a great stir among the coachmen: Lutz, the courier, came up in advance with the large baggage-wagon.

"Now there's something to talk about. Is't true that Goldclump, the king of California, is coming to the capital?"

"Run up to your father, the bellringer; tell him to ring all the bells," cried one of them.

"Just let me have a drink, so I can hurrah loud enough," said another. "Now the merry Winter really begins. Goldclump will make things fly more than three princes and seven-teen counts, with seven barons to boot."

"I'll tell you what," interposed a third, "when he comes, let's send a deputation to him—that's the thing; that's something after his style. I've got my plan."

"Out with it; out with your plan!"

The cabman thus addressed—a small, hunchbacked man, with

a shrewd, cunning look—made his comrades wait a little, then he said :

“Let’s petition Herr Sonnenkamp to give every coachman a schoppen of wine a day. You see, he’ll do it. If I’d seventy millions I’d do it too.”

A rather stout, thick-set cabman said :

“I’ve been a tavern-keeper; I know what that is. The keeper of the Hotel Victoria catches a guest—he warms him up—makes him cozy—greases him well.”

Inside the hotel much happier faces were to be seen. The beautiful hostess was to-day still more beautiful: she inspected once more the magnificent suite of rooms on the first floor, and found that everything was right. Here and there still another mat or rug was laid down, so that the steps of the butlers, serving-men and serving-maids, as they went to and fro, could not be heard on the double thicknesses of carpet: the magnificent silk-covered chairs and sofas, which had put off their sad gray envelopments, glistened and glimmered as if thankful to be permitted to appear in the light.

Lutz was at full heat of activity. Running from this chair to that, from a sofa to a tête-à-tête, he seemed to be experimenting in all the various ways of sitting. He decided that this or that thing should be placed so and so. He seemed inclined to try the beds, but he contented himself with working the springs up and down a little. With great dexterity and remarkable taste he improved the arrangement of a boudoir, which was adorned with blue silk tapestry, and had a pleasant bay-window.

All was at length well arranged.

Evening came; the entire suite of rooms was illuminated; all the lights in the chandeliers, on the tables and the mantels, were lit; the staircase was adorned with flowers. Now they could come. The chief-butler walked up and down before the house, and considered himself satisfied with the rooms. He was doubly satisfied when he looked over at the Prince’s—there it was all dark and cheerless; they’ll be vexed.

A wagon came, bringing the servants, male and female, followed soon after by the carriage containing Erich and Roland; and last of all, a four-in-hand drove up. Bertram turned the horses’ heads; Herr Sonnenkamp alighted, then Miss Perini, and finally, done up in the costliest furs, Frau Ceres.

The hackmen standing before the house forgot what they had concerted—they raised no hurrah for Sonnenkamp; he went in silence into the entrance-hall, followed by his people. Here the great-bearded porter, arrayed in a laced coat and a broad hat, presented his silver-headed staff; he stood plumb before them as if he had been cast in a mould, but his eyes sparkled. They went up the well-warmed, well-lighted, flower-adorned stairway.

Sonnenkamp cast satisfied glances about him. Frau Ceres was not in good humor, for she had slept almost the whole way. Sitting before the open fireplace, she gradually peeled off one and another fold of fur.

Sonnenkamp inspected all the rooms, and, as he loitered in those which were designed for Roland and Erich, he said :

"All the comforts in the world have their price ; he who has nothing must freeze down there, like the drivers, and wait for a passenger."

He came back to his wife's boudoir. Frau Ceres was yet sitting motionless in a comfortable chair before the fire.

"What shall we do to-day?" said she in a half-tired tone.

"There's plenty of time to go to the theatre."

"And dress myself again? I won't."

By great good luck the Privy-councillor's wife was announced.

"You're quite welcome," said Sonnenkamp, which was very true. The lady made her excuses for not coming before—she had been detained by a visit from the Countess Graben, and thus prevented from coming to see her dear friends and neighbors in their apartments, as had been her intention. Her dear friends and neighbors were enchanted with this immense condescension.

Erich and Roland were summoned to the saloon, whither the cadet had accompanied his mother.

"Where is your mother?" asked the Privy-councillor's wife. "Isn't she coming?"

Erich did not reply, and Sonnenkamp said hastily that Frau Dournay did not wish to relinquish country-life.

"That will create universal regret," said the Privy-councillor's wife, smiling as brightly as if she had said something peculiarly sprightly. "We have all been thinking how delightful it would be to have that amiable, intelligent, and universally esteemed lady once more with us."

"She must come," said Frau Ceres.

Sonnenkamp was in the worst of humors. Was, then, the splendor of his house as nothing without this woman? And his temper was not improved when his aristocratic friend said to him in a tone intended only for his ear :

"It will take longer and be harder to accomplish our fine plan if Frau Dournay is not with us."

She herself always called the lady "*née* von Burgholz." Yes, she believed that it was only through her that Herr Sonnenkamp would be enabled to build up a house to which everybody would long to come ; she thought herself very modest in adding, that she would use all possible efforts, but could not begin to have the influence that the "*née* von Burgholz" would have.

Sonnenkamp felt as if the lights in the reception-hall were

burning very dimly : but he conquered his ill-temper sufficiently not to show it.

The cadet proposed that, as a riding-party was to be given at the end of the month by some of the nobles, which was to come off at the Prince's riding-house, Roland should dress as an esquire and take his place among other citizen cadets, and go through some of the evolutions.

Roland was delighted with the prospect, but Sonnenkamp cut short his pleasure by saying :

"No ! you shall not do it."

He gave no reasons: it was unnecessary for him to say that he did not wish his son to make his first appearance among the plebs who occupied the place merely by sufferance.

The Privy-councillor's wife had much to tell about who had already "received" and who had not: and many dainty bits of scandal were darkly hinted at before the children. The eldest son of Herr von Endlich, the splendor of whose house was notorious, was about to be betrothed, but it was feared that the next news from Madeira—whither the young couple who had been married last summer had gone—would be that the other one was dead.

The cadet asked Roland to go to the theatre with him, where there was to be some fine ballet-dancing. Erich looked quickly at Sonnenkamp, who said :

"Yes, Roland; go."

Erich now for the first time saw his pupil go to an entertainment and a society into which he did not accompany him. He was anxious.

Roland wanted Erich to go, but the cadet said it would be impossible to secure another seat ; he had found great difficulty in getting one for his friend. As Roland left, he said to Erich :

"I'll come back to you when it's over."

Erich was more easy ; he could not guard Roland from seeing many things, and falling in with many associates that might render nugatory all his endeavors to lead him in the right direction. He hoped that Roland had strength and conscience enough to guard against the danger.

Half-proudly and half-sorrowfully the Privy-councillor's wife told how smart and precocious her son was in regard to his relations with the sex ; and in the same tone lamented that Manna was to spend this season, which was already showing signs of being a brilliant one, in the seclusion of the convent. She had made such charming calculations about leading the mother and her beautiful daughter into society together.

Sonnenkamp replied that there would be time enough for that next Winter.

CHAPTER II.

THE FIRST NIGHT IN THE COURT-CITY.

ERICH soon excused himself. He went to his room, but found no rest there. In this city, where he was born and had passed the greater part of his youth, he was now in a strange hotel, and the servant of a stranger. He fought down his pitiful weakness, and wrote a letter to his mother, announcing his arrival, and begging her not to allow herself to be wheedled into coming to the city. He took his letter to the post-office, and then wandered through the silent and deserted streets of the capital. He knew every street, every house; here and there he saw where his early companions and friends used to live: he did not know how they would receive him now.

He passed the large building containing antiquarian relics; he wondered how it would have been if he had received the position of director here.

He wandered restlessly up and down, and at last entered a beer-house.

He sat down in a corner, and listened to the people who were sitting there smoking long pipes, and amusing themselves over poor jokes; they were talking about everything.

He pricked up his ears as he heard the name of Sonnenkamp mentioned by a big apple-cheeked fellow, who said:

"After to-day I've got to take very nice meat to the Victoria hotel, for Herr Sonnenkamp is particular about his eatables."

A printer whom Erich recognized, said:

"Our editor, Professor Crutius, says that he knows Herr Sonnenkamp, but he doesn't want to say anything about it."

Erich quickened his attention at this remark, and heard what amount the proprietor of the hotel received every day. Then some one said that Sonnenkamp was buying the Rabenecke Palace, and that it was as good as settled that he was to receive a patent of nobility. This occasioned some remarks which Erich could not overhear, but everybody burst out laughing.

"And I say," said a fat man, whom Erich recognized as a corn-dealer and baker, "that this makes me think that I said to-day that this Herr Sonnenkamp is a sort of ambassador. The gentry in the Southern States want to have an emperor, and this Herr Sonnenkamp has more important affairs on his hands than any of us dream of."

"Then you'll go with him and be the Court-baker," said somebody, and this answer was accompanied by loud laughter.

"What's that to us," said somebody else. "The man brings a good deal of money to the country. If a hundred more of them should come, who'd care what they'd been, so long as

they brought money to the country?" The speaker was a little dumpling of a man, who was puffing away at a huge meersch-
schaum pipe.

He emptied his glass as he spoke, and called to the bar-maid :
"Bring me a fresh glass. I've earned it, for I'm smarter than
all of them."

Erich withdrew. He was glad he had not been recognized.
As he emerged from the house he met a young man, who gave
him a very friendly salute.

Erich could not recall his face, but the man recognized him
as one of the singers at the concert ; he was a school-teacher
here, and told Erich that he would propose him as an honorary
member of the teachers' association. Erich thanked him and
moved on.

The street was full of men and carriages, for the theatre was
out. He hurried to the hotel, for he wanted to be there when
Roland returned ; but Roland had not come home yet. He
went to the drawing-room, but did not find the boy. The people
asked him if Roland had made his appearance yet.

The Privy-councillor's wife said that there was no occasion for
anxiety, for he was with Cuno, and consequently enjoying him-
self. She then excused herself to the company, but before she
withdrew took Sonnenkamp to a window-niche, and presented
him with a copy of the new Almanach de Gotha, with the deli-
cate remark, that after this none would appear without contain-
ing the name of Sonnenkamp. She went on to say that from
this day forth she would be his tributary, and would send him
a copy of this canonical book of honor every year.

Sonnenkamp was very grateful and conducted the lady to her
carriage.

When he returned to the room he said to Erich :

"I expected that you would make Roland more reliable than
this. In spite of his promise he's not here yet."

Erich felt like saying that it was not he, but Sonnenkamp,
who had let the boy go his own way on the very evening of his
arrival, before he had hardly got out of the carriage ; but he
restrained himself, for discussion would be useless.

"I can't go to bed till he comes," whispered Frau Ceres.

"Perhaps you know where we can look for him," said Son-
nenkamp, turning to Erich.

"It's not necessary ; here he is," replied Erich, as Roland
entered the room.

The mother complained and the father scolded him for not
keeping his word, but Roland answered :

"I don't deserve complaint or scolding, for I had much
trouble to leave the company as soon as I did. I went as far as
a restaurant with them, and then left."

This was satisfactory, and they went to bed.

"Why don't you ask me how I liked the theatre?" said Roland to Erich.

"I was waiting for you to tell me."

"Oh, there were beautiful, lovely girls, and Cuno knew the names of nearly all of them, and had something to say about each one; but the whole thing was stupid. For a whole hour there was nothing but jumping and turning, and not a single word spoken. I suddenly thought, as I sat there, of what Benjamin Franklin would say of it if he had seen it, and then all the fun was gone. Cuno says I'm a philister, but I let that pass; but he said something else, and I came near having a duel with him."

"May I ask what he said?"

"No; it was about you, but—you needn't care. You don't care to have everybody understand you, and if I say—"

"Don't proceed, dear Roland. I don't care to know what people say of me; it burdens the soul, and does no good. But you acted bravely; you may sleep well, for you've been under fire for the first time, and fiercer fire is yet to come. Be true to yourself and to me. Good-night."

Erich was happy as he lay down to rest, and Roland fell peacefully asleep.

CHAPTER III.

THE GREAT WORLD IN THE LITTLE COURT-CITY.

SONNENKAMP passed the morning in looking over the State Calendar; and made a list of all the people whom he specially wished to visit. Erich, too, made his programme; he wished to be free from all personal distractions, in order to devote himself entirely to his duties.

Sonnenkamp and his wife rode through the city in a great closed carriage with large windows, with two servants muffled to the eyes in fur sitting on the box, and the footman perched up behind. It had cost a deal of consideration to decide whether or not Roland should distribute cards, but it was finally settled that he should.

Erich had a day's furlough. He met several of his old comrades, and went to the military casino, where he was greeted with more cordiality than he expected. It seemed to him that he met more solid men here than he used to. The conversation naturally turned on a bank which had been put up last night, and on horses and *danseuses*, but more serious topics were also discussed. Not even the military casino had utterly escaped the agitating discussions of the day. One gentleman, who sat at a

window, and conversed with Erich, said that he envied him his independent life.

And so, after having visited a few friends, Erich was at leisure, and his own man; and when he again met the Sonnenkamp family he was in very good spirits.

For this first day, the Privy-councillor and his wife and two daughters were invited to dinner. The Paris dresses had arrived, and, on account of the smallness of the capital, the news had spread all over town; for the custom-house officers had told their wives, and these had told their relations, that dresses had arrived such as even the Princess herself did not possess. The dresses were admired by the ladies, and everything was going on smoothly. Sonnenkamp had his whist-parties at the fashionable club-house, where the Privy-councillor had introduced him.

When they rose from the table, Bella and her husband appeared, as the first visitors.

The walk, bearing, and dress of Bella were always as if not only invisible servants in livery followed in her wake, but horses and carriages too; whether she was in the drawing-room, or in the street, she had always just descended from her carriage, or was just about to enter it. She was unusually animated, and regretted, when speaking to Erich, that his mother remained in the country. She told Herr Sonnenkamp that Otto would arrive in a few days, and that the Russian prince would come too: the two gentlemen had parts assigned them in a French comedy, which the company at Court would represent, and in which she too was to play. She accepted from Sonnenkamp a considerable sum of money, for the purchase of articles which were to be sold at a Fair for the benefit of the poor, to be held at the beginning of the next month, by the first ladies of the place. Sonnenkamp added that he would have some fine plants from his greenhouses put at their disposal.

Clodwig was somewhat tired, and begged them at the outset to excuse him from contributing to the amusement of the company.

Both houses of the legislature were in session. The Prince's brother, Prince Leonhard, a man who had seen the world, and travelled all over America, was chosen President of the Upper House. Clodwig was Vice-President, but had generally to fill the office of President.

While they were still together, there came an invitation from Herr von Endlich to a great party. All were delighted; but Bella could not help remarking that it was generally said that Herr von Endlich gave his great party early in the season so that it might not be prevented by the impending intelligence of his son-in-law's death. It was the height of the season: they had come at the right time. It was said that the Court would

appear at Herr von Endlich's; in any case they might expect the Prince's brother, who kept up social relations with society outside of the palace.

Bella also admired the Paris dresses which were in the next room, and advised Frau Ceres to reserve the handsomest for the fête which Herr Sonnenkamp himself would give.

The evening at Herr von Endlich's was charming. The high nobility, although deeply wounded by the joke which the Prince had played on them, in ennobling the rich wine-merchant, nevertheless attended the fête in great numbers. The Prince perceived his error, which was entirely contrary to his usual custom; for he always handled his court-matters with a certain priestly absolutism. He was glad to see now that the blunder was forgotten. People seemed to think that they could gain special favor, if they showed themselves friendly to Herr von Endlich. So it happened that the ball of the new noble was most likely to prove the most brilliant of the season.

Herr von Endlich was also cunning enough to invite the leading men of the Lower House, and even two from the extreme opposition, having, of course, first taken the precaution to inquire whether the Court would not be displeased. The Court itself did not come: Prince Leonhard alone appeared. He had made no secret of his opposition to the granting of the patent of nobility, but he went to the ball as his brother's subject, and conversed for a long time with the opposition members, especially with Weidmann, who was President of the Lower House.

The Prince represented his brother, of whom he always spoke with great reverence; nevertheless, he was not angry when any one hinted to him, "If you were reigning, how different things would be! our state would then be a model state." In Court-circles there was always a silent sympathy with Prince Leonhard, because, to be in the fashion, he dared to express liberal sentiments, or at least had to—joining the *canaille*, they called it. The Prince was a patron of the arts and sciences, and even of political movements. A newspaper was said to be secretly supported by him, and this paper was moderately inclined toward the opposition.

Prince Leonhard walked through the rooms arm-in-arm with Clodwig, which was no small distinction. Clodwig must have spoken of Erich; for the latter, who was not among those that crowded forward to pay their respects to the Prince, was nevertheless called by him. The Prince said, so as to be heard by the company:

"My dear Dournay, I'm delighted to see you again. You're said to be a great scholar. You always had an immense talent for study, which showed itself in your very childhood. How's your excellent mother?"

Erich thanked him warmly. There was in the expression of his words an indication of happy relief that the first meeting with the Prince had taken so friendly a form; and it was no trifle when the Prince said:

"Bring Herr Sonnenkamp to me! Where is he?"

Sonnenkamp was, unfortunately, not to be found. He was in the smoking-room, and when he was called it was already too late; the Prince had opened the ball with Bella.

Herr von Endlich was radiant with happiness; but Sonnenkamp's countenance assumed a strange expression when they told him that the Prince had asked Captain Dournay to present him. The characters of these two men formed a striking contrast. The Wine-count was a man of extremely decided and self-satisfied manner; in spite of which, he managed not to offend any one. No matter what he said or how he behaved, his manner always said, "I know everything." He entered into conversation with men of the most diverse callings, and knew how to assert himself everywhere. He gave others to understand, as a matter of course, that he was a financier, a political economist, a farmer, a merchant, and a ship-owner, and that he was perfectly conversant with everything pertaining to all these conditions; but he knew also how to discourse upon pure science, and no less upon all the great statesmen of Europe. He had everywhere listened to advantage, and knew how to use what he had heard.

Sonnenkamp, who often made one of the group in which Herr von Endlich led the conversation, felt, perhaps for the first time in his life, as modest as a schoolboy. He was standing with a circle of people to whom Herr von Endlich explained the manufacture of cast-steel. When the Prince approached, the conversation broke off suddenly; but the Prince said:

"Continue—I don't wish to disturb you."

He listened attentively, while Herr von Endlich explained everything as if he had been all his life foreman in a factory.

Sonnenkamp was presented, and the Prince asked if he had carried on the cultivation of the grape in America too?

Sonnenkamp answered in the negative.

Next, the Prince asked if he knew Theodore Parker, whose preaching it had given him great pleasure to listen to?

Again Sonnenkamp was obliged to answer in the negative; he seemed terribly poor and ignorant in his own eyes.

The Prince, who understood the embarrassment of strangers, tried to introduce a subject on which he could certainly converse; and asked him whether he believed the question of slavery would come to a peaceful solution.

The bystanders listened attentively while Sonnenkamp explained that the horrors which outsiders imagine in connection

with slavery do not really exist ; and that, although the Abolitionists meant well, they certainly went to work the wrong way.

"You must speak to me at length about that ; you must call on me."

"Your Highness has only to command," answered Sonnenkamp. He was happy to have the conversation end in this way.

Erich stood almost the whole evening near Weidmann ; but, however much he wished to devote himself to that universally honored man, he did not succeed in doing so—he looked involuntarily and constantly at Bella. Bella was splendidly radiant : she looked a very Juno. That luxuriant contour which the Dutch painters love to portray was hers, and she bore herself with a certain stately ease, born of pride and self-possession. For one she had a profound word, for another a trifling one. She enlivened the old and animated the young, and did it all in the best and most unexceptionable way.

As she glided from one person to another, a forced expression on her lips was occasionally seen ; but she continually distributed animating smiles, and her affability had something bewitching in it. Yet there was something mysterious about her, even in her appearance, for no one could tell what color her eyes were, and yet every one was fascinated by their brightness.

Bella was a vision which you might hate, but could not forget.

Doctor Richard had experienced that, and Erich found that Doctor Richard was unjust to her ; for the mainspring of Bella's character was ambition ; and this ambition, if directed to noble ends, would have been noble. Under the impression that he had done Bella wrong, he made himself more agreeable and deferential to her than usual. Bella seemed to feel what was passing in his mind, for she nodded to him graciously and significantly.

Erich's manner entirely reassured her ; for she had thought sometimes within herself, "What if the tutor should boast—Pah ! no one would believe him. Moreover, he's too much of a man to boast of such a thing." And what, indeed, had happened ?

From her original contrition, she had already built up a kind of pride. She had at first persuaded herself that the whole thing was a momentary exuberance of spirits, a temptation, only a piece of sportiveness.

And who could contradict her ?

She seemed to herself like a heroine who had gloriously withstood a temptation.

Now the palliation had progressed so far that she looked upon it as a fact. Yes ; the whole thing appeared to her like a romance

which she had once read: it had certainly agitated her very much, the conclusion is different from what she might expect, but it is finished, done, laid to one side, gone; it stands, covered with dust, in the library. Yes, Bella could smile at having been capable of so much emotion; she was almost proud because her heart was still so fresh, so easily overcome. Now it was all over, and a new order of things would set in.

She talked for a few minutes with Erich and Weidmann. She congratulated them that they had found one another; and she hoped that Erich would often come to see her and Clodwig, so that they might once more have some spiritual refreshment, and, in the midst of this whirlpool of society, come to a knowledge of themselves: she also begged Erich to take her to the Gallery of Antiques, and let her learn something there. With a certain sisterly solicitude, she reminded him of the necessity of making the essential calls, so as not to be kept out of society.

She expressed her satisfaction at learning that he had partially done so already, after a fashion; and it called forth a striking remark when he said that he had even inquired for the negro servant of the Prince, but that he had gone with the sick Princess of the royal house, who was passing the Winter in Naples.

"Indeed!" said Bella. "I suppose Herr Sonnenkamp sent you to the nigger on a special mission?"

Erich answered that he did not understand the question; and Bella changed the subject abruptly, calling her question an unseasonable joke.

She left him abruptly, and talked with Sonnenkamp; and laughed a good deal as she pointed out to him a man who was a brother of Herr von Endlich, and who owned the first dry-goods store in the capital.

Herr von Endlich could not avoid inviting his brother, who was an important citizen of the place; and people said satirically, that the man of whom they bought their clothes yesterday, naturally desired to see how they became his customers to-day.

Sonnenkamp rejoiced that, if he should enter the nobility, he at least had not to dread the inconvenience of such family connections.

CHAPTER IV.

THE BLUE RIBBON.

EVERY evening they went to the theatre in great parties. The morning began at noon. Erich had, according to Bella's injunction, made the calls, and he now received his invitations in due course.

He looked at society with entirely new eyes, as one coming out of a strange world. How every one disguises himself among these smiling, pleasant, cordial, well-dressed people! He was often horrified by the vulgarity in white cravats. In the smoking-rooms indecent stories were told—one outvied another; and then they returned to the dancing-hall to their wives and daughters, and were most highly respectable.

Erich kept himself, for the most part, modestly in the background, but Bella was particularly confidential with him; she floated merrily on the stream of rushing pleasure, happy in the consciousness of being one of the first, if not the leader.

The Russian Prince was also very condescending to Erich, and told him much about Knopf and a strange American child who was at Mattenheim.

Prancken usually saluted Erich silently, but scarcely spoke to him.

Erich was received kindly by the first dignitaries of the land, and now on this side, now on that, he heard how flatteringly the Count and Countess von Wolfsgarten had spoken of him.

Erich and Weidmann got into the state of always being mutually sorry at seeing so little of each other, and of making no progress toward seeing more, though they had the best intentions. Once, however, they succeeded in attaining a more cordial understanding, and, strangely enough, it was even in this case a discussion of personal character which made them better acquainted with each other. They were speaking of Clodwig, and both with equal respect; Weidmann, however, could not forbear saying:

"I admire this power, but I could not acquire it. Our friend is able to enter entirely into the sphere in which he lives; I might even say that he can pull the moods of his soul on and off like a dress-coat: for himself, he lives among entirely different interests, even to a rejection of this social machinery; but as soon as he enters into this sphere you don't see in his behavior a trace of incongruity; you believe him entirely in harmony."

Erich understood; and Weidmann's eye rested thoughtfully upon him when he explained how this made a subject clear to him which had tormented him for a long time.

"Now people say, sometimes, 'It's right that you try to look into everything—that you flare up about this and that;' and, at other times, they desire you to pass everything carelessly by—to let it go without condemnation. That I cannot do, and therefore I'm not fitted for society."

Weidmann seemed to take a different view of what troubled Erich, for he told him that he might rest entirely contented, if in the midst of such surroundings he could train a youth like Roland to noble principles.

Often, for whole evenings, Erich scarcely had a glimpse of Roland, for the young dancers, both men and maidens, surrounded him continually, and petted and flattered him like an agreeable toy. Roland came home every evening with his coat covered with decorations and favors given him in the German, and throughout the day he was always tired and distracted. Erich even observed that, now and then, the porter secretly conveyed to him perfumed notes. There could no more be any thought of regular study. Roland passed most of the day in humming the dancing-tunes of the previous evening, which still rang in his ears. He preserved, with great secrecy, in his writing-desk, dancing-cards and other little mementoes, and there was an expression of shyness in his eye.

Prancken was very happy to find his family—for so he called the Sonnenkamps—in the midst of society; and now it was found a part in the French comedy had been assigned to Roland. He was to perform the part of a page at the Court of Louis XIV., because the young Countess Ottersweier, to whom it had been first given, was ill with the measles.

A beautiful costume was ordered for Roland, and now all his thoughts were turned to the play, and the rehearsals.

When the first dress-rehearsal was held, and Roland appeared before his family in his becoming costume, in close-fitting white silk tights, all were filled with admiration: his mother could not control her rapture. Roland looked at Erich, who for some time had looked on gloomily. He wanted to ask him why he was so pedantic, for so the players had called him; but he restrained himself, and said:

"Rely upon it, I'll learn everything you give me, by and by, only now, let's be jolly."

Erich smiled; he felt that something was destroyed in his pupil, that could never be restored again; but what could he do? The thought passed through his soul, that now, when everything which he had so carefully planted and nursed, was being broken and trampled upon, he might better withdraw; and only the thought that Roland would then go entirely to destruction, sustained him at his difficult post. He felt it his duty to impart his fears to Herr Sonnenkamp. The latter assured him that American youths were ripe, and masters of life, at an age when German lads sat quietly on the school-bench, and worried themselves about a good or bad mark.

"I'm afraid," said Erich, "that Roland is losing the best thing which a man can gain."

"What do you mean?"

"He ought, first of all, to find all pleasure in himself, and from himself."

"So you would wish to make of him a scholar who boils his own coffee for himself?"

"You understand me perfectly, and I see through the joke. You know well what I wish to say: 'He who does not find pleasure in himself, finds none in the world.' That is the point on which we, after our fashion, agree with the orthodox, only we express it differently. Whoever wishes to be happy, must enter into the kingdom of heaven, which opens in the soul of every man. If he has it not within himself, he is continually dependent on service or honor from others, whether it is voluntary or bought."

Sonnenkamp agreed with Erich's calmly enthusiastic expressions. He thought Erich's ideas good, but strangely mixed up with a certain ecclesiastic spirit of renunciation, which he had merely translated into worldly language.

While Roland was at the rehearsals for the French play, Erich often went to the Teachers' club. Unfortunately he found an aristocracy here also; the teachers of the high schools were separate from those of the elementary schools. Erich was greeted by many as an acquaintance. And here again appeared his renown gained at the Musical Festival, for teachers are the real supports of the chorus. They had their own singing club, and Erich sang with his colleagues more beautifully than ever.

From noisy parties, he often stole away and went to the Teachers' Union. It seemed as if he had been suddenly transported to another planet.

Here sat earnest, and for the most part careworn men, and discussed professional questions—how one can guide and direct aright the soul of a child; and yonder, a soul guided by the best talent, spent and dissipated in one evening all the long labor of its teacher.

If we knew what would be the result of our conduct, we could not live; some of the best parts of our moral nature depend upon our ignorance of the future, and our faith in entire fulfilment.

Erich could not resist telling Herr Sonnenkamp of the evenings at the Teachers' Union, and Sonnenkamp took great interest. He always thought it very beautiful for other men to cherish the ideal.

"You're more fortunate than we," said he, as he drank his heavy Burgundy.

On the eve of the representation of the French comedy, at the request of his father and Pranken, Roland invited all the players to an evening party at the hotel. All the gentlemen appeared, but of the ladies, only Frau Bella.

Bella took Herr Sonnenkamp aside, and told him confidentially that he could get the ladies to attend his parties, only if

he had the Professor's widow present, since she was of noble family, a von Burgholz. She only half confessed to herself, that on her return to the country she would feel a certain embarrassment at having so often discussed the vanity and emptiness of fashionable amusements; therefore all should be in the whirlpool together, so that no one would have to fear the reproachful glances of the others; and, moreover, it was entirely true that Sonnenkamp could succeed only if Frau Dournay represented his house, but then could succeed with ease.

Bella was wicked enough to say to Herr Sonnenkamp that the Privy-councillor's wife made use of him, but denied him in society; and spoke of her connection with him only as a necessary, neighborly recognition.

Sonnenkamp, although doubly angry, had to preserve an appearance of extreme cheerfulness.

The play was acted. Every one was full of admiration of the beauty and easy grace of Roland; even Bella, who to-day could exhibit her versatility—for she had a so-called Protean part with fourfold change of dress—was almost cast into the shade by the impression which Roland made.

The Princess had Roland called to her, and talked with him a long time; the others noticed her and Roland smile. The Prince himself went up to Sonnenkamp and his wife, and congratulated them on their splendid boy; then he asked when Roland would enter the military academy.

"When he shall have the new name conferred upon him by his Prince's grace," answered Sonnenkamp resolutely.

The Prince frowned, bowed, and passed on.

Sonnenkamp breathed hard; he had manifestly made a mistake in introducing the subject here and in this manner; but that could not be changed now, and onward was his motto. With wrathful glances he looked about, as if he would like to roll together the whole company, knead them and make of them what he chose.

His ill-humor was not immediately dispelled, for Pranken came and asked what he had said to the Prince—the Prince seemed vexed. Sonnenkamp did not find it necessary to confess his fault.

Erich looked on all this with a heavy heart. He stood leaning against a pillar, and near him a beautiful palm-tree drooped heavily her fan-shaped leaves. He looked at the plant. It droops in this close air, in this stream of bright gaslight. They take it back to a healthy atmosphere, but it sickens, and perhaps dies. Will it be so with Roland, too? How can he strive after the Ideal, after a higher activity, when all brilliancy, all homage, are already his?

Without being able to tell how he came to have the notion,

he imagined Professor Einsiedel there. He smiled; for he appeared to himself as a kind of Professor Einsiedel. "What then are we—we who live for Thought alone? Spectators! nothing but spectators. And there is the world; and there is a hunting and a seeking after pleasure. Each one robs and appropriates to himself whatever he can seize. Wherefore wilt thou stand aloof? Why not mingle and jostle with the crowd?" His heart contracted, his cheeks glowed. Then Roland came to him and said:

"If you're not satisfied with me, I don't care for all the rest."

Erich stretched out his hand, and Roland continued:

"The Princess wishes me to have myself photographed in this costume. All the ladies wish it, and all the actors will do the same. Isn't it fine?"

"Certainly! It will be a pleasant souvenir by and by."

"Ah! by and by—by and by! It's beautiful to-day, and I don't want to hear at all of what it will be by and by. Ah, if one only did not have to sleep—to undress in the evening, and be something different in the morning! One ought to be able to live on thus uninterruptedly for a hundred years."

Erich understood how intoxicated Roland was with praise and flattery. This was no time to oppose him.

But he too was forced into unusual excitement this evening.

He had observed how earnestly Bella talked with the Minister of War, who had formerly been colonel of his regiment. Now the Minister advanced toward him. Erich bowed, and the Minister began an easy conversation with him. At last he asked him whether he would be willing, if his pupil entered the military school, to become a professor in the same?

Erich expressed deep gratitude for this great kindness; but he could not decide. When the Minister of War asked him whether he had settled upon what he would do after the young man's education was finished, Erich was startled. He had arranged nothing. And he was still more startled when the Minister asked further whether his present position did not keep him back in his scientific studies; adding that some of his acquaintances from the University had spoken of him with high praise.

Erich was disturbed: he had abandoned his science. What would become of him? And then, too, he had involved his mother in this situation.

When the Minister had gone away, he observed Bella's glowing eyes directed on himself; and as soon as he found an opportunity, he expressed to her his thanks for having commended him so highly to the Minister of War.

"Nothing but jealousy—nothing but jealousy! I want to get you out of the house before that bewitching Manna comes back."

Bella was in excellent spirits.

On the next day, Roland had a new blue ribbon secretly sewed on his coat: and while he was with his companions, at the photographer's, and the cards of invitation to the great Sonnenkamp fête were being carried around, Sonnenkamp drove, accompanied by Lutz alone, to Villa Eden.

CHAPTER V.

A STRONG HAND POWERLESS.

THE Professor's widow sat in the comfortably warmed room, by the window, which was protected from every breath of air by covers and cushions, and the moss without. She sat by her sewing-machine, which worked so smoothly that one scarcely heard it. From the river, one could hear the crunching and crowding of the cakes of ice, as they struck against one another, and then, changed and shaped anew, floated on.

Often she looked out over the stream and into the country; she saw the smoke rising over the village-houses; now she was acquainted with the life within them.

Accompanied, sometimes by Fräulein Milch, sometimes by the Krischer, but most frequently by the Seven-piper, in whose cheerfulness she took especial pleasure, she had entered everywhere; she had arranged and assisted by word and deed. In the vine-clad cottage there was a coming and going of visitors, part of whom brought their thanks, and part, new cares to be allayed; and she considered herself very happy that there was given to her an activity so rich and so immediately appreciable in its results.

Nor did the Professor's widow lack a higher impulse; for she once more read over her husband's favorite books, and reflected upon the remarks noted upon nearly every page; she thus found fresh strength to live on with the departed in this life of quiet retirement. She generally read her husband's notes aloud; it did her good to speak and hear her voice following his instructions; and she was often compelled to read aloud in order to drive away the thoughts that forced themselves upon her from every direction. And these thoughts busied themselves with Sonnenkamp's life and nature, his past days, and above all, the foundation upon which Manna's character rested. She fancied she now understood what the latter meant, when on leaving her father's roof she said to Roland, "I, too, am an Iphigenia." She, now at her work, hummed to herself the song of the Fates in Faust. The problem, why it was that children must suffer for the sins of their parents, weighed heavily upon her mind.

Just in the midst of these affecting verses, she heard a noise ; a carriage was stopping before the door. Perhaps it was the Doctor, who occasionally spent a pleasant hour with her : she knew he liked it when she was so quiet. But the approaching footstep was not his, nor was the rap at the door. Herr Sonnenkamp entered.

"Are you quite alone?"

"Quite alone."

The Professor's widow was much embarrassed ; she had not seen Sonnenkamp since she had heard something told of him, about which she could never speak to him ; it required all her self-command to offer him her hand. He drew off his fur-glove and accepted the proffered courtesy. She now for the first time felt the iron ring on his finger as if it had been a cold snake. It was with dismay that she saw her hand resting in his own. His so broad and fleshy, with the fingers turned back where the flesh fell over the nails, was the hand of the Pharisee in Titian's picture of the Tribute-money. It was thus between the thumb and forefinger that the Pharisee holds the piece of money, and the hand had, so to speak, a grimmy, atrocious, hypocritical expression. The Professor's widow called to mind how, during her bridal tour, she stood in the Dresden gallery ; her husband had, for a moment, covered the face of Christ and that of the Pharisee, and pointed out to his wife the peculiar shape of the hands of both, and these afforded an index to the opposite characters of the two beings. These ideas and fancies passed through her mind with the rapidity of lightning.

Sonnenkamp saw that this decorous woman was unusually moved, but he had reason to refer it to surprise ; so he adroitly remarked :

"I've always noticed that thoughtful persons, those who live much within themselves, and especially noble and mature women, dislike surprises. I must therefore beg your pardon."

The Professor's widow looked at him in astonishment. How could a man with such a life behind him, comprehend and speak so gently of such delicate emotions of the soul. She confessed that he had judged rightly, and she now inquired whether his visit was to her, or whether it was for the purpose of inspecting household matters. She felt the question to be mal-à-propos, but it was all she could say.

"My visit is to you alone," said Sonnenkamp ; "and I almost regret to disturb this pleasant repose. Ah, I come from the midst of a commotion which makes me feel as if such quiet could not exist on this planet. We live in a constant whirl of excitement, and the only fortunate thing is, that sleep is still left us."

"I know the commotion of the carnival season," said Frau Dournay, smiling : "one craves quiet, and yet constantly bears

about with him the same music, jesting, and laughter of the previous evening."

Sonnenkamp now plainly stated the object of his visit. In the most deferential manner he entreated the Professor's widow to lend to his house the lustre and dignity which she alone could bestow.

She expressed her regret at being obliged to decline; she no longer took part in scenes of gayety.

"I supposed that you entertained liberal views of life rather than gloomy ones."

"I think I do. I do not consider life as a gloomy institution of charity, from which all cheerfulness should be banished. The young should dance and be merry, without thinking that at the very moment they are whirling round, human beings are shivering with the cold, and that misery and distress surround them. I like cheerfulness, for it alone gives strength."

"Well, now, lend us your assistance, and then we will afterward devote ourselves all the more to the poor children of the great family of mankind."

The Professor's widow was obliged to force back a feeling that the man was jesting. She gazed at his hands as if they were blood-stained, and these blood-stained hands were offering her the cup of pleasure.

She could say nothing more; she shook her head, and only repeated:

"I cannot—believe me, I cannot."

"Well, then," began Sonnenkamp, "I will not hesitate to announce to you the secret of my life."

The Professor's widow leaned upon her work-table for support. What did the man mean? She silently nodded assent, and Sonnenkamp stated how it had ever been his wish, and how necessary it was for his wife, Roland, and Manna, that he should be raised to the rank of nobility.

The Professor's widow started. How dared the man do this? Her Burgholz blood revolted at the thought. Dared a man who could look back on such a life, do this?

Sonnenkamp gazed at her intently. Something he could not fathom was passing in this woman's mind, to make it possible that she could be honored with such a proof of confidence, and be silent, and not utter a word.

"Why do you not reply?" he at last inquired.

The Professor's widow regained her composure, and raising her head a little, said:

"Will you not find it hard to bear another name?"

Sonnenkamp gave her a penetrating look: she continued:

"As a woman, I myself should feel it strange to do so."

"Pardon me, my dear Madam," politely returned Sonnen-

kamp. "Your name would not be a noble one; a title fits more readily."

He urged, he entreated with increased earnestness; he added the express wishes of the Countess Bella.

The Professor's widow persisted in her resolution. No person, nor even the greatest proofs of kindness could influence her life; she was resolved never again to go into society.

Sonnenkamp fell back upon his last resort. He imagined that the Professor's widow was unwilling to seem dependent. Were she but placed in a free and independent position, she would no longer refuse. In terms equally modest and forcible, he told her that he would now place in her possession a sum which would enable her to support an independent establishment as long as she lived. He put his hand in his breast-pocket, and drew out a pocket-book.

"Stop, I entreat," said Frau Dournay, flushing scarlet. She looked at his fingers—precisely thus the Pharisee held the piece of money. "Stop! It is not that. I am ashamed of no position as long as I am possessed of honor; nor, as you perhaps suppose, do I at all fear the feeling which might oppress me on seeing this or that situation in which I could be placed. I have freely and forever given up all these things. I have not made a formal vow, but I ask you to respect my wish as you would the vow of a nun, as you would respect your daughter's vow, had she carried out her resolution. I deeply regret the necessity of requesting you not to urge any arguments whatever, for I am inflexible."

Sonnenkamp was perplexed to know how to repress his violent agitation, and get his pocket-book back into his pocket.

He rose, and went to the window. He gazed out for awhile, and then turning round, he said with a smile:

"The ice-flakes are floating down the river; a warm breeze bursts the icy covering; then why too, my dear friend—permit me to use the term—there is something in every one's life, I do not know what to call it, an action, a purpose—you understand what I mean—it should not be made to bind everything in the future."

"Permit me," replied the Professor's widow, "to designate that as a breach of trust. Fidelity to myself is the only earthly possession left me."

"I admire you," returned Sonnenkamp, thinking by expressions of admiration yet to gain the day.

Though inwardly gnashing his teeth, he was forced to preserve a smiling, courteous demeanor, for the lady was immovable. There was something in his manner, as if he were imploring help; he seemed to say: "I know not how to save myself without you," and yet he could not utter the words.

The Professor's widow felt that she must help this man, rich, and yet so poor; she felt that she must give him something that would afford him courage and pleasure in living.

"Listen," said she—and the words came from the fulness of her heart—"Listen to the thanks of the hundreds whom you have fed and maintained. You have made me happy in using me as the instrument of your beneficence, and I only wish that you may feel yourself to be the source of that happiness."

In glowing terms she spoke of how well everything was arranged, and how, with their help, she had not waited for sickness and death, but had been able to render aid to the well also. She spoke so beautifully and touchingly, that Sonnenkamp gazed at her, and stammered out:

"If all is well, to you I owe it."

He again gave her his hand, and took his departure. At the front-door he met Fräulein Milch, but he hardly looked at her and passed on.

Fräulein Milch found Frau Dournay earnestly washing her hands as if she could not entirely purify them from Sonnenkamp's touch.

"Did he tell you that he had been ennobled?" asked Fräulein Milch.

The Professor's widow looked at her in surprise. How did this simple housewife, in her seclusion, learn all this?

She said the news had come from a butcher in the city, who had bought a pair of fat oxen from a neighbor of hers.

Secrets find their way out through very strange channels!

CHAPTER VI.

GOLD RINGS.

A STRANGER comes, surveys the house, garden, park, greenhouse, and stables. To whom do they all belong? To an American, with a mysterious past.

As he entered his home, Sonnenkamp felt as if he were in a dream, he was looking on bygone days; it was no longer himself, it was a stranger who was surveying it all, and the one who had created and planted all this, had disappeared.

He smote his brow, when he saw how he was overcome by this dreamy mood. What power had conjured up all this, and taken away his individuality? Nought save this woman's poor pride of conscious virtue had called up such fancies.

"I still exist; I can yet command, and they all shall do my bidding," said he to himself.

He gazed at the trees in the garden; the boughs were covered with a light frost: the sight was so beautiful and pure, and all

was so motionless, calm, and yet brilliant that he involuntarily held his breath. Here and there he saw trees and shrubs being felled, in accordance with his directions: this was constantly necessary, in order to keep the park laid out according to the artistic plan on which it had been designed. Sonnenkamp would not suffer the trees to follow their own sweet will, they must conform to the plan he had formed when laying out the park.

He ordered a couple of beautiful Newfoundland dogs, who were devoted to him, to be loosed and brought to him: the animals bounded up with pleasure and delight, to greet their master. He smiled. Then, after all, there was something to give him a faithful greeting, and to rejoice at his coming; dogs, assuredly, were the best creatures on earth. He walked all around with them, and in the fruit-garden he looked about with a pleasant smile. The artistically trained branches, covered with snowy frost, looked like the finest works of art. He only wished he had the power of presenting them thus to the astonished gaze of his guests, at his grand entertainment.

Yes, his guests! Would they come? Would not this fête, which had been announced with so much ostentation, prove only a mortification to him? The branches of the fruit-trees could be bent and trained at will, why should human beings show themselves so refractory? He suddenly smiled. He had heard much about a great singer in Paris, who had enchanted every one; she must be brought here, be the expense what it might, and she must enter into an agreement to give no public concert, but to sing only in his *salon*, or at most at Court. He would offer to his pitiful guests what no one else could give.

He ordered the dogs shut up again; they barked and whined! That was right! One should have only such creatures about him as he can call at will, and banish when they weary him!

Sonnenkamp ordered the horses to be harnessed at once, and driving to the telegraph-station he sent a despatch to his agent in Paris, distinctly stating his wishes. The answer was to be sent to him in the city. With renewed confidence, despising the whole world and proud of his inventive faculty, Sonnenkamp drove back to the city. That very evening he received intelligence that the singer would come. Pranken was present when the news arrived.

Sonnenkamp wished the unusual treat in store for his guests to be at once announced; it should be mentioned in the Court Journal. Pranken was opposed to this public announcement; he thought it better to tell one or two friends, in confidence, what they might expect, and each one would feel flattered in being able duly to communicate the secret to his friends. He himself volunteered to inform a few intimate comrades at the army casino of the surprise that awaited them,

The singer came, and proved a greater power of attraction than the Professor's widow would have done.

The evening before the fête, Bella made her appearance, to express her wishes for its brilliant success. And indeed there was nothing lacking. The Prince appeared with his wife, and the most select society filled Herr Sonnenkamp's *salon*. The American Consul-general, too, was present, together with his wife and daughters, and their host was the recipient of expressions of boundless gratitude and admiration. Frau Ceres alone was displeased and out of humor, for her splendor was entirely lost sight of in the wonderful art of the singer. All pressed about the latter, and the Prince conversed with her a full half-hour, but with Frau Ceres only a few minutes.

Sonnenkamp passed around among his guests with a feeling of triumph; his manner was modest, but at heart he despised them all.

"With a handful of gold," thought he, "one may command everything; honors, social splendor, everything can be bought with money."

The next day the city had two topics to discuss—Herr Sonnenkamp's fête, which had surpassed anything before witnessed in the place; and the tidings of the death of the young husband of the former *Fräulein* von Endlich. The news had been received the previous evening, but had been kept private, in order not to deprive the relatives and numerous connections of the deceased of the pleasure of Sonnenkamp's fête.

That evening's Gazette, of which Professor Crutius was editor, published a spicy article, in which the sad event and Sonnenkamp's fête were ingeniously jumbled together. The brilliancy of the latter was thus partially dimmed, and Sonnenkamp deliberated with Francken on the possibility of buying over the poor devil of an editor with a handful of gold.

Francken disapproved of this. One should not have the slightest connection with this socialist. Thus he termed all who opposed the government. And even Francken, who hesitated at no sort of bargaining with titles, considered it very strange that one should offer this bribe without a blush.

Sonnenkamp appeared to be converted, but he applied to Erich, who had rendered the editor much aid. He asked him to touch upon the point; and if he were really in need, Sonnenkamp was ready to assist him.

Erich declined flatly.

The singer was not summoned to Court; for to have made her *début* in a private house was considered an impropriety. She left the place, and Sonnenkamp's singer and fête were soon forgotten. Yes, when invitations were given to the next Court reception, Sonnenkamp suffered the mortification of being

passed by. He now definitely learned that the Prince entertained an ill-feeling toward him, because, after the performance of the French play, he had so awkwardly managed an affair which required such delicate handling. Of this Prancken informed him, with a certain pitying, yet malicious pleasure. Sonnenkamp must never be allowed to forget that to him, before all others, he owed his elevation to the rank of nobility.

The evening of the Court fête—to attend which a couple of noble families from the country—they had come to the Hotel Victoria for that express purpose—drove away to the castle, an evening when nothing else was talked about but the grand Court ball—was a very painful one to Sonnenkamp. He was forced to conceal the annoyance he felt and console Frau Ceres, who kept insisting on their immediate departure from the place, for this was the very event upon which all her anticipations had centred, and now she had missed it.

Nor did the Privy-councillor's wife make her appearance that evening; she was obliged to go to Court, she was sorry to say. And so the family sat alone; and then, for the first time, Erich saw the great strength of Roland's nature, for Roland, too, was filled with indignation. He listened in silence, but his eye dilated as Erich told him that all the honors of the world were nothing if a man did not possess that greatest honor, absolute self-reliance; for otherwise one is dependent upon others, and this dependence is the worst slavery.

At the word slavery, Roland rose and asked Erich whether he had forgotten his promise to tell him about the systems of slavery among different nations. Erich was surprised that in the midst of this dissipation the boy should have remembered the promise. He told him that when they returned to the Villa he would give him all the information on the subject he could.

It was with great difficulty that Sonnenkamp concealed the wound he felt; but he must not allow it to be perceived, for the slight he had suffered would thus be increased. He showed special assiduity in overwhelming the family of the Privy-councillor with courtesies; they must stand by him; they had their reward—he would not be the one to be deceived. Sonnenkamp used the young cadet as a spy on his son. He gave him gold: he was to introduce Roland to the gambling-table and persuade him to play for high stakes, and then state exactly how Roland had demeaned himself. Sonnenkamp was not a little surprised when the cadet informed him that Roland had absolutely refused to play; he had promised Erich never to suffer himself to be prevailed upon to do it, even though for apparently trifling stakes.

Sonnenkamp would have been glad to express his gratitude to Erich, but he thought it better to pretend ignorance. When

Bella came for Erich, who had promised to take her to the museum of casts from the antique, Sonnenkamp requested that no allusion should be made to the Court fête in the presence of his wife; she was now in a quiet frame of mind, and must not be disturbed.

Erich took Roland too to the museum. Bella appeared to take no notice of the circumstance, but she knew why he did so.

On their way they met the Russian. Bella ordered the carriage stopped and had him join them: there would thus be two couples; the Russian could be much with Roland, and she with Erich. But she did not succeed; Erich never let go Roland's hand.

They stood a long time before the group of Niobe and her children, and Bella indulged in much jesting because the teacher who seeks to shield the boy from the bolts of Heaven had Russian features. In spite of Erich's repeated declarations that the head had been remodelled, and that it represented a Scythian—that the teacher was a slave who accompanied the boy to school and on his walks only as a kind of lacquey—she persisted in asserting him to be a Russian. When Erich called attention to the fact, that the young girl in the centre was clinging to her mother and helplessly seeking to hide herself in her garments, while the boy at the teacher's side had his hand stretched forth, and was gazing at the approaching danger, with an effort to arrest it, Roland looked him full in the face, and his countenance grew pale—almost as pale as the plaster casts among which they were moving. Only his eyes shone, and the down on his lip and chin seemed to tremble.

"Do you remember," said Roland, on their way home—and he shook as if in a chill, and clung to Erich as he spoke—"do you remember when the letter with the huge seal came to your mother's house?"

"I do—I do, indeed."

"You were then to become a Director; and how strange it is that all these figures were standing here day and night, Summer and Winter, looking up and around, awaiting our coming, and we were dancing and dying the while!"

"What do you say?" asked Erich, excited by Roland's strange tone and look.

"Ah, nothing—nothing! I really don't know what I'm saying; I think I only hear the words—I don't say them myself. I don't know what's the matter with me."

Erich hastened home with the delirious boy.

CHAPTER VII.

THE TEACHER AND THE CHILD OF NIOBE.

WHY, Roland," Frau Ceres would exclaim to her son, whenever she saw him, "you look so pale ! Doesn't he look very pale?" she would regularly add, turning to Erich and when Erich said "no," she would grow calm again.

But to-day Erich could not deny the fact. "Why, Roland," cried the mother, in dismay, "how pale you look !"

Erich took him to his room. "I don't know what's the matter with me," complained Roland. "It seems as if everything were turning round with me," said he, looking about the room. "What can it mean? Oh ! oh !"

He sank upon a chair, and all at once began to weep violently.

Erich stood hesitating what to do.

The boy became unconscious.

He opened his eyes and stared at Erich as if at a vacancy.

"What's the matter with you, Roland?" asked Erich.

The boy made no reply ; his forehead was icy cold.

Erich pulled the bell, and then bent down over the boy.

Sonnenkamp now came in and asked why they did not come to tea.

Erich pointed to Roland.

The father hastened to the unconscious child, and a piercing cry was wrung from his breast.

Joseph came: he was quickly sent for the doctor, and by means of cordials Roland was restored to consciousness. His father and Erich laid him on the bed and undressed him. The boy shook as if in a chill ; his teeth chattered and he moaned.

The physician came and looked very serious. Sonnenkamp watched him intently.

"It's a fit—I don't know how it may result. Has he been subject to them?" inquired the physician.

"Never, never !" exclaimed Sonnenkamp.

Such restoratives as were at hand were applied, and Roland's first words were :

"Thank you, Erich !"

The physician ordered him to be kept quiet, that he might fall asleep. He then took his leave, but returned after an hour, —an hour of deep anxiety, during which Sonnenkamp and Erich had hardly dared interchange a word.

"The young man's nervous system is prostrated," said the physician on viewing Roland a second time. "It's possible that a nervous fever may ensue."

"Misfortunes never come singly," said Sonnenkamp; these were the only words he uttered during the whole night, as he sat watching in the next room, several times stealing on tip-toe to his son's bedside to listen to his breathing.

Frau Ceres had sent to inquire why they did not come to tea. Some excuse was invented and she was advised to go to bed. But during the night she came gliding into the room; she had heard that Roland was slightly unwell; she approached his bed and seeing him quietly sleeping, returned to her chamber.

"Misfortunes never come singly," repeated Sonnenkamp when, in the early gray of the morning, the physician declared a nervous fever had set in. He ordered the most careful nursing and wished to send a Sister of Mercy, but Erich said that Roland could have no better nurse than his, Erich's mother.

"Do you think she will come?"

"Of course."

A telegram was at once despatched to her. An hour after, they received an answer that Frau Dournay and the Aunt had started.

The tidings of the serious illness of the beautiful boy soon spread through the whole city; the servants of all the nobility, and even ladies and gentlemen of the highest rank came to inquire how he was.

At noon as the band went by with martial music, Roland cried out:

"The savages are coming! The savages are coming! The red-skins, the savages are coming, the red-skins! Hiawatha! Laughing Water! The money belongs to the servant, he didn't steal it! Take care of the baron, will you? Hay! The blacks! Ah! Franklin!"

Erich offered to obtain an order from the commandant for the band to take another route, or at least to stop playing as they passed the hotel.

The snow had suddenly melted away, and the whole street in front of the Hotel Victoria was spread with straw, which deadened the rumbling of the carriage-wheels.

Erich's mother came. Sonnenkamp welcomed her cordially, and Frau Ceres lamented how terrible it was that Roland had fallen ill; had his sickness lain at her door, she would have been sick herself. It was with much difficulty that Erich's mother quieted her; she wished, however, that Doctor Richard could be sent for too: he had always known Roland.

Sonnenkamp was full of praise at this prudent measure, and happy to find anything to do which required activity. Doctor Richard was telegraphed for at once, and arrived late at night. He found that the youth had been treated entirely as the case required, and his special charge was to Erich and his mother; to

enter upon the cares of the sick-room with composure, and in their present excited mental condition to allow themselves as much rest and recreation as possible. To go out often, in order to refresh themselves by new impressions. He left them no peace, until they both promised him to do so.

After a consultation with the attending physician, he prepared to depart, and on taking leave he added:

"I must warn you against Countess Wolfsgarten."

Erich was startled, and his mother asked the Doctor what he meant? He explained that the domineering manner in which she proposed all sorts of remedies to heal every kind of disease, must be met with civility but decision.

"You don't think he'll die?" Sonnenkamp asked of the Doctor on the stairs; who replied, that in all extreme cases nothing can be relied upon except the inherent strength of the patient's constitution.

A paroxysm of wrath at the order of the universe, shook Sonnenkamp's whole being. Was it possible that he with all his wealth should be unable to accomplish anything—that the aid of nature alone was left, before which Roland was no better than a beggar's son.

Frau Ceres reclined upon a lounge in the large balcony-room near the birds and flowers, and stared vacantly. She scarcely spoke a word and took little nourishment. Reports were brought to her hourly of Roland's condition, for she dared not venture near his bed. The total disintegration of this household now became manifest. Each one lived only for himself, and thought the others existed merely to minister to his individual happiness and keep him from loneliness. At noon a great event occurred: the Princess sent her physician. Sonnenkamp was profuse in his acknowledgments of the honor, unfortunately tendered him under such sad circumstances.

Day and night, Erich, his mother and aunt sat either by turns or together at the sick boy's bed. He recognized no one, and lay most of the time in a dreamy doze, only sometimes in a burst of fever-heat he would start up with a glowing face and cry:

"Father's dancing on black heads! Give me back my blue ribbon. Ah! ah!" he would then exclaim, as if revelling in enjoyment—"ah! that's the German forest! Be still, Satan! There; take the flower—blue ribbon—the servant stole the ring—The laughing devil! Take care of the young Baron! Down, Grip!"

When Erich put his hand on the boy's forehead, he became calmer. And once, when his father was present, Roland sang a negro song—but so indistinctly, that the words could not be recognized. Then he suddenly cried again:

"Take away the big books—away with them! They're written with blood!"

Sonnenkamp asked if Roland had ever sung that song when he was well, and if Erich knew from whom he had learned it? But Erich had never heard it. Sonnenkamp was full of deep submission toward Erich and his mother, and mildly acknowledged that this illness, which made his own existence doubtful, gave him something which perhaps he would otherwise never have gained. He had never had faith in human kindness and disinterested sacrifice, which now he saw in unwearied activity before him; and it was a warm, heartfelt tone in which he said he could kneel before the Mother and worship her, that she would not come for mere pleasure, but was at once ready for night-watches and infinite self-sacrifice, which he would never, never forget.

The Mother felt that there was another patient to be healed besides the one who lay unconscious in a fever. She grew more friendly toward Sonnenkamp, who confided his gnawing grief to her, often interrupted by the thought, Whatever I desire, I desire only for this son. If he dies, I shall kill myself. I am more than killed, but no one must know it. Here stands a man who has no past, dares have none, and now he is shut out from a future. "Shall I lose my son because I was not a son?" he suddenly exclaimed aloud; but quickly recovering himself, added, "Do not heed me, dear, noble woman, I too am speaking like one in delirium."

The Mother urged him to be composed; for she was convinced that any mental excitement of those who surrounded the patient would affect him, for such manifestations had influences which no one could define or foresee.

In the silence of night the Mother sat by the boy's sick-bed, and heard the clocks strike from the towers: there was a chime among them, and while it sounded her own life passed before her, as she sat by the bedside of the poor, rich youth.

Erich often complained that he reproached himself for yielding, and leaving Roland to himself in the turmoil of life, which now, perhaps, would kill him; it was there, in the chilly hall of Antiques, at sight of the Niobe group, that his sickness first showed itself. Him, too, the Mother consoled: she was the only one who retained her firm composure, and on whom all leaned for support.

His mother gave Erich the letter which she received from Professor Einsiedel at New-year's. She questioned him about the scientific work, of which she had previously known nothing. Erich freely explained how it all came about, and his mother saw that he was ignorant of Sonnenkamp's past life. She withheld all further communications; for she was convinced that, in

his deep concern for the patient, and the increased difficulty of educating, she must not burden his mind by reflections on such a past. In accordance with the Doctor's decided commands, the Mother went out and visited old friends, among whom was the wife of the Minister of War. She heard, to her satisfaction, that Erich could obtain a professorship at the military school, if Roland entered the service. And she always returned, newly animated, from these visits.

Erich, too, made visits, and spent many an hour with Clodwig. Bella was rarely visible, and only for moments. She evidently, at present, avoided meeting Erich alone.

Francken was hurt that Frau Dournay had been sent for without first consulting him. He thought that these Dournays were drawing Sonnenkamp's family into their toils. He came occasionally to inquire after Roland; and spent much time at Herr von Endlich's house, where he sat with the young widow who had just returned from Madeira.

Erich looked forward with much pleasure to a nearer acquaintance with Weidmann, which, in the whirl of society, he had not been able to form; and now that the session of Parliament was over, Weidmann left without having got any nearer to Erich.

Hovering tremblingly between hope and fear, weeks had passed, and the fantasies of the patient seemed entirely altered. He constantly addressed Manna, caressed her, jested with her, and teased her about Saint Anthony. Manna had not been told of her brother's illness. Why cause her so much anxiety, since she could be of no service?

Sonnenkamp himself was constantly vexed, that nothing could be done except to wait patiently for nature to do its work. He sent considerable sums to the poor of the capital, to all charitable institutions, and reminded Erich that he had told him about a Teachers' society, and handed him a large sum for the furtherance of their aims. One day he asked Frau Dournay if a sick person could not be helped by prayer?

The Widow replied that she declined all authority in matters of faith, but that Herr Sonnenkamp ought to be at rest and grateful for harboring so beautiful a faith in his heart. Sonnenkamp looked at her sadly.

Since Roland constantly spoke of his sister, Sonnenkamp asked the Doctor if she should be sent for, and was delighted when he assented. In the midst of his grief it came to him like a burst of freedom, that he could now tear his child from the convent, and never allow her to part from him again. He walked up and down, and opened and shut his hands with a rapid motion, as though he were leading his children on either side of him.

Sonnenkamp despatched to the convent, by the faithful Lutz, an urgent letter, containing the Doctor's request. He begged Frau Dournay to add a few words, but she declined; she was determined, not even in extreme need, to interfere with Manna's life.

CHAPTER VIII.

"A SISTER OUTSIDE OF THE FAMILY."

THE convent roof was snow-covered, the trees, meadows, and paths of the island snow-clad, but in the great building stirred an active double life, for sacred history was being revived in the minds of the children and renewed before their eyes. Each day commemorated one of those great, sadly exalted, but blessed events, that transpired nearly two thousand years ago in Canaan. Manna was entirely lost in these imaginings, and often obliged to recall where she was. She longed to make a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, to kiss the sacred soil, and there atone for all the wrongs committed by those who did and did not belong to her.

With wonderful power, while her eye glowed with a brighter lustre, she related to little Cricket, who was again sick in bed, episodes of sacred history; but to-day she smiled, for Cricket asked: "Do they have snow in Jerusalem too?"

Manna had hardly noticed the season without, and just as she looked out, where the snow was melting, a lay-Sister brought her a letter.

"Where is the messenger?" she asked.

"In the waiting-room."

"I will give him an answer," said Manna, and read the letter again.

She walked back and forth in her cell, and wanted to go to the Superior and ask what she should do, but she felt how her heart recoiled. Why ask another person? She put her hand to her eyes and then looked at her hand. "You cannot weep," said something within her. "Why not? You must not weep at anything in the world."

"What's the matter with you?" cried Cricket from her bed. "Why do you look so angry?"

"I'm not angry, really I'm not. Do you think I am?"

"No, for now you look quite pleasant again. Stay with me, Manna—stay with me, don't go—if you do I shall die!"

Manna leaned over the child and quieted her, and it now became clear to her, that the first probation had come; and how hard it was! You must prove whether love for mankind, or love of the holy, is stronger in you than family affection. You must,

and you shall ! She left Cricket in charge of a Sister, promising to return soon, and went down to the chapel. She smote her eyes, because in looking at the picture there, she involuntarily thought of the man who was now with Roland. Penitent, she threw herself down and prayed devoutly. Long she lay there with her face covered, until at last she rose with the resolve, "I shall, I must, and I can ! I must be able to ! I will only live in the service of the Most High. Roland is well cared for, and unconscious ; if I go to him, I do not serve him but myself, go to get rid of my anxiety : here Cricket is ill and needs me. There is no question as to what I must do. I shall remain at my post, where not I myself, but the Most High hath placed me."

She thought of the Superior, who had told her how her father and mother died ; and she dared not break her cloister vow. Of her own accord, and without a vow, Manna resolved to do the same. She trembled at the thought that perhaps it would be better if Roland died before he fell into sin, and perhaps must learn the dreadful secret. This thought nearly crushed her heart, but still she remained firm. Manna returned to her cell. She wanted to write, and say everything that filled her mind, but she could not. She went down to the waiting-room and told Lutz, without adding another word, that she could not return with him ; and going back to her cell, she stared out upon the landscape, cold and immovable.

The melting snow dropped from the roof. And now, too, her tears burst forth, and Manna wept passionately. She gave vent to her tears, but her resolve remained unshaken. She waked and prayed all night ; and not until the following morning did she tell the Superior what she had done.

The Superior only nodded, but said nothing.

In her cell, Manna read the letter again, and saw, for the first time, that Erich's mother was nursing Roland. The paper trembled in her hand, when she realized that Roland occupied himself with her in his delirium. "Why does not Father write anything about von Prancken ? Where is he ?" she asked herself ; and then was angry that she could not withdraw her thoughts from the outside world. With a quick resolve, she threw the letter into the open grate, and gazed upon it as it suddenly burst into flame, and then fluttered in light flakes up the chimney.

Thus had it been within her ; thus should it be. Nothing belonging to the outer world should reach her again.

CHAPTER IX.

"GROWTH IN SICKNESS."

HE'S saved!" said the Doctor. "He's saved!" passed from mouth to mouth through the town. The Doctor recommended double caution, to keep Roland from the least excitement; and the boy complained that time seemed very long. The Doctor said, smiling, and Erich repeated it, that pleasure had been enjoyed in advance, and that ennui was the first step to recovery. He complained too of being compelled to fast and his countenance expanded and grew beautiful as he said "Hiawatha fasted voluntarily. You know, Erich, at that time I thought that men could endure hunger only of their own accord; and now I must carry out what I thought."

Roland was most affectionate to Erich's mother. He insisted that she was the only one whom he recognized in his delirium but could not say so because other things than those he wanted to say would come to his lips. The Mother, too, only remained with him a little while at a time.

Roland was pleased to see lilies of the valley standing near him. He remembered having seen them in his dreams.

"And was Manna with me too? I kept seeing her black eyes."

They told him that she could not leave the convent, because Cricket was very ill.

Roland begged for the photograph that represented him as a page, and remarked to Erich: "You were right; it will be remembrance for me in the future. Ah, that future has come already; it seems to me as if ten years had passed. Do give me a glass, I want to see how I look now."

"That must not be," replied Erich. "Wait a week."

Roland was obedient, like a little child, and grateful, like a sensible man. The second day he begged Erich to listen to him, for he must tell it, because it oppressed his head.

"If you will speak quietly, I'll listen to you."

"Well, then, remind me if I become excited, but listen. I was on the ocean, and dolphins played about the ship. Suddenly they all changed into negroes' heads, and a pulpit swam among them, on which Theodore Parker stood, and preached in a mighty voice, louder than the ocean's roar, and the pulpit sailed further and further with the ship—"

"You're growing excited," interrupted Erich. In a low voice but emphasizing every word, Roland continued:

"But now the best is coming. I told you, that when I was on my journey to you—nearly a year ago—I lay in the woods, and a child came to me with long, fair, wavy hair, and

said: 'This is the German forest.' I gave it a lily of the valley, and the child vanished. You remember all that, don't you? In my dream it was more beautiful and brilliant. 'This is the German forest,' was repeated over and over again, just as they sang it at the great Musical Festival—oh, so beautifully, so beautifully!"

"That will do now," Erich broke in; "you've talked enough, and must be left alone."

He went to his mother, and told her how that decisive journey had developed such a strange fable in Roland. The Krischer had told him about it before—and how strange it was that this second revolution in the young man's nature should produce this sickness, and now react upon his mind by developing the fable again.

The Mother maintained that something similar must have occurred at the time; but Erich did not wish to touch upon it, for every recurrence to past events retarded Roland's recovery, and the healthy action of his mind.

When Roland left his bed for the first time, all were surprised to see how much he had grown during his sickness, and he was proud that the down on his chin and upper lip had become thicker. When he saw the straw before the house, he said:

"Then the whole town knew of my sickness, and I must thank everybody! It's delightful to owe thanks to so many people; whoever comes to me now, has a claim upon me."

Erich and his mother looked at one another, when Roland spoke thus, and then looked down. The wonderful renovation in this youthful soul was plain to them.

"Did Erich tell you that I saw Parker?" asked Roland.

"Yes, but keep quiet now."

"No," he cried, "only one thing more." He asked for his memorandum, in which he had written the servant's name, whom he suspected of theft after that night-wandering of his. He reproached himself that he had hitherto forgotten to inquire for him, for he was a soldier here in his regiment.

Now Erich was commissioned to see that he was found and brought to him.

The soldier came, and Roland gave him about as much money as there had been in his *porte-monnaie* at the time. The man did not need Erich's strict injunction, not to excite Roland by talking and profuse thanks, for he was quite unable to say a word, and stood as if transported to fairy-land,—to be sent for to a great hotel, to see a handsome sick youth, and be presented with so much money—all seemed like another world.

Roland went to bed again, perfectly happy, and when his father came, he begged him to give away all his clothes, as he did not wish to wear any of them again.

"Do you want your uniform at once?" asked Sonnenkamp.

"No, not now, but to go home again soon, to the Villa. Yes, home, home!"

Sonnenkamp promised everything.

Frau Dournay soon discovered some young people who could wear Roland's clothes, and when he was told of it the following day, he cried jubilantly: "That's splendid! Now my clothes will go through the streets, and I shall be represented seven times, until I can go myself."

He heard how much sympathy had been shown him by every one, and begged his father to thank them all.

This was Sonnenkamp's intention. It was the best way that offered of approaching the most distinguished men and women. He drove all about the city in his finest equipage. He had urgently begged his wife to accompany him, but she would not be prevailed upon. He succeeded, however, in persuading Frau Dournay to join him. She at first declined, but Roland finally prevailed upon her; he said it was the first request he made of her on his return to life, and she must grant it, and accompany his father.

Difficult as it was for this high-minded woman to appear in the world again under such an escort, all doors were opened, as if by magic, at which Lutz delivered her own and Sonnenkamp's cards.

Frau Dournay hardly knew why she did this, it placed her in relations which she desired to sever; and as often as she returned to the carriage, she begged Herr Sonnenkamp not to dwell so conspicuously on her motherly care of Roland. But Sonnenkamp, who during these calls was considered very much as a superfluous appendage, threw himself with great skill into the foreground of all their conversations, by lauding the disinterested self-sacrifice of Frau Dournay, and proclaiming how happy he was to be allowed to enjoy the intimacy of such a family. During these drives about the city, Sonnenkamp revelled in his greatest pleasure, which was, and always had been, hypocrisy. In this feeling he drowned his deep vexation at the pride of the old families, who were now, after all, obliged to receive him on an equal footing; while on other occasions he never advanced beyond a superficial and unmeaning exchange of civilities; he was now enabled quietly to enlarge upon the experiences of his varied life with a mildness of sentiment, infused by his real feeling—his fatherly love. Moreover, he won the reluctant regards of all, by the manner in which he confessed the revolution in his nature, saying, that formerly he had little regard for mankind, but that, by the influence of the Dournays' had learned to esteem everything noble. He always smiled to himself as he went down the steps, for he knew that

people were saying, "We really did not know the man at all; he's a very superior and high-toned person."

The members of the Commission of Orders whom he knew to be, and whom Pranken had particularly mentioned as necessary to be won to his plan, were treated with particular attention.

Thus Roland's sickness had given a new impetus to his scheme for elevation of rank, and Frau Dournay was reluctantly compelled to contribute her part toward it. Sonnenkamp seemed filled with veneration for her that never seemed to do itself justice in expression, for she yielded him his highest triumph. Having refused to come to his fête and enter into his plan, she now finally became his tool, and again and again he rejoiced in the consciousness that all men are available as puppets—some won by clinking gold, and others by sounding praises.

CHAPTER X.

"A DECORATION WITH THREE EXCLAMATION POINTS."

AN audience had been requested of the Princess for the purpose of thanking her. She sent word that Frau Dournay would be welcome: Sonnenkamp's presence was thereby declined.

He now desired that Roland should write a note of thanks to the Princess, which Frau Dournay was to deliver. Two or three drafts of the letter made by Roland were rejected by Sonnenkamp so inconsiderately, that it threw Roland into such feverish excitement as to threaten a relapse.

The Widow mediated, and promised to deliver verbally all that Roland wished to say. This calmed him, but the tender, child-like nature which seemed to have begun growing in him during his illness, had been plucked out again by the root.

Frau Dournay drove to the palace, while Sonnenkamp took a promenade in the palace-grounds, keeping his eye on the carriage, for he wanted to know at once what had been said about him. Of all things that the Widow had gone through with here, she now encountered the most painful. She was obliged to assent, when the Princess praised Sonnenkamp's generosity: the wife of the Privy-councillor, who was lady-in-waiting to the Princess, had properly reported it all, and the Widow was obliged to listen without being allowed to contradict. Again she saw the false position in which she was placed, and the dishonest game to which here at Court, as well as in the convent, she was forced to lend herself. Yet she dared not gainsay Sonnenkamp's honorable repute, for how would she appear if she confessed what she knew?

When she left the Princess and returned to the carriage, she trembled from head to foot as a voice cried, "Stop!" Sonnenkamp seated himself beside her, and made her tell him at once all the Princess had said. He was very happy, and forgot himself so far as to exclaim, "This sickness of Roland's is fortunate for all of us!" Then added quickly, that it had given him the privilege of calling himself a friend of Frau Dournay's. To this, too, she was obliged to submit, and had the mortification besides of repeating before Prancken, who came with Clodwig, what the Princess had said.

How fettered on every side she seemed! She retired and hoped to collect herself in undisturbed quiet.

As a member of the Commission of Orders, Clodwig came to communicate to Sonnenkamp, confidentially, that a decoration was intended for him.

When he had gone, Prancken embraced Sonnenkamp, exclaiming: "This is the first step, the first safe round of the ladder."

Sonnenkamp was greatly rejoiced, and begged Prancken to wait till he returned: he hastened to Frau Ceres to announce the happy tidings.

"Indeed," she sighed, "that's for you; but what do I get?"

Sonnenkamp expressed his conviction that a title must soon follow.

"Oh, it will take so long!" complained Frau Ceres.

He confessed that it displeased and disgusted him, to see how slow and formally everything was done in the Old World, and that patience was necessary.

"Of course," replied Frau Ceres. "It's very fine for you to receive a decoration; now society will see at a glance that you're not a footman."

Sonnenkamp shook his head smiling, but he always carefully avoided long discussions with Frau Ceres.

A few days later, carriage after carriage drove up to the hotel, and every one came to offer their congratulations.

Sonnenkamp was very modest, and Roland was very happy and proud of his father, and begged that, in future, he would never go out without his order.

It was a bitter drop in the cup of joy when Professor Crutius' paper contained the following:

"Price-current of honors! Herr Sonnenkamp of Villa Eden, transplanted among us from Havana, has been decorated from high quarters, with an order of merit, which merit is said to consist in his improvements in the culture of fruit-trees; also including an improvement in 'quality' of the grower. Among the beautiful trees of the Garden of Eden there is one wanting which is peculiar to our beloved country—the Genealogical tree."

There were malicious persons enough who took pains to express to Sonnenkamp their feigned indignation at this rough piece of wit, and closely observed how he would receive it. Sonnenkamp affected utter indifference, but secretly resolved to bribe the virtuous pride of that most moral person, so called Public Opinion. He repaired to the office of the paper, and was shown into a room where he found Professor Crutius, who received him with extreme courtesy. Sonnenkamp told him, that coming from America, he was accustomed to publicity, and knew how to take a joke; to which Crutius did not see fit to make any reply. Sonnenkamp then continued with great condescension to express his pleasure at finding the Professor in so important a position, to which Crutius responded by a polite bow. There was a jet of gas burning in the room, and Sonnenkamp asked permission to light his cigar, at the same time offering one to the Professor, who courteously accepted.

"I recollect," began Sonnenkamp, "a bold but significant remark you had the courage to make, when I had the honor of your visit—that America was verging toward monarchy."

"Yes," replied Crutius, half in jest, half in earnest, "I did not merely present it as a theme for discussion, it was my opinion, based upon the fact that the better classes in America withdraw from politics, a circumstance which, at all times, is considered indicative of an advance toward monarchy."

Crutius paused, and Sonnenkamp inquired: "You are no longer of this opinion?"

Sonnenkamp was aware of the current report that he was connected with the erection of the Mexican empire, from whence the monarchical form of government was to be introduced into the New World; and that he found a harmless importance, and, in certain quarters, was even greeted with distinction as a reputed agent for a monarchy to be founded in the Southern States. Crutius did not answer for some time, but smiled with a keen, observant look at his visitor, before he said:

"I've altered my opinion: the inactivity of the better classes in America has ceased, as both their newspapers and public assemblages show. Herr Weidmann, too, has shown me letters from his nephew, Doctor Fritz, that plainly show a change for the better. Every one is a citizen once more, and involved in political contentions and party issues."

"Ah! Herr Weidmann!" resumed Sonnenkamp; "this gentleman is connected with your paper?"

"I don't know the man, I only recognize his party."

"Quite right—truly American," cried Sonnenkamp, and continued to say, in a confidential tone, how much it was to be regretted that the native Press was yet so far behind the vast standard of that of other countries, and if a man of the Pro-

fessor's capacity and experience desired to edit a paper, he himself was not disinclined to advance sufficient means, and could make frequent important communications from his own correspondence.

"That matter might be considered," answered Crutius, going to his safe and opening it. It was evidently his intention to return Sonnenkamp's former donation; but he murmured to himself, "No, not yet! You shall have a public receipt at the same time." He locked his safe, returned to his seat opposite Sonnenkamp, and continued: "I owe you an apology: when I visited you at your Villa, I took you for the notorious Banfield." He keenly watched the face of Sonnenkamp, who replied with great composure: "I thank you for telling me this. Misunderstandings are always better explained face to face. Unfortunately, I have frequently been mistaken for the man, and have been in Virginia on purpose to make the acquaintance of my counterpart, who died just as I arrived."

"Indeed! I never heard of his death, and am astonished that Herr Weidmann's nephew, who was in open controversy with him, has not informed us of it. It is nevertheless remarkable how much you resemble him in appearance. Of course I shall not mention that when I bring out Banfield's obituary."

"That would not disturb me," said Sonnenkamp, blandly. "But you know the malicious pleasure of European aristocracy, and so pointed a remark would be very unpleasant to my wife and children."

Crutius assured him that personalities were extremely indifferent to him, he only had to do with principles. Sonnenkamp praised the sentiment, and called it one of the advantages of European education.

Crutius very politely conducted Herr Sonnenkamp through the offices to the head of the stairs, but opened the window when he returned to his room: the air seemed close.

"It is the man, nevertheless," said he to himself. "Take care, Sir Knight of the Order of Merit; I hold you by a string, but you may flutter for awhile yet."

He looked for a paper containing the notice, marked it with a thick red line and three exclamation points, and placed it in a private drawer, in which articles "for future use" were kept.

CHAPTER XI.

"EVERYTHING REVIVES."

THE Prince must have forgotten that he sent for Sonnenkamp, who was also prevented from personally expressing his thanks to the reigning prince, who, with the Prince and

several cavaliers of the Court, Prancken among them, had gone to spend some time at a hunting-lodge, to take part in great Spring-hunts that were to come off.

Prancken departed out of humor, because he considered it improper for Sonnenkamp to place himself in any relation whatever to the editor.

The Hotel Victoria was quiet. Frau Dournay and the Aunt had returned to the vine-covered cottage. Roland daily urged and begged to leave the city. At last it was permitted, and Sonnenkamp displayed the bright ornament in his buttonhole to his house, his servants, his park, and his hothouses. This, after all, remained a good memento of the pain and pleasure of this varied Winter. Roland did not cease to welcome everything with fresh joy; the feeling of *home* seemed for the first time to awake in him in its fullest strength.

"I know now," he said to Erich, "that living about in hotels and places that are not home, seems like travelling in the cars. I slept, but heard the rattling of the wagons in my sleep. Now we're at home again, and I have a grandmother and an aunt to visit in the neighborhood. The Major is a sort of an uncle, and the Krischer like a stanch old tower. The dogs are delighted to see me again. Nora blinked at me first, and didn't know me, but afterward she recognized me: and her pups are splendid. We'll be very industrious and happy now. I'd like to plant a tree to commemorate this day, and you shall plant one beside it. Does it seem to you as if you had just come into the world, and only dreamed everything that has gone before? If we could only make something that would constantly say to us, Remember so happy you were, and so happy you are; now go and enjoy yourself while you live! How lovely it is here! The Rhine seems much broader than it used to. And how the mountains look over at me! I thought I saw them in my sickness, but not as beautiful as they are now, and I feel as though I could compel the vineyards to suddenly become green."

He was walking by the shore with Erich. Suddenly he stopped and said: "Hark! hark how the waves splash the shore! So they rolled and sounded night and day while I was away. Doesn't their splashing tempt you? How splendid, when we can plunge in once more and swim! It seems as if I'd done it a century ago."

Unceasingly, like a bubbling spring, thoughts flowed from the mind of the young man, who was awakened to new life. He was pleased that all who met him told him he had grown much taller and looked quite manly.

Erich patiently listened to all the effusions of Roland, who fully enjoyed the approach of Spring and returning health at the same time.

When he heard the first hen cackle, he exclaimed :

"This cackling is for the cock and the hen, and probably as sweet to them as the nightingale's song is to us. Don't you think the barnyard hen makes more noise about laying an egg than its untamed sisters? Among the wild-birds in the woods not one of the females has a note, only the barnyard hen. And the grass how green—and the hedges yonder! The leaves and buds would like to burst forth at once and cry, 'Here we are!'" So he chatted, childishly, yet thoughtfully.

Study could only be resumed gradually. Erich observed a certain depression in his mother, which might be the effect of her care for Roland. Besides, this sickness must remind her of her own son's: or it might be the care for the numerous poor in the neighborhood; for now that their Winter stores were exhausted, their demands increased. Roland begged to be allowed to share her cares, and take charge of some of the supplies himself.

The Mother prevented him. It was not fitting for him yet: he must become a man first, and then fulfil the great task of his life. Roland said that he did not see why so many people suffered, because the earth produced enough to satisfy all.

Erich and his mother sought to prevent Roland from regarding wealth as a misfortune and a great wrong. Soon the elasticity of youth asserted its sway, and the boy forgot how much misery there was in the world, and enjoyed what lay nearest.

Sonnenkamp, too, had his special pleasures; for Roland and Erich took an eager interest in the culture of trees, and he was their teacher.

"You'll soon learn what a pleasure it is to see a tree that you have planted thrive and grow." In the garden called "Nizza," the buds were swelling, and a fragrant breath of Spring floated over the stream and the landscape. It was an odor as if the air had been wafted over great invisible beds of violets. There was more cheerfulness in the house than ever before; even Frau Ceres could not escape it, for Roland was so radiant with pleasure and happiness that it extended to all. Besides, Roland had something on his mind that he only confided to Frau Dournay, and to her only in part. On his birthday, which was also the anniversary of Erich's arrival, he was going to give them all a great surprise, that no one would think of.

The garden was green and blooming, the birds sang, and the boats floated gayly in the river, when on the day previous to Roland's birthday a note was found in his room, begging them not to be uneasy about him, for he would return next day and bring home his surprise.

Inquiry was made, and they soon found that Roland had gone to the convent, accompanied by Lutz.

CHAPTER XII.

ORESTES AND IPHIGENIA.

TWO steamers landed not far from the Island ; one went up the river, and the other down. On the down-boat was Roland. He inquired why they did not land. The captain silently pointed to the Island. There the nuns and monks were following a bier borne by girls in white. The bier was covered with flowers, and the children's chant floated on the clear Spring air. Roland's heart trembled ; if his sister—

“ It must be a little child,” said an elderly man beside him ; “ the bier is small, else the girls could not carry it.”

Roland breathed again ; now he knew that his sister must be among the mourners. He had gone ashore, and stood on the landing near the ferryman who was to row him across to the Island. The man shook his head, and said softly, “ Not now, not now ; or are you related to the child ?”

“ Which child ?”

“ A child has died over in the convent. Ah ! she was a lovely creature ; it fairly warmed one's heart to look at her. She needed little change to be transformed into an angel by our Heavenly Father.”

“ How old was she ?”

“ Seven, or eight at the most. Hush ! they're coming.”

The bells rang out in the mild Spring air, the clouds of incense rose from the censer, and the procession moved on along the shore.

The boatman had raised his hat, and with clasped hands was uttering a prayer. Roland, too, uncovered his head, and a shudder passed through him at the solemn reflection, “ Thus you, too, would have been borne to the grave !”

He felt his knees grow weak ; he was forced to sit down. He gazed toward the Island ; the procession moved on and disappeared, and then all was still.

And now they lower the childish form into the grave ; the birds are singing, the air is calm, a steamboat comes up, and it all seems a dream.

Again the procession appears in view, singing as it passes on. It disappears through the open gates of the convent.

“ There !” said the boatman, replacing his hat. “ Now I'll take you over.”

Roland asked him to wait a little longer. He did not wish to surprise his sister at such a moment ; she must first regain her composure.

He did right, for no one in the convent felt so utterly bereft

as Manna. Cricket, the beautiful child, had lived there a whole year. She seemed happy, and made good progress in her studies; but when Spring-time came, she drooped like a flower raised under cover and exposed too soon to the cold air.

How tenderly Manna had nursed the child day and night, and how happy Cricket was with her! A wisdom not of earth seemed to have come upon the child; she often said to Manna that she meant to tell the Lord and every angel in heaven all about her; and the thought of the other life made her as happy as the anticipation of a Christmas-box.

"Tell me about Roland," she would say, in the midst of it all; "I saw him running with his bow and arrow; and oh! he is so handsome!"

Manna talked about her brother, and she could always make Cricket laugh by mimicking Roland's puppies as they waddled around. The physician and the nurse from the hospital, who understood medicine, urged Manna to take some repose; but Manna was strong, and she remained at her post. The child died in her arms.

"Good-morning, Manna—the night is passed," were her last words.

Manna had now seen every phase of convent-life; she had looked on at the robing of a novice, and witnessed a fellow-pupil enter the novitiate, and yet all that had been merely an act of strong, joyous, free renunciation. She had now witnessed the death of a child who had passed quietly and gently away from earth, like a bud which falls from the stem.

Manna it was who had helped bear the bier to the grave; she had cast upon the coffin three spadefuls of earth, but she had shed no tears. But when the Priest spoke of how the child had been called from the world as a father would call his child from this playground, which we call earth, into the paternal mansion, to shield it from harm, Manna wept bitterly.

When she returned from the churchyard she went back to Cricket's empty bed and prayed that God would enable her to enter eternity as pure as that child. And now she was composed; the time could not be far distant when, after a short return to the turmoil of life, the universal Father would call her back from life's playground to his sheltering house. She fancied she even now heard voices in the noisy world again, enticing her forth: she must heed them, but it was firmly and unalterably settled that she should faithfully return to her only home.

She walked along down the Island; she went to her seat beneath the fir-tree where she had so often worked: there still stood the little bench upon which Cricket had sat near her, almost at her feet. Here Manna sat a long time: she wished to think over the possible entanglements in which this single year

might involve her, but she could not; her thoughts incessantly returned to Cricket, and followed the little child into her celestial abode.

She now heard steps; she looked up and saw a youth before her who resembled Roland, except that he was much taller and more manly. She could not rise from her seat.

"Manna! Manna!" the young man cried, "come to me!"

She rose, and with a loud cry brother and sister were folded in each other's arms.

"Sit beside me," at last said Manna.

They sat down together on the bench beneath the fir-tree, and Manna, pointing to the little bench, told him about Cricket and how she had often made her tell her about him; and saying that the child had died of home-sickness, she suddenly exclaimed:

"Yes, Roland, our whole life is one long home-sickness, a longing for our heavenly home. We die of it, and happy are those who do so!"

Roland saw that his sister was convulsed with emotion. With the composure and decision becoming manhood, he told her that she was shortly to return to her earthly home. He spoke of the theatricals, and how he had been photographed as a page clad in silk; he said that his father had been decorated with an order; and finally he told her that his father had confided to him a secret which, however, he dared not communicate to her.

"Father has confided to you a secret?" asked Manna, gazing at him.

"Yes! and something fine and grand, and something that will please you, too, very much."

Manna's face grew listless.

And now Roland told her how during all his delirium, his thoughts had been upon her, and that she ought to rejoice that he was still living.

"Yes, you are still alive!" exclaimed Manna. "You must live. All is yours!"

Roland remembered that to-morrow was his birthday, and now his only wish was that she should return home with him on that day.

"Yes, I will go with you!" said Manna. "And it is better to go at once."

Hand-in-hand, brother and sister walked toward the convent. Manna informed the Superior that she was to return home with her brother. The Superior gave her consent and blessing. Manna then hastened in feverish excitement to her fellow-pupils and the nuns to bid them good-bye. She next went into the church and offered a silent prayer, and then finally she made Roland accompany her to Cricket's grave.

Roland saw before him a long, regular row of graves, side by side, without headstones.

In reply to his inquiry, Manna told him that they were the graves of nuns.

"It is certainly hard," said Roland, "to be nameless, even in death."

"It is very natural," replied Manna. "One who takes the veil, drops her own name, and assumes a holy one, which is hers only till death, and she then passes away to find another."

"There is much in that," said Roland. "I understand it well; neither her name as a nun, nor her real name can be inscribed on a tombstone, and yet many of noble birth die here."

"Yes, truly; most of them belonged to noble families."

"What would you say if we too belonged to the nobility?"

"What are you saying, Roland?" pursued Manna, violently grasping his arm. "A word like that here, and at such a moment! Come away; such thoughts desecrate the dead."

She drew Roland away from the little burying-ground, and accompanied him to the gravel-walk; but suddenly leaving him, she again turned back to the burying-place, and knelt at the grave; then she returned to Roland.

Lutz was ready with the baggage. Manna and her brother entered the boat, and brother and sister sailed up-stream toward their home. All those on the boat watched the pair with pleased curiosity, but the latter sat quietly, hand-in-hand, gazing at the extended landscape.

"Now tell me," said Roland, "why, on entering the convent, did you say that you too were an Iphigenia."

"I cannot tell you."

"Indeed you can. I understand it. I've read all by myself, and with Erich too, the Iphigenia of Euripides, as well as that of Goethe, but you're not like either."

"It was only—Ah, don't speak of it."

"Do you know, too," exclaimed Roland, "that Iphigenia became the wife of that great hero Achilles, and that she spent a blessed eternity with him, living on the Island of Leuce."

Manna said she had not learned about it, and Roland then spoke to her of the copies of the pictures from Pompeii, which Frau Dournay had shown him. Calchas, the priest, holds the sacrificial knife, Diomedes and Odysseus are bearing Iphigenia to the altar. Father Agamemnon is veiling her face, and Artemis' nymphs are leading up the hind to be offered in her stead.

"Why, you've learned everything," said Manna, smiling.

"And Erich told me," continued Roland, "that the sacrifice of Iphigenia was just like the offering up of Isaac, and everything else that is told of expiatory sacrifices."

Manna's countenance grew dark; this was the stepping-stone to a mortal heresy.

"But stop—now I know!" exclaimed Roland. "Oh, how beautiful! We have oracles yet! Orestes was obliged to take his sister away from the temple at Tauris, where she was a priestess. That's it. Yes, that was your idea! Ah, how pleased Erich will be! How pleased he'll be! But wait! When Iphigenia and her brother were on the ship he performed lots of foolish pranks, and of course she laughed. Aren't you ever going to laugh any more, then? You used to laugh so heartily. Now do laugh just once!"

He burst into a hearty fit of laughter, but Manna remained unmoved, and continued in an abstracted frame of mind during the whole trip. Only once, as the boat suddenly came to a full stop just in the middle of the river, she inquired:

"What is it?"

"That's what I asked Erich when we came over together. Oh, he knows everything; he showed me a heavily-loaded barge some distance off; the steamboat was obliged to moderate its speed that the barge might not be sunk by the billows. Yes, he knows everything, and he said to me too: 'See, Roland, it is thus we must act in life. We must not dash recklessly on; we must think of the heavy-laden on the current of life, and take care lest they be sunk by the billows we have raised.'"

Manna looked her brother full in the face. She surmised that the latter had the companionship of a man who converted everything around him into imagery; she seemed to awaken to a perception of that power which seeks and finds thought in real life.

She shook her head, took her breviary, and zealously began to read.

"See the glitter on the glass dome," said Rolánd, as evening came on. "There's our home. May-be they are suspecting that you will come back with me."

"Home, home!" Manna softly murmured to herself. The word sounded as strange on Roland's lips as on her own.

The reflection on the glass dome seemed to dazzle her, for she closed her eyes.

CHAPTER XIII.

NOTHING BUT EYES.

TWO carriages were waiting at the wharf. Sonnenkamp embraced and kissed his daughter: she suffered him to do so, but did not return his caresses. With a look of dismay she

watched the boat, which, after rapidly discharging what was to be left behind, started off.

"Your mother is in the carriage yonder," said Sonnenkamp, and offered her his arm. She shyly took it, and approached the carriage where Frau Ceres and Miss Perini were seated, entered, and gave her mother a passionate embrace.

Sonnenkamp and Roland entered the other, and they all drove to the Villa. Sonnenkamp was murmuring something to himself; he had hardly heard Manna speak.

"Where's Erich?" asked Roland.

"At home with his mother. He was so considerate as to withdraw with his friends and leave the family alone and unrestrained by the presence of strangers."

Roland opened his eyes. Were Erich and his family strangers?

They reached the Villa, and Miss Perini herself quickly withdrew; she went to the parsonage, and from there a despatch was soon sent to the telegraph-station.

The parents were alone with their children; but all seemed to feel as if a current of air were driving through the room, banishing from it all quiet and sense of comfort. Roland and his father accompanied Manna to her room: she was happy to find everything there just as it used to be.

"Thank you, Father," said she, when she saw the open fireplace filled with beautiful natural flowers. She now voluntarily gave her father her hand, and then pressed a kiss upon his own, but at sight of his ring she shuddered.

The father left brother and sister alone together. Roland was urgent that Manna should go that very day to pay a visit to their grandmother and aunt. Manna considered it improper to apply these titles to any one not really related.

"Ah, you must love them too," said Roland, in a persuasive tone.

"Must I? Love is never forced. Let me say here, Roland—Yet no, it is not necessary."

She finally yielded to Roland's wishes, and went with him out of the gate lately made in the garden-wall, and through the meadow, along the bank of the river.

"There goes Erich; I'll call him. Erich! Erich!" shouted Roland.

Erich did not turn around, but walked on and disappeared among the willows.

Roland and Manna reached the house of the Professor's widow, who was on the steps expecting them, and who bade Manna a hearty welcome.

"Roland gave me no peace, I must come at once to see you," said Manna.

"So he makes you, too, do whatever he wishes, does he?" said the Mother. "Let me say, my dear child, that this wild boy has no doubt told you much about me, and will want to force you to love me; but any forcing, however well meant, should be avoided. We will not force ourselves upon each other, though I should be very happy to have your friendship."

Manna looked at Erich's mother in surprise, and the latter now made many inquiries about the convent, and advised Manna to court solitude, lest the rapid transition from convent-life to a whirl of dissipation should not only injure her health, but prove detrimental to all healthy intellectual life.

Manna felt agreeably drawn toward this woman, whose nature was so self-contained and harmonious. She looked around the room as if it seemed strange to her; not a single sacred picture adorned the walls. When she saw the sewing-machine, she asked the Mother to show her how to use it—she was all ready to begin. And now Aunt Claudine too came in, and Manna was even more drawn toward the dignified woman than toward the Mother.

"You and Aunt," said Roland, "have two things in common; she is a star-gazer as well as you, and, like you, she plays the harp."

The Aunt did not wait for much urging, and played for Manna.

"I should be much obliged to you if you would take me as a pupil," said Manna, giving the Aunt her hand; and the hand of the latter, substantial as it was, struck her more pleasantly than the small, plump one of the Professor's widow.

Evening came on. The Mother and Aunt accompanied their visitors home. Manna walked with the Aunt, and Roland with Frau Dournay. They were met by Erich.

"So, here you are at last!" exclaimed Roland. "There, Manna, there he is; now you see him."

Manna bowed politely, and so did Erich.

"Why don't you talk? Have you both lost your tongues? Erich, this is my sister Manna; Manna, this is my friend, my brother, my Erich."

"Be quiet, Roland," said Erich; and his musical voice made Manna look up. "Yes, Fräulein," pursued he, "I now, for the second time, see you by twilight."

Manna was about to say that she herself had seen him by daylight, and had heard him sing such inspiring strains, but she had not heard him speak. She kept back the confession, however, and compressed her lips. A pause ensued.

"Come home," entreated Roland, "and then you can see each other in the light. It was at this hour, a year ago, that I ran away. And is it but a year? Ah, Manna, you can't begin

to believe how long it has seemed. I'm awfully old—as old as the laughing ghost the driver was telling me about.”

He then repeated the story, to which they listened willingly. As he finished, Erich said that he would spend the evening with his mother and leave the family to themselves; for every one not a blood relative must be considered a stranger. Roland would not hear of Erich's being a stranger; but Manna's eyes seemed to grow larger as they shone in the darkness.

When they reached the gate, Erich took his leave. Roland and his sister went to the Villa, while Erich returned home with his mother and aunt. A second time he had seen Manna, and a second time she seemed nothing but eyes.

“How strange it is,” said Manna, when she was alone in her chamber—“how strange it is that this man should be thought to look like the picture of St. Anthony; there seemed not the least resemblance. Some glance or some expression of the eye might have suggested the resemblance to Roland,” for she, too, had seen nothing of Erich save his tall figure and his eyes.

She knelt long in prayer; and on undressing, she drew her girdle—it was merely a small rope which a nun had given her to wear in penance—more tightly about her, so tightly that it cut into her flesh.

CHAPTER XIV.

A MORNING GIFT.

BEFORE daybreak, Roland was standing at Erich's bedside. “I'll go with you to-day,” said he, waking him up.

Erich did not know what he wanted; so Roland said that he had told him never to neglect to visit the mountain at least once a year, for the express purpose of seeing the sun rise. Erich now recalled this to mind, and they were soon dressed and on their way to the heights. Roland said that just a year ago that very day he had watched the sun rise: then he was alone, but now he had company.

“Let us not talk,” said Erich. And so they looked, and gradually they saw the light dawning, and Roland realized that all the grandeur and splendor of the world was nothing in comparison with light, for light belongs to all men. The richest can gain for himself nothing grander than the sunlight, which shines upon the poorest in his hovel; the most beautiful and grand of all things belongs to all men alike.

Roland fell into a kind of ecstasy, and Erich could hardly help pressing him to his heart; for he was happy. The sun had risen in Roland's nature. The sun of thought can never

set; clouds can veil it, but it stands in the heavens and shines eternally.

Erich and Roland went down the mountain to the river, and there they enjoyed a pleasant swim in the early morning; it seemed to both almost a purification of life. When they returned to the Villa the bells were ringing, and they saw Manna in the distance coming from church.

Herr Sonnenkamp, too, was up betimes. He went to Frau Dournay and said to her:

"You are right; I have made Roland no present to-day. I think your suggestion as to the way children of princely birth celebrate their birthday very beautiful; they are not to receive, but give. I have implicitly followed your directions, and am going to afford Roland both the means and opportunity to bestow benefits upon others; and I return you twofold thanks for permitting the deed to pass as my own device. It is with reluctance that I undertake anything that verges on deceit, but for my child's sake this may be allowed me."

The Professor's widow compressed her lips. This man, whose entire life was a lie, was pretending himself to be truth incarnate. But she had accustomed herself to the thought that when good deeds are done, we must not always inquire into the motives and source from which they flow. She did not wish to come over until after the presentation of the gifts, but Sonnenkamp insisted upon her going with him at once. She accompanied him to the Villa.

As they reached it a carriage drove up. Prancken jumped out. He said that he had come in honor of Roland's birthday; and on hearing that Manna, too, was at home, he was very much pleased. He did not think it necessary to allude to the telegram which Miss Perini had sent him. As Prancken stood on the terrace on the side facing the Rhine, he saw Manna, with a small book in her hand, walking up and down, moving her lips as if reading.

Miss Perini soon came and whispered softly to Prancken. She was proud of having severed the close net woven by the Professor's family, who had wrapped themselves up in their lofty-mindedness; for she saw clearly that Erich had inoculated his pupil with a plan for getting Manna away from the convent: the snare had been laid as early as last night. Manna had been taken to the vine-clad cottage, and had returned thence in a satisfied humor, and delighted above all with the Aunt.

Miss Perini gave Prancken a sly look, for she had sent him the lucky message. The Aunt was kept as a corps of reserve for Manna's benefit. Miss Perini hoped, however, that she and Prancken would hold the field.

Manna at last reached the terrace, and again gave Prancken her left hand, for in her right she held her prayer-book. Prancken expressed the great pleasure he felt at seeing no blossom lacking to the family tree. Manna pleasantly returned her thanks; and when Prancken went on to put himself in Manna's place, and realize how she must feel on returning to the paternal roof, she very quietly remarked:

"It is like a tent which is pitched and then struck again."

With great adroitness, Prancken seized upon the thought thus thrown out; he knew enough of the style of speech in convent-life to picture to himself the whole reserve force of reflections and views from which this single declaration had issued, like a solitary soldier on a reconnoitring expedition. He adroitly alluded to our journey through life's waste, a journey which lasts until we reach the promised land; and he even added that we must suffer the old generation within us to die, for the new alone was worthy to inhabit Canaan.

The lengthy and circuitous manner in which Prancken uttered these remarks at first struck Manna as strange; but still she seemed glad to see the cultivated and versatile man at home on such topics. She felt the more drawn to him from the fact that he was a member of her own Church; and she dropped her eyes, on Prancken observing, as he took from his breast-pocket the "*Thomas à Kempis*" which she had given him, that to her, through this gift, he owed whatever there was of good in him.

"Put up the book, I entreat," said Manna, hastily, laying her hand upon it; for she heard the voice of Erich's mother and the Major, who were approaching.

Prancken did as he was bidden, and placed his hand over the book, which rested on his heart. He looked Manna full in the face: he was satisfied and happy, for a secret and a perfect understanding lay between him and this stately girl.

The Major passed Manna in review before him, as if she had been a recruit; she was obliged to turn round and round, and walk a few paces, that he might judge of her gait. Manna was ready cheerfully to execute every evolution the Major desired.

"Yes, yes!" said he at last, raising his forefinger, a sign that some piece of wisdom was about to find vent—"yes, yes! 'all's well that ends well;' yes, yes, Herr Sonnenkamp, 'all's well that ends well.' A young fellow among soldiers—a young girl awhile in the cloister—'all's well that ends well.'"

They all nodded assent, and the Major was happy: that was a speech good for all day long. Then he began to scold because Roland was not there; he did not deserve any good fortune. To-day was the finest of Spring days; one couldn't ask a better—and it was an anniversary too. He was just about relating his terrible adventure on the special-train, an

event which had taken place a year ago that very day, when Roland at last entered, in company with Erich.

Manna cordially embraced her brother. Roland gave his hand to Prancken, who also embraced him; but Roland hastily disengaged himself, and said to Manna:

"You give your hand to Erich, too. To-day is the anniversary of his coming to our house. One year ago to-day, he became mine and I his. Isn't that so, Erich? Just give him your hand."

Manna extended her hand, and for the first time Erich and she had a full view of each other by daylight.

"Thank you," said Manna, "for all the kindness you have shown my brother."

Erich was struck by Manna's appearance. She seemed to him a wonderful blending of gentle sadness and overbearing pride. Her manner expressed cold indifference, her motions were full of grace, and her voice enchantingly soft; but it had a tone of sadness.

Without her knowing or wishing it, Manna became the central point of attraction; and though the day was kept in honor of Roland, Manna seemed to obtain all the attention.

They at last went into the large drawing-room, in which were the Professor's widow and the Aunt, Miss Perini and Frau Ceres.

Every window was closed, for Frau Ceres was afraid of the morning air. She was yawning when Roland entered, but she embraced and kissed him.

"I wish you happiness," said Frau Dournay, as she embraced him; "that is to say, I wish that you may realize more and more the happiness that is yours, and may understand how to use it."

Sonnenkamp stood near to Prancken, and as he heard these words, shrugged his shoulders and said to him:

"This lady must always be peculiar. She's hardly been able to say a simple 'Good-morning,' lately."

"Let's be thankful to her," added Prancken, "for not having said yet, 'That was what my deceased husband, Professor Mummy, used to say.'"

They did not interchange glances while speaking thus, and no one heard what was said, or, indeed, noticed that any remarks had been made by them.

There were several addressed packages lying on a large table. Frau Dournay and Fräulein Milch had made out a list of children who were about as old as Roland, and to whom these packages were to be sent. Some for apprentices who were about going out into the world, boatmen, and people who worked in the vineyard. The needy had also been thought of, and something useful prepared for each.

A large envelope lay in the middle of the table, which Sonnenkamp had thrown on it when he entered the room, and which was inscribed, "For my Friend and Tutor, Dr. Captain Erich Dournay."

Roland noticed the envelope as soon as he cast his eye on the table, and immediately gave it to Erich, who found in it a large amount in bank-notes. His hand trembled; he looked around for an instant, and then put the notes back into the envelope.

Sonnenkamp, who was standing with Manna and Prancken, said something in a low tone. Erich approached, and said in a choked voice, for he could hardly speak, that he wished Herr Sonnenkamp would take the money back.

"No, no; don't thank me. It's I who have to thank you."

Erich dropped his eyes; but soon raised them, and said:

"Pardon me; but I have never in my life known what it was to receive gifts, and would not like—"

"Such a liberal man as you," said Prancken, interrupting him, "shouldn't waste words over such a trifle. Take it; it was given with a full heart."

He spoke as if he was one of the family, and might be considered to have had a share in giving the present. Erich was perplexed, and did not see how he could decline the money without seeming ungrateful or affected.

And then his eyes fell on Manna, and his heart contracted—on this first morning he had received a present as though he were needy, and she had seen it. He looked at her as if begging her to speak to him; but she was silent, and Erich not knowing what else to do, put the money in his pocket.

He left the room and wandered up and down in the park. He seated himself on the bench where Manna had sat, and counted the money—it was so much that a modest family could be placed beyond the reach of want by it. Dreaming and self-forgetful, he held the envelope in his hands, and looked off into space. He did not even hear the birds singing in the bushes and trees. Suddenly he heard his name called.

Joseph the valet came and brought him a letter from Professor Einsiedel, wishing him joy on this anniversary, and advising him to earn as much money as possible, and place himself in a position to live for philosophy alone. Professor Einsiedel reiterated his wish that there was a convent where philosophers might go and spend their days, when they had grown old.

Erich no longer felt downcast, and returned to the company, which had hardly missed him.

"That's the way with your idealists, world-improvers, and priests of humanity," said Prancken to Sonnenkamp. "Look at

the Doctor ; he seems to have wings. Yes, that's the way with all of them ! They despise money—till they get it."

Prancken's eyes were not at fault. Erich felt as if he had gained new power, but ever near this feeling was another, that told him, "Now you are rich, too ; but not for yourself—for others."

He noticed, after a minute, that he was holding his hand on his breast where the money was hidden : he drew it back as if he had touched fire.

CHAPTER XV.

A FEAST AT WHICH SOME UNEXPECTED DISHES ARE SERVED.

THE Major and Roland went on a very pleasant expedition. They had all the bundles placed in the little carriage, the pony harnessed to it, and travelled through the villages, stopping at the houses and giving the presents with their own hands. First of all they went to the Krischer's house.

A great change had taken place in the Krischer this Winter. Having once experienced what it is to be commiserated, and after having drowned his cares and thoughts in a good drunk, he had fallen into the habit of hushing up all lamentations in copious draughts of oblivious wine ; and when this could not make him *quite* forget, he took to brandy. His wife and children were beside themselves at this change ; and the trouble ripened to open quarrel when the Cooper heard that his father had one day begged money from a stranger who was crossing the hills, whining out that he "had been ruined by a rich man."

The Gauger and the Burgomeister were very much amused at these complaints and stupid outbreaks, as well as by the Krischer's jokes and shrewd sayings ; so they gave him liquor to hear him talk.

When he saw Roland and the Major approaching, he gave them a rough greeting. Roland was shocked, but the Major said :

"Never mind. It's true that the man drinks too much, but only too much for his stomach. What's the odds ? If a little too much wine makes him happy, let him have it and enjoy himself."

The Major's talking and Roland's good-humor soon made them forget this ill-omened first meeting on this happy day. From the Krischer's they went to the Seven-piper, and *there* was jollity beyond all measure.

Roland kept repeating that he had never passed a pleasanter day, and the Major told him that he ought not to be so indifferent about the good he was doing ; for everybody ought to

receive the good wishes and blessings of those whom he makes happy or assists.

"And," he added, "Fräulein Milch says something which ought to be written on the walls of temples: 'The happiest hour is that which comes after doing a good deed.' Write that in your heart, my boy."

The dogs jumped round the carriage, and Roland cried out to them:

"Do you know what a beautiful day this is to me? Oh, you poor little beasts, I can't give you anything but victuals; what good would clothing and money do *you*?"

Roland came running out of one house as if somebody was after him: he was pale as death.

"What's the matter?" asked the Major.

"Oh, go on, go on!" said the boy anxiously. "Something has happened to me that makes me tremble yet. I couldn't have been more frightened if a robber had come at me!"

"But what is it? Tell me what it is!"

"I gave the old man his clothes and money, and he wanted to kiss my hands! My hands—mine! Oh, it was dreadful; I thought I should die! What are you laughing at?"

"I ain't laughing. You're right."

The Major thought he saw in this sensibility the effects of nervousness. He said, after awhile:

"Your father plants a good many trees, and when one of them turns out well, he calls it a grateful tree. Do you know what's the most grateful tree? It is the tree of knowledge and good deeds."

While the boy's heart was thus elevated by all the fulness of goodness and beneficence, Erich's was deeply troubled. He went to his mother, and, showing her Professor Einsiedel's letter, said that for a little while he had been comforted by it, but again the miserable feeling had returned, telling him that from this day forward his connection with Sonnenkamp would be painfully dependent. Hitherto he had been free, but now he had received gifts, favors, and the knowledge of this took away his feeling of being a free man.

His mother listened patiently, and then said:

"Do you make it such a great matter to receive a present from Herr Sonnenkamp? Why not receive from him as from anybody else—Clodwig, for instance?"

She said this quickly, for she wished to see whether Erich knew anything about Sonnenkamp's past life; but his answer showed her that he had no suspicion of it, for he said:

"Friendship gives in a different way, and what it gives is hardly giving. One might receive any favor from such a friend as Clodwig."

• His mother said that the present was, in reality, from Roland, whose majority had been anticipated by it. But this was very far from helping matters, for Erich said that seemed to him as if he had been paid off and dismissed, and all accounts had been squared. His mother comforted him as well as she could. There is no adequate pay for the pains, anxieties, nervous strain, thinking, and studying, day and night, which one must undergo in teaching another.

Erich confessed, at last, that it was painful to him to receive a donation before Pranken and Manna.

"Pranken and Manna are one," answered his mother, "she is his betrothed wife. But calm yourself. Look back on the past year, and you can say that the effects of your training can never be lost."

This thought at last raised Erich above his trouble, and as he turned to leave the vine-clad cottage he was in good enough humor to call out:

"Now, Father Rhine, take another good look at Erich; he's no poor dependent son of man now; he can live on the interest of his money till he reaches his threescore and ten!"

He saw Roland and the Major returning from their ride. Not in vain had the Major taken his two watches along, one of which he called his "galloper," for it was always too fast; but then he was always in perplexity to know into which pocket he had put his "galloper." He was punctually back at dinner-time.

Roland sat at the sumptuous table, but ate almost nothing. He said to Erich:

"Oh, I'm full of the happiness that I have caused to-day; and you—aren't you happy too?"

Erich could answer yes.

There was some little discussion as to who should propose a toast for Roland. Should Erich, or Pranken? But both of them pressed the Major, till he rose and said:

"Ladies and gentlemen—"

"Bravo!" cried Pranken.

"Thank you," said the Major. "Keep on interrupting me; I've learned to vault, and all your interruptions will only make me jump better. Again—Ladies and gentlemen! The human race is divided into two parts—male and female."

General laughter, which delights the Major.

"You see here a little pair in this Garden of Eden—"

Here Pranken handed him an apple, and said:

"Perhaps this will help you out with your simile."

Roland was vexed with him for breaking in upon the Major so frequently; so he told the Major not to notice his remarks.

The Major said softly, as if speaking to Laadi, but somewhat huskily too:

"Never mind, youngster, never mind. I know how to stand fire."

Then he went on with his speech :

"And also, we have two children here,—the daughter of the house, and the son of the house; and the children have us, they have their parents, they have a grandmother engaged, and an aunt, and they have here"—and he gave a resounding blow on his breast—"an uncle. We love them as our own children; and they love us, too—isn't that so, children?"

"Yes," cried Roland, and Manna nodded. Then the Major continued :

"Besides this, if I had a son—no, I didn't mean that—if I had such a teacher for my son—no, I didn't mean that, either. Well then, our wild-bird there—see, his lip is sprouting already. May the Architect of all the worlds bless him, and let him become a man who understands his good fortune, not only for himself but for others—for all his brothers of every faith and race on the earth."

He was about to say amen, but corrected himself, and sang out :

"His health ! and twice and three times his health !" The Major sat down and loosened one or two buttons under his napkin.

Sonnenkamp was then polite enough to toast Erich, his mother, and his aunt.

"You must speak too—you must make a speech," the Major kept saying to Erich.

At last Erich got up, and began in a cheerful tone :

"There are two things in particular which the Old World has given to America—horses and wine. The horse is not a native of America, and wine is not at home there; it was Germans who first planted wine in America. Two products of nature by means of which the power and mind of man are consciously elevated, have been given by us to the New World. I say nothing of intellectual wealth. What I wish to say is, that our Roland being a civilian from the New World, is led to great and noble objects by a power which is not within his own control—which is beyond him."

He raised his glass enthusiastically, and, pointing to the wine which sparkled in the sunlight, continued :

"The sun of to-day greets the sun of a by-gone year—and thus what we drink here is the product of vanished days; and what we receive into the soul has been matured by the sun of eternity; and we are all fruits which live in and are ripened by the beams of the sun of eternity, which is God, who dwells alike in humanity, in stars, in trees, and in plants. The world is holy, and let us be holy; we are not our own, and what we have is not

ours; what we have and are belongs to the Everlasting. Roland, my boy, this laughing, bright, sunny day, which gladdens the earth, becomes the fire of wine; rests and prepares itself in the fast chambers of the cool earth, and then goes out into all lands, renewing the strength of men and filling them with the glorious sun. Thus may the sun of to-day pass into our souls, and rest there to beam out again in light when dreary and cold days shall come. And so within thy soul, my Roland, may that ripen which shall fill thee with joy, and men with gladness, and make all thy life a beautiful, holy temple of God for all men."

Erich caught Manna's eye as he sat down; she saw him now for the first time. His face showed his idealism; it bore the stamp of a mind which could restrain every passion, and of a manly strength, which made her think that if ever one should be in danger, it would be help enough to have this man at one's side. She, however, had no need of help.

Sonnenkamp and Prancken shrugged their shoulders as Erich took his seat, and had much ado to keep from laughing, for Sonnenkamp had whispered to his friend:

"The man almost seems to believe what he says."

New visitors came in the persons of the Doctor and Lina: the latter having come to congratulate Manna on what she termed her "return to life." They all rose from the table in good spirits.

CHAPTER XVI.

ABOUT ANOTHER AND FOR ANOTHER.

THE Doctor watched the two girls very sharply, and noticed particularly what they said. Manna was very grateful for this attention, but nevertheless kept herself to a certain extent inaccessible. Lina had learned nothing at the convent except volubility; but Manna had something which is not so easily characterized.

As the Doctor was walking up and down in the garden with Frau Dournay, he said that he was very curious to see whether lay-science would succeed in conquering the deep impression made by the Church on Manna's mind. He was sorry that Frau Dournay was not a Catholic, for then her task would be much easier. But Frau Dournay denied any intention of influencing the girl; she did not consider it her right or duty to attempt it, for Manna was Prancken's affianced wife.

"Who knows?" replied the Doctor. "The Huguenots are not only emigrants themselves, but they may be able to make exiles of others, and one often produces the greatest effect just there where he wishes to produce none."

Sonnenkamp had invited Lina to pass the Spring weeks with his daughter, and Manna could not avoid coinciding in the invitation.

Lina agreed to come if her parents would let her. She returned with the Doctor, it being understood that she was to be brought back at a future day.

Prancken passed the evening at the Villa, and it pleased him to hear Manna complain of how it pained her to find that life compels us to be untruthful; for, in reality, she did not wish Lina to visit her, and yet had been obliged to pretend that she did: that is the sin of living in a world which forces us to be untrue to ourselves.

Prancken hoped that Manna would be in better spirits when she had Lina for a companion. Now, as he had a particular desire to know how Frau Dournay pleased Manna, he began by saying that he often felt the want of sympathy: then he proceeded with his discourse, modulating it in such a way that, if Manna should burst out enthusiastically, he could join with her, but if, on the other hand, she expressed any dislike of the lady, he could chime in with her equally well.

Manna repressed the words that rose to her lips, for she wished to confess how distracted she was by the confusion of the house, and how she missed the quiet and orderly life of the convent: she lamented that she seemed like a stranger in the world. As Prancken thanked her for thus giving him her confidence, she drew back into herself, and said, hardly above her breath, that "The world makes one talkative, even when one wants to be reticent."

"I'm glad that you mentioned reticence," said Prancken after a pause; "our archbishop used nearly the same words to me not long ago. He said: 'Be reticent; men who talk easily and much are, at bottom, *dilettanti*.'"

He thought that Manna had noticed that he was hinting at Erich; but Manna did not give the slightest sign of connecting the thought of dilettantism with that of Erich. So he added immediately:

"Don't you find a slight trace of dilettantism in the loquacious Herr Erich?"

Manna answered shortly:

"The man talks a good deal, but—"

She paused, and Prancken was quite excited to hear what would come next. Manna went on:

"—he talks a good deal, but he also thinks a good deal."

Then Prancken with the utmost care selected an arrow which, if well aimed, could not fail to hit the mark. To be sure, there was no necessity for all this caution, for a man whose sphere of

activity is so wide as that of Erich presents many points of attack.

Prancken said that Erich seemed to him a sort of Don Quixote who was always sallying forth in quest of giant ideas; his ridiculously exaggerated toast had shown this. He preserved the *suaviter in modo fortiter in re* idea, in endeavoring to make Erich as ridiculous as possible. "It was abominably presumptuous in the man to dare to consecrate his godlessness by putting it in a temple: it was a sort of forgery with which he was probably trying to deceive the trusting heart of a child"—at these words he looked very tenderly at Manna, but she said nothing.

"And be careful," he added, "for he's always making a *worthy* of himself before men."

The word seemed to please him, and he repeated it:

"This making a *worthy* of one's self is a very shrewd dodge, but it's easily seen through. You can't think how much annoyance this pattern of a pedagogic, this Herr Dournay, has given us; and notice that he always speaks in full consciousness of being a walking collection of noble examples."

Manna could not help smiling, and Prancken thus encouraged, continued:

"Now, in reality, his volubility is only that of a barber. When a barber is curling one's hair he always talks, only not with such a philosophic and even religious aplomb as our friend possesses. Did you ever notice how often he uses the word 'humanity?' I counted once, and he repeated it fourteen times in an hour's conversation. He conducts himself as if very modest, but his self-conceit crosses the limits of the permitted."

Prancken laughed: he knew how easy it is to make a high-strung man, who is earnest in action, appear ridiculous, and he noticed, not without satisfaction, that his words made an impression on Manna. If you place a man in a position where he looks ridiculous, it is all up with him. Prancken knew this and hoped to bring it about in Erich's case. Nevertheless, he added:

"Our Roland has learned much from this *worthy*, and enough. It's time that he should enter a higher sphere."

Manna was silent and thoughtful; she soon went away, and as she walked toward the Villa she kept nodding assent to what she had heard. Prancken looked after her and was perplexed.

She met Erich on the stoop, and both stopped. He felt obliged to say something, and began:

"I can readily imagine how painful it is to you to commence the first day of your return with a fête: the next day will seem empty."

"What business have you to know my thoughts?" said Manna, and went her way.

She was angry at the man for so far forgetting his place as to dare to tell her what she thought. What right had he to speak what she did not wish to be spoken? She went up-stairs and angrily compressed those lips which had spoken so harshly; she was angry with herself as well as Erich. But the words were spoken and could not be recalled.

She remained in her room all the evening. By and by Roland came and knocked at her door till she opened it. He sat down by his sister and said:

"Manna, there's one thing of all that has happened to me to-day, that I can't forget. Everybody to whom I gave a present said: 'I will pray for you.' Now, can that be done? and what's the use of it. What good does it do for others' to pray for me, and tell God everything fine and beautiful about me, and pray that it may all return to me? What does it matter if I am not myself good in spirit? Nobody can pray for another."

"Roland, what are you saying? What thoughts are these?" cried Manna, taking him by the arms and shaking him. He looked at her in bewilderment. She let him go, and retreated into her bedroom, where she threw herself on her knees.

On this first day of her return, she had seen the desperate state of the house. She prayed for Roland, that his soul might be enlightened and delivered; and in the midst of her prayer a fearful thought flashed through her mind. She wrung her hands, she moaned and wept. Can it be that no one can stand in another's stead, can offer up herself for another? No; it is not—it cannot be true! And as if crushed beneath an actual burden that had fallen from heaven upon her, she wrestled with that lamentable, that mighty question. What is this? Can a man do another more evil than good? Is this true? *Must* it be so? Her soul was undergoing a mighty struggle; but at last she smiled, for the thought came upon her that her life was to be a great struggle—already it had begun. She must save her brother's soul; and told herself that this would not be accomplished by violence, but by gentleness and humility.

She rose, and returned to Roland. She put her hand in his, and said:

"I see you're my big brother, and we will help each other to become better and better. I have much to give you, and much to receive from you; but that will settle itself."

She seated herself quietly by his side, and held his hand close.

"Oh," cried Roland, "how good it must seem to you to be at home again! The convent is a home for nobody."

"And in that is its greatest sublimity," Manna replied. "It reminds us every day and hour that the world is not our home, and that our whole life is but a pilgrimage. If this world were,

indeed, our home—oh, Roland, for you and me—No! Why do you induce me to speak so improperly?"

"Erich is right," said Roland, taking her up. "He says that you are in truth a pious soul. What millions say with their lips only, you say with your heart."

"Did Erich say that?"

"Yes; and a good deal more."

"But, Roland," said Manna, interrupting him, "one must never tell a person what others say of her."

"Not even when it's good?"

"No; not even then. One can never know that it was not said to be rep— No," she interrupted herself. "You are very fortunate in having so truthful a friend as Erich."

"To be sure I am. And don't you, too, like him better than Pranken?"

Manna wanted to smile; but restrained herself, and said:

"Let your teacher tell you, among other things, that one ought not to draw comparisons. But now, my dear brother, don't forget that I have been in a convent, and must be much alone. Good-night."

She kissed her brother.

"And don't you forget," said he, as he went away, "that you take your two dogs with you when you go walking."

But Manna could not be alone yet. She had never been waited on by others at the convent; but now she was obliged to be, for her father had commanded her to be undressed by her maid.

As the maid loosened her beautiful black hair, she gave vent to her feelings on the subject.

"My lady, you've got something that's seldom seen now-a-days. In a word, you've got your own hair. Upon my word, Miss, most folks don't have what you might call their own hair—it's almost all borrowed, and built up from the inside. They have a hat hidden under it."

"And yet," thought Manna, "this hair shall fall."

As the maid ran her fingers through the tresses, Manna shuddered, for she seemed to hear the shears at work in her glorious locks.

At length Manna was alone; and after passing a long time in prayer and meditation, she wrote to the Lady Superior:

"To-day we celebrated my brother's birthday, and my return to my parents' roof. But I long for my birthday, which will be the entrance into the house of my Everlasting Father . . ."

BOOK TENTH.

CHAPTER I.

THE GIANT'S TOY.

THE old fable tells how a child of the giants, to whom a ploughman with his horse and plough had been given as a toy, took them up in his apron and bore them off.

It happened somewhat thus with Manna.

So remote, so forgetful of the world, nay, rather so superior to the world were all her thoughts, day and night, that the doings of men seemed to her like child's play. What is it all for? To pass the time? The children succeed in doing it; they prattle life into their dolls without knowing it; but grown-up people divert themselves with their puppets, though they do not believe in them. All life is idle play, death only is serious.

In some such mood as this, Manna stood by the window of her room early in the morning of Roland's birthday; she saw nothing of the world, and yet she saw the whole world, but far, far off.

The tones of the convent bell, which used to awake the pupils with the first morning light, still floated in her memory, so that she was awakened by them even on that morning. She had heard their clear cadences in her dreams, and had roused herself at once; she had to bethink herself where she was.

You are at home. Where is home? Who—what built these stones up into a house, placed this bed here?

Every one was still asleep in the Villa: Manna alone had awakened, and with her the innumerable host of birds that peopled the garden. And as without her window the birds flitted about and intermingled their voices, so within her flitted and intermingled a thousand thoughts.

She went into the park, and stood for a long time before the gate which had been lately made in the wall, and which opened the way to the greenhouse. A voice within her said: "This gate and this path will lead you to many an experience in life, with which you will have to struggle, and over which you must prevail."

She tried to think it out, to represent clearly to herself, what it was that was foreboded; it was not in her power to do so,—just as little as it was in Erich's power, when he looked at the threshold of the convent-door, to attach any distinct form to the destinies that seemed to be marching through it.

Who could have told her that Erich had once experienced like presentiments.

Manna felt a certain unrest ; she looked about her, as if conscious that some one was looking at her. It was Erich ; he had awakened early and now stood at his window. But he took care not to give any sign that he saw her. His soul too was moved, but by far other thoughts than hers. All through his sleep the consciousness had pursued him, finally awaking him, that now, possessed of a little wealth, he could act with more freedom in the world ; have more control over his outward life. As soon as it was light, he again counted over the sum which Sonnenkamp had handed him the day before ; it was quite sufficient to support him and his mother. He was so unused to money, that he had to count it over several times, and finally he summed it up on paper. Then he laughed, and said to himself : "It's well ! and I am glad that I shall now be put to the test, whether I can fulfil the duty of my life with equal earnestness, rich or poor."

He opened the window, and his eye fell on Manna. He drew softly back, and pictured to himself what thoughts must fill the soul of this child, who had been transported from the seclusion of the cloister into the luxurious home of her parents.

Now the sounds from the neighboring village became more frequent, and soon they came from every quarter—from the near and the farther shore, from up the stream and from down the stream.

Manna left the park, and returned to the house to get her prayer-book. In the hall she met Miss Perini. She heard her give orders to the servants to prepare rooms for the daughter of the Justice of the peace. Manna had it on her lips to complain to her former governess that, in the invitation extended to her friend, she had involved herself in an unpleasant relationship ; for she feared and regretted the coming of Lina, whose fickle and childish nature had had a new and strange effect upon her the day before. But she resolved to escape from her present position unaided, and determined to send Lina a request not to visit her at present : she owed it to herself to keep alone and guard herself in the quiet of her own thoughts.

As she was going up the stairs with Miss Perini, a letter was handed her which a servant had brought, and for the answer to which he was waiting. Lina wrote that she much regretted that it was not permitted her to accept the renewed hospitality of Villa Eden. For the sake of saying something pacifying, she begged Manna not to be angry with her. Manna was glad that she could now get clear without offence : she wrote that she would make it right with her parents.

It was only when she had read her young friend's letter a

second time, that it occurred to her as strange that she had given no kind of excuse. Are the neighbors still so little inclined toward her father's house?

May be so! At that moment the house of another Parent called her. The bell sounded again, and Manna went with Miss Perini to the church.

Miss Perini was proud and happy; the rest might seek to attract Manna with all sorts of things, but she alone could go to church with her.

"Do you still keep up the custom of not speaking in the morning, if you can help it?" said Miss Perini, very modestly, as she reached out her hand.

Manna bowed in silence. Not a word was exchanged between them.

When the Mass was over, and they had left the church, Miss Perini said that she would introduce Manna to the Priest, who had been placed here during her absence.

Manna begged her to let her go alone. She stood still for a moment, hesitating, then went to the Priest's house. She seemed to have been expected, for the Priest came out to meet her on the steps, and welcomed her with his benediction. He led her by the hand into his room, quickly cleared away the breakfast things from the table, upon which lay also an open book.

He made Manna take a seat on the sofa. She began:

"Miss Perini offered to introduce me to you, Reverend Sir. One may be presented to an ordinary man, to a stranger; but you are not an ordinary man—a stranger: you are a servant of our holy Church."

The Priest, with a very quiet, subdued manner, partly closed his eyes for a moment, then laid the tips of his delicate fingers together, separated them again, and with a calm, clear voice, said:

"The right way! you are on the right way, my child; keep to it. For, see! when worldlings go into any place, they seem strange, bewildered; they do not know whether there is a man there who cherishes the same thoughts they do. Neither are there two men who think the same thoughts, although they use the same words; they have no bond of unity; they sway like the mote that flutters here in the sun-beam. But you, when you enter a distant village, are at home: there is a house there, and in it a man who greets you in the spirit, who greets you as a brother, as a father; for he is not there of himself, but placed there by another; and you are not come of yourself, but have been led thither by another. You are doubly welcome to me, my child, in that you saw this and knew it at once. Knock at my door, and it shall be opened to you, and as often as you come. Knock

at my heart—it, too, shall be opened to you; be sure of that. I have no house of my own, I have no heart of my own. My house belongs to him who comes after me, and yet not to him; and my heart to him who knocks at it."

The Priest paused a few moments; he regarded Manna, who had closed her eyes, as if she could not look into the sun—into the face upon which the spirit now poured itself down. The Priest suspected, perhaps, how much she was moved; he laid his hand benignantly upon her head, and said:

"Look up! I repeat, that you have come alone, and that you know why you have come alone; this removes all need of explanation, as the worldlings call it. Explanation!"

The Priest laughed.

"Explanation! And yet they never understand one another; they—the cultivated, as they call themselves; for they fancy that they make something out of themselves. They need to be recommended to one another; some one must say who is who, or he is so and so; but we—we need no recommendation, no introduction; you are recommended and introduced by being a child of our holy Church. So, my child, keep steadfast; speak with me of everything that you wish, of sacred things and worldly things; of great and small. You shall always find here a sure home. If in the world you feel disquieted and homeless, know that here is peace and home. Look out into the world: there your father has a conservatory for exotic plants, which are not at home in our climate. This room is your conservatory for the plant of faith, which is not at home out there. My child, I throw stones at no one; but I say to you, and you know it, this plant is not of this world; and it is in a strange climate in this world; it has been brought to us from heaven."

The Priest remained standing by the window, and looked out; Manna sat on the sofa.

For a long time no word was spoken.

Manna was much impressed by the sympathetic readiness by which she had been led along: it was not necessary to begin falteringly; she had been at once conducted to the highest things.

At last she asked, timidly, how she should bear herself toward the men who were received as guests at her father's house, and who were considered so highly cultivated.

"You question well, and to the point, that is the sign of a ripe mind," answered the Priest. "Know then, you should laugh at all the braggarts whom you will have to listen too; they talk so large and are so small. These learned people think that the world possesses no more understanding and is governed by no more wisdom than their understanding and their wisdom meet out; they weigh God according to the weight of their brain. Faugh!"

The Priest's tone had suddenly changed; it was vehement and violent, so that Manna was startled, and shrunk into herself. The Priest, who remarked this, recovered himself and said :

"You see I am still weak and allow myself to be carried away by my vehemence. My child, there are two things that conquer the world; they are called God and the Devil—or, expressed in the language of our feelings, piety and frivolity. Piety sees everything as holy,—appearances are only a veil; frivolity sees nothing as holy. Piety is the law of God; frivolity has renounced the law of God, and plays with the shows of the world according to its lust. What remains between piety and frivolity is half of one and half of the other; and this state is the worst of all. Frivolity presses on its way to the last limit, and then it may return, as glorious examples have shown; but the leaders of mind, as they are called, more properly the weaklings in mind, these never turn in their course, for they fail in that great courage which can become humility."

The Priest expected Manna to understand that he was pointing at Erich and Prancken: he did not wish to come nearer the point at first; he would only prepare her mind. Now, however, he turned smilingly toward her, sat down, and said :

"But let us not wander so far off to-day, my child. Of what would you speak?"

Manna complained how hard it was for her to go through another year of probation, to move about in the world as a preparation for retirement from it.

The Priest comforted her by saying :

"You will take the veil—you have taken it, though invisible to others; it is spread over you and over the world. Nothing in the world touches you, there is a veil between you and the world. Do not tear it from the world, and let not the world tear it from you; this veil falls away, only when death releases us."

The Priest continued, and reminded her that, though it involved a restraint difficult to youth and zealousness, it was nevertheless one which she should impose upon herself—namely, not to deem herself called to change the opinion of others, but only to labor at her own perfection.

He went to work more cautiously than Prancken: he did not wish to show a strong opposition to Erich, and thus perhaps awaken an interest in him; he even praised him, but in that patronizing and compassionating way which those who occupy a dogmatic position so easily assume. He taught her that she would soon see that the character of the men of liberal culture, as it is called, would not stand the test, that it was an empty nothing and easily fell to pieces; this was very plainly shown,



for every one of these men of culture sought something quite different from the next one. Thus every one of Roland's teachers had had methods, principles, and aims differing from his predecessors.

When Manna asked why the Priest had not used his influence to prevent Erich's coming to the house, he answered that he was much pleased with the zeal she showed, but he had to let the world go its own way in many things, that all opposition to her father was in the outset quite vain; and besides, Roland was set in favor of Erich and would have his own way. As to the rest, Erich, though a complete heretic, nevertheless showed a certain knowledge of holy things: there was, it is true, a great deal of pride in his recognition of them.

He added almost timorously, for he feared that he was giving too much importance to Erich, that it is just these mild but enthusiastic idealists who are most dangerous.

Then he went on to recommend Manna to consider all people as far removed from her.

The interview seemed to have reached an unpleasant point. The Priest said suddenly, without breaking the way, that Manna ought to return home, she would be expected at the house. She should never, he said, conceal her coming to him; but he would pardon her in the outset, if she often abandoned him for a long time together; he would still continue firm in the conviction that her soul remained devoted to the holy faith.

"Go now, my child," he concluded, "and know that I shall pray for you."

Manna arose: she looked at him wonderingly. Even at that moment the thought awakened in her soul: "Can one human being pray for another?"

The question which Roland had implanted in her soul, started anew and grew to be the problem of her life. She wished to sacrifice herself for another; her whole life should be only a prayer for another.

How, then, is that possible?

She often asked herself whether it was true, and if true, why it was that a man had it more in his power to bring evil to another than to bring good; that one could lay a burden upon another's soul, but no one could remove a burden from another's soul. She wanted to say all this to the Priest, and to ask his help, but, when he repeated "Go now, my child," she turned from him her questioning eyes and went away.

She went homeward; she stood still on the way, by a field, and looked at a husbandman ploughing, and the thought came to her: "Yes! one soul can sacrifice itself for another, for the souls of men are nothing in themselves: all that now breathe are only a single breath of God; every movement upon the earth

and throughout the great world, is nothing but the movement of a single Being."

Everything swam before her eyes; she saw the peasant plough; she saw the boats float upon the Rhine, the birds fly in the air: it is all one, and all but a little thing, it is all nothing but a giant's toy.

CHAPTER II.

ONE'S OWN PART OF THE WORLD.

MANNA went dreaming along; she was suddenly awakened, for her two dogs, Rose and Thistle, sprang upon her; they were perfectly happy in regaining their mistress.

"So our wild-bird is home again?" cried a voice in the distance. It was the Krischer's, and it was he that had brought the dogs. "But I've caught you to-day," he exclaimed. "Hugh! How you're grown! But why so sad? Cheer up! Look around you, Fräulein; all this, away down to the rocks yonder, your father has bought."

"Can a man buy the earth?" asked Manna, as if waking from a dream.

The Krischer answered:

"What's that you say? I don't understand you."

"It was nothing," answered Manna.

Can a man, then, buy the land, that which cannot be moved away? This question rose up in Manna's mind as an insoluble riddle. She looked into the empty air; she scarcely heard the Krischer as he told over his recent history. It was only when he said, "Yes! Fräulein, I've been a silly fellow and have had to rue it," that she asked:

"What have you been doing, then?"

"Ho! ho! I repent of having done nothing; of having been, all my life long, a simple-minded, honest fellow, and not a bad one. The worse a man is, the better he's off. What has the world done for me? Men can make you bad; but good—who can do that? The only comfort comes from the vines there on the mountain's side. There grows the consoler, but I get merely a beggar's drink. I would like to know whether Herr Dournay is really a good man. I think there are no good men in the world, except Herr Weidmann. You've been in the convent; and is it true, then, that you want to be a nun?"

Manna had no time to answer, for the Krischer continued, laughingly:

"I've often wanted to enter a convent. Every one who has reached his sixtieth year ought to go into a convent, and do nothing but drink and drink till death cries out, 'It's time to

shut up shop.' But I don't want to know anything about death yet. I say, like the bailiff at Mattenheim, 'Lord, as thou wilt, but I'm in no hurry yet.' "

The Krischer, though it was yet so early in the morning, had become a little uncertain in his gait and speech. Manna was afraid of him; still, she put out her hand to him, and went away with her dogs.

"I've a favor to beg yet!" the Krischer cried after Manna.

She stood still.

He came up to her, and told her that the Gauger had given him a share in the Dombau lottery, but he had sold it to the Seven-piper; and if the number should now draw a great prize, he would tear all his hair from his head, and besides, for all the rest of his life he wouldn't have an hour's peace with his children. Would Manna, then, give him a dollar to buy the share back again?"

As Manna hesitated, he added:

"And, in fact, it's a pious object, and would please you."

As Manna did not understand him, and still hesitated, he explained that a lottery had been set afoot to help build a cathedral. She gave the Krischer the money wanted, and turned hastily away.

She went along the bank of the Rhine. The river flowed so smoothly, that within the little rippling circles that formed upon its glassy surface, the play of the fishes could be followed. The willows along the shore trembled in the morning air, and were mirrored in the stream. Manna entered the park. The odor of the flowers was breathed upon the fresh, quiet air. Everywhere was diffused an atmosphere of sovereign peace. The flowers in the flower-beds were so pure and fresh, the colors of some so heightened and enhanced those of others—the white made still whiter by their blue or red companions—while the brilliant-hued were so toned down by the softness and delicacy of those about them, that a quiet, holy harmony reigned over all.

There in the garden were flowers and flowering-shrubs, and every one sent a breath of its fragrance up to the daughter of the house. But a far different atmosphere was cast around her by the people who were now brought in contact with her.

Her father was harsh and determined. He would have his own way with his child, whether by gentle means or by rigorous ones. Her mother kept herself close. She was occupied only with herself, or her desire to make a great show before the world.

The Professor's widow was considerate in her bearing to Manna, and would have been willing to set her at her ease, help her over the first days of her new life, and make everything

clear to her; but she knew that it was not pleasant to offer services that were not sought.

Aunt Claudine stood apart with an inquiring manner. Her look, her whole bearing, said: "I am ready, only make use of me." She had no definite idea of what she should do for Manna, but she was willing to help her in any way.

Erich was the most active. He laughed to himself when it occurred to him that this child, fresh from the convent, must feel much the same as he did when he left his regiment and laid aside his uniform. Before, he had been controlled and guided by the discipline; but then he was left to his own discipline, but still kept looking up for orders, and felt dependent on the movements of his comrades.

Manna sat down upon her solitary seat under the weeping-ash—it had been set up again; and now she began to think why she had been so rude yesterday to Erich.

She would say to them on their first meeting: "Do not think at all, because you are here in a dependent position, I meant to assume anything on account of it."

At that very moment Erich was wandering alone through the park, and was proposing to himself to say to Manna the first time he should meet her: "I am not willing that our relations should begin with ill-feeling or misunderstanding."

Manna heard steps approaching: she looked up; Erich was coming up the path. She remained sitting. He came nearer; he greeted her, and neither of them said what they had been thinking over.

Erich began:

"I would like to give you a proof that I respect the sacred privacy of your thoughts; and if yesterday—it was a very exciting day. . . . I beg you will consider, too, that my vocation easily leads me to transport myself into the thoughts of another, even when I have no right to."

There was a tone of restraint in his voice. Manna did not know what to reply. Both remained silent; nothing was heard but the song of the birds. At last Manna said:

"Tell me of Roland. How is he?"

"Fräulein, my father used to say, there are no teachers of men—though he himself was one;—with every individual man all knowledge must begin anew."

"You elude my question."

"No. I would only say, that I do not hold it possible to characterize a human being truly. If I praise Roland, it would seem as if I were praising a part of myself; if I censure him, I would perhaps censure him more sharply, because I would be censuring a part of myself. A man, however, may sometimes speak well of himself, and so I may say of Roland, he has

industry, persistence, and truth ; these make the foundation of rock upon which everything good is built !”

Manna involuntarily raised her prayer-book, as if it were a shield.

Erich thought he saw in this movement an indication of her thought, and he said :

“ It was and is my chief endeavor that Roland should have insight of his own, and trust his own eyes.”

“ Insight of his own ?” said Manna, wonderingly.

“ Yes. You will easily perceive what I understand by that. And now let me ask a favor for myself.”

“ For you ?”

“ Yes. Believe me, that I respect your view of life, because I hold it as true in you, and the favor I have to ask is, that you will believe the same of my view of life.”

“ I know not—” Manna began, reddening.

A vague feeling of pain shot through her soul, and in her mien was an air of uncertainty and inward struggle, for what Prancken had said recurred to her. Is this that manner of Erich’s, which Prancken had called “ vaunting his honesty,” and did Erich, who might know of this view, wish to exhort her to be just, since he especially emphasized that one should acquire an insight of his own ? She could not end what she had begun, for Roland came, exclaiming :

“ So ! You’ve got acquainted already ?”

Manna rose quickly and went with Roland, hand-in-hand, to the Villa.

Prancken, who was coming out of the Villa with Sonnenkamp, met them, and said at once that he would have gone to the church, but he had considered it his duty not to disturb Manna’s devotional mood with his morning greetings.

Manna thanked him.

At the breakfast-table, Prancken spoke much and entertainingly of his life at the Prince’s hunting-seat and at the Court. He dressed up anew, and repeated in a humorous way some old exhausted stories of his garrison-life, which, however, were new in this circle.

“ My dear child,” Sonnenkamp interjected, “ you have not yet congratulated Herr von Prancken ; he has been made Chamberlain.”

Manna bowed and wished him joy ; and Prancken, with a lively air, enlarged upon the contrast he would present,—in Summer a farmer’s boy, in Winter a Chamberlain. He added that the happiest day of his life was the day when he ploughed upon the island, and when he had only sighed for a rose, upon which his glances fell, and which he would like to have appropriated to himself.

Manna reddened.

Prancken also informed them that the Prince was going this Summer to Carlsbad to try the waters.

Sonnenkamp immediately added that Doctor Richard had some time ago prescribed these waters to him, and that they were more palatable to him than those of Vichy.

A little chain of allusions seemed to have been forged for the occasion; for Prancken said, soon after, that his brother-in-law Clodwig and his sister Bella were going to visit Carlsbad this Summer.

"And you must accompany us," said Sonnenkamp, bowing to Prancken.

Scarcely had Manna settled down in her father's house, when she saw herself transferred in anticipation into the vortex of watering-place life. Something was said about Lina's not coming, and Prancken remarked, in a skilfully turned phrase, how pleasing to him was the half-childish, half-matronly nature of Lina. He wanted to guard against Manna's learning that he had for a long time paid court to her friend. He next told them that he was going to take the snow-white horse with him to Wolfsgarten, to train it perfectly for Manna. Her objection that she no longer took any pleasure in riding horseback, was waived aside by her father, almost with a tone of command; he cried out that it was only yesterday the physician had said to him that Manna should go about as much as possible in the open air, and keep constantly astir.

Manna was now called upon to give the white horse a name. Prancken wanted to bind the gift with this ceremony, but Manna refused to name it. She, however, on their rising from the table, went with her father and Prancken to the stall and gave the white pony three lumps of sugar.

"The name now—the name!" cried Sonnenkamp.

"She has given him a name," answered Prancken, laughing, "she has given him a name by her own act. We shall call the horse 'Sugar;' shan't we?"

For the first time a smile flitted over Manna's face; and she answered:

"No, let's call him 'Snowwhite.'"

Then Prancken took his leave from her with a great air of devotedness, and rode down the avenue on a sharp trot; the sparks flew from his horse's hoofs. Manna saw his servant leading the pony behind him by the halter; she determined not to be refractory any longer, but yet to be sober-minded in all things. It seemed to her symbolic—her riding out once more on horseback, before she laid aside every worldly diversion and gave herself up to her own inner life and to the eternal.

Then Manna accompanied her father through the park, garden, and hothouses, and was very grateful to him because he promised to send some fine plants to the convent, which would be sure to thrive in the sheltered courtyard. Sonnenkamp had it on his tongue to tell her of his confident expectation that the family would be ennobled, but concluded to defer it to a more fitting opportunity; it would not be well to introduce the child so suddenly into all his plans and desires. He looked with delight at the large tropical trees and plants, which were soon to be placed in the open air. The doors only must be opened at first to let the soft breeze play through the branches, and afterward the trees may be brought out under the open sky and placed in sheltered spots; the child must be treated in the same way.

Manna had laid down for herself a daily routine of action which she had determined not to change, and the strength of mind which she had thus evinced had an effect on the whole house. Her mother did not agree with her, especially in regard to dress, and this made her position somewhat difficult to maintain, for Frau Ceres, who dressed several times a day, wished that Manna should do so too; but Manna was accustomed to dress but once a day, and was even opposed to accepting the services of her own maid. She remained all day in her morning-dress, following the custom of the nuns, which alone seemed to her beautiful and in consonance with the higher life, as it prevents all trifling and worldly thoughts in regard to external appearances.

She took no part in the active benevolence of Frau Dournay, explaining briefly that she had yet too much to attend to in herself to allow of her paying any immediate attention to others. She had also a decided dislike for the coadjutor Fräulein Milch.

This aversion did not appear in words but in acts; she avoided conversation with Fräulein Milch, and never offered her her hand. This was the result of Miss Perini's teaching, who, even before Manna went to the convent, had withheld her from intercourse with the quiet housekeeper, as if she had been a witch who might work her harm. Miss Perini was continually saying to the child:

"This person's life and character are an impropriety."

Aunt Claudine gave Manna regular instruction in playing the harp, and was the only person who appeared to possess her confidence; to her she showed her school copies, especially the one in which her astronomical lectures were written, interspersed with blue leaves on which were yellow drawings of the constellations.

When the nights were clear, the two would often sit for hours on the flat roof of the Villa, and look at the stars through a

telescope. Manna had evidently received good instruction in this department, for the convent in which she had lived laid particular stress on its superiority to worldly schools in all scientific matters; of course, all science was confined within those limits which are set by faith.

With all her majestic demeanor, Aunt Claudine was affectionate; she seemed like a person who has lost or relinquished something in life, and this made her more lovable and interesting to Manna.

The Professor's widow had, with all her amiability, something authoritative in her nature, and had her resources within herself: she gave, but did not receive.

Aunt Claudine, on the other hand, notwithstanding her mature years, could be a young friend, and Manna felt this with great satisfaction.

Manna's intellectual power was oftener the subject of wonder than her knowledge; her emotional life had been largely cultivated, and the consciousness of religious earnestness and maturity gave her a stability and elevation of character that made her seem almost proud. She felt always as if on an invisible elevation above others who did not pass their lives in religious thought. It was no feeling of boastfulness, but the consciousness of being sustained, which at every instant brought to her aid all those great and powerful thoughts by which so many holy men and women have conquered in the battle of life.

Manna was particularly pleased with learning to play the harp, and told her instructress that she now for the first time seemed to hear herself.

The Aunt explained to her that the first step toward maturity consists in hearing and seeing one's self.

Manna's eye shone softly as she asked the Aunt if her solitary condition in life had not often seemed hard to her.

"Certainly, my child. One does not often know in youth what it is to determine for a whole life."

Manna grasped the cross on her bosom, and held it convulsively while the Aunt continued:

"Yes, my child, it requires courage and strength of mind to be an old maid; one does not know how much, at the time when she makes her decision. Even now, although I am at peace and perfectly contented when alone, yet in society and in the world I often seem superfluous, and endured only through compassion. Yes, my child, and one must be very careful not to let self-compassion make her sentimental or bitter, for this is often the result of pitying one's self."

"I understand that," replied Manna. "Did you never wish to enter a convent?"

"My child, I would not wish to perplex or disturb you."

"No; but tell me: I can hear everything."

"Very well; there are institutions that have caused so much evil that they have forfeited the right to exist; at least, according to our opinion. And, my dear child, I for my part could not live without art, without music, without seeing that which art has produced and yet produces. In this I agreed perfectly with my brother."

Manna looked at the Aunt in astonishment; she seemed to have entered upon a new view of life, which resembled that afforded by religion, and yet was peculiar.

Manna was respectful to Erich's mother, and yet disinclined to be intimate with her. She acted toward her brother's tutor as if he had been something belonging to the house, or rather a piece of property, a convenience only to be applied to when needed. There were hours and days in which she paid no more attention to him than if he had been a chair or a table. She often asked him directly and without the least embarrassment in regard to some scientific point, but as soon as he attempted to add anything beyond the scope of her question, she would say with quiet determination:

"I did not ask that. I thank you for what you have told me."

She never received any instruction from him without thanking him, as she thanked every servant who handed her anything. The whole house felt that she fully understood herself, and what she wished.

Manna made no visits to the neighbors, saying that she had come to her parents and brother, and to no one else.

This decided and unyielding nature troubled Sonnenkamp.

CHAPTER III.

WHATEVER HAS WINGS, FLIES.

IT was not long before Manna demanded to see by what principles and to what objects her brother was being led. She wished to be present at Erich's instructions.

Sonnenkamp called in the Aunt's aid, and wished her to make the proposal to Erich; but she declined,—Manna herself should make the request.

Sonnenkamp was rendered quite angry by this first refusal, but Manna immediately made up her mind as to what she would do. She expressed her wish at table, giving no reasons for it, as she thought that the true one could not be assigned without hurting Erich's feelings, and a false one she would not give.

When they had risen from the table Erich gave her the plan of study, and said that he was ready to gratify her wish, adding

only that he would proceed with his instruction without regard to her presence.

Manna took a piece of embroidery, and sat at the window while Erich and Roland sat at the table working together. At noon, Manna laid her work aside and listened with closed eyes; on the next day she did not bring her work; and thus she sat day after day with the two, and listened to mathematics even, with interest. Erich's fine voice seemed to have a singular charm for the proud and self-reliant girl, and at many an expression she opened her eyes wondering, as if to see who in the world this man was.

But one day she said that she would come no more.

"There is much that I might yet learn from you," said she, "but yet it is better to remain as I am. I thank you," said she again; but added hastily, as if remembering that she was always thanking him, "I thank you, but not as I have hitherto done. I understand your delicacy in sparing me from embarrassment, for I see that you would like to ask me if I am satisfied with your instruction. It is very kind not to ask me that question."

"You're good at reading faces," said Erich. And so they parted.

From this day forward, Manna was no longer haughty and confident in her demeanor toward Erich; she was always shy, and hardly ever addressed him. But this avoidance was not that supercilious neglect with which she had formerly treated him: her face continually wore an expression of defiance and scornful opposition, as if she would like to say: "I do not understand why you should specially interest me."

Manna occasionally visited the castle, and had the architect explain all about the building, and how it had appeared in ancient times: she took an interest in its restoration, and promised her father to think of how the first completed apartment, known as the "Knights' hall," should be decorated.

Sonnenkamp was very busy in attending to similar affairs connected with the castle. He bought old weapons to hang on the walls and suits of armor for the pillars. He could not withstand the temptation of telling Manna that he intended to open the castle on her birthday, which came in the fall, but she requested him not to do so. This continuous sound of feasting and entertainment had nothing in consonance with her feelings; and above all things, she requested that not the least external notice should be taken of her birthday.

If Manna had confessed it to herself—and she was capable of confessing everything to herself—she would have said that she had found more pleasure in being with her dogs again, than in anything else that she had met since her return from the convent. She had even written a letter to the Superior, in which

she had asked if she might take a dog to the convent with her. She burnt this letter, for she could not help thinking how ridiculous it would be for a nun to walk through the garden with a dog at her heels, and how absolutely shocking it would be if every nun had her own dog. At first she laughed, but then the question occurred to her: "Why don't we have animals in the convent?" Erich encountered her as she was sitting by the shore, talking with the dogs.

"Do you not think," asked she, "that a dog like this has an unspeakably mournful expression in its face?"

"One who looks for it there, can easily find it. Mystics say that it's a result of the fall of man; since that time all the lower animals have a sort of epitaph expression."

Manna thanked him, but this time only with a look. Strange what power of penetrating everything this man has! Why is he a heretic? Why?

A carriage was approaching, in which some one was waving a white handkerchief, and crying, "Manna!" Erich withdrew, and Manna went to meet Lina, who alighted, and told the driver to go on and leave her there.

"Ah ha!" cried she; "how cozy you are together: you oughtn't to hide anything from me. I told you all about my love matters. Come, kiss me. Oh, I see: you haven't kissed each other yet: you don't know how to kiss at all. Only think how silly I was, Manna; I persuaded myself once that Baron von Pranken was in love with me—no, not exactly *that*, but I persuaded myself that I was in love with him; and now I've something to tell you: I love and am loved!"

"We all love and are loved by God."

"Oh, yes: God, too! but Albert—do you know Albert? You must know him; he's building a castle for you. I looked at you, and winked, but you wouldn't pay any attention—*that time* when we first explained to each other. Oh, you can't think how happy I am! At first I couldn't sing with others at all—I screamed so loud; but then I sang with them. Oh, it was so beautiful, so lovely! We floated together in music, and he sings perfectly splendid: of course, not so magnificently as Herr Dournay. Tell me, Manna, how did you feel when you first heard him sing so? Did you know it, that's the same man you asked me about, when you had the angel's wings on your shoulders?" Lina did not wait for an answer, but continued:

"You must have seen me out there by the shore, when I met you for the first time, and was on my Albert's arm. I didn't want to speak to you when you were among the nuns and scholars: I couldn't have told you all then. You aren't angry because I pretended not to see you? Ah, I saw all; and the

whole world seemed new to me. Oh, everything was so beautiful! And it was so pleasant at table! And once he asked me why I looked so mournful all at once. I told him I was thinking of you, and how you are going back to the convent, where all is so quiet and insipid: I believe the very halls have a catarrh. Ah, why can't you be happy like us? Come, be happy! There's nothing better in the world, and you have and can have everything in the world. Ah, be happy! There goes a swallow—the first swallow. Oh, if I could only fly so, 'way up to the castle, and bid him good-morning, and keep flying to him, and then away, and then back again. Oh, Manna, Manna!"

It was quite strange to Manna to meet such a happy butterfly character as that of her young friend: she did not know what to say, and Lina did not appear to expect her to say anything, for she proceeded:

"As I was coming here, I thought that if I were you, I'd send a behest or something of the sort, throughout the land, that in three days all the birds that could possibly be caught, should be brought to me; and I'd pay a frightful amount of money for them, and then let them all fly away at once into the open air. Tell the truth, now; don't you feel like a caged bird who has recovered its liberty? And how clever it was of you to come home in the Spring. One dances too much when she comes home from the convent in the winter. The first winter, I went to fourteen balls, and so many, many parties. And then when one has such a lover! Oh, Manna, you can't think how lovely it is. Or do you know? Come, now; tell me all about it. I'm not engaged to Albert yet, but as good as engaged. You won't be a nun any longer, will you? Believe me! they don't want you to be a nun at the convent; they only want your money. Would you like to be a baroness? I wouldn't. To be my-lady'd all day, when one doesn't want to be. No, I shouldn't like to be that; and then to be laughed at behind one's back! When one of the aristocratic ladies commits a stupidity, no one says anything about it; but when one of us does so, Hi! a whole city or a whole country has to bear the brunt of it with us. Oh, how miserable a rich girl is! Along come the men and want to marry her money; and then up come the nuns and want to make a nun of her for the sake of her wealth. Believe me; if you were one of those women over there, carrying coal from the boat to the shore, the nuns wouldn't have you, even if you were as clever, and as dear, and as good as you are now. Yes, if you hadn't any money, or hadn't as much as you have, the nuns wouldn't know anything about you. Tell me, now; don't you persuade yourself that you are called to be a saint? Don't believe it. Oh yes, indeed, in the convent! When I used to hear people say how lovely it

was in the convent, I used to think, 'Jus' so—when you're one of a pleasant party, going past it! But to be a nun there! Oh, Manna, if I could only share my happiness with you! Come, be happy, too! Ah. God in heaven! why can't one give another a share of one's happiness. I've got so much, so much! and I'd dearly like to give you some of it. But don't let's talk so much. Come, catch me! Don't you know our old game, 'Whatever has wings, flies?' Come, now, catch me!"

And away she flew, with flying robes; but when she stopped, she saw that Manna was not pursuing her. She waited till her friend came up, and the two girls walked silently toward the Villa.

CHAPTER IV.

THROUGH THE NEW DOOR.

LINA lived near Manna, who could find no means of ridding herself of her old friend. She went to church with her; and when, as they were going or returning, Manna would say that she did not like to speak in the morning, Lina coolly took it for granted that since her friend did not wish to speak, she wished her to do all the talking. She jested about everything past, present, and to come.

As soon as she woke in the morning she sang scales, then went singing through the house; and at almost every minute, when she was not out of the house and visitors were not in it, she sat at the piano in the music-room, playing and singing, without the slightest intermission, music of all sorts, serious and sad, classic and modern, provided only that it sounded well. She would follow up a heart-breaking dirge by Pergolese with a jolly Tyrolese warble.

Lina's presence completely transformed the household; and even at table there was a great deal of laughter. Apples were ripe in the hothouses at Villa Eden as soon as cherries in the open air, and Lina would never pare one, but bite boldly into it, happy in the thought that her mother was not present to scold her for this breach of decorum. For Sonnenkamp's reproving glances she cared not the least. She was an independent girl, who did everything "regardless," and was so accustomed to scoldings that she was utterly hardened to them.

Lina ate seriously, like a healthy country-girl; but Manna ate as though she considered eating a disagreeable duty. Lina liked to eat, and was always hungry: she could, as she said, always "assimilate;" and as soon as she sat down at table, she said:

"Manna, aren't you glad to get away from convent food?"

The first meal that I took at home seemed perfectly new to me; and you set a very nice table."

She liked wine, too, and was much quizzed for her taste in this direction. She asked Erich to defend her, who did so by saying:

"That's easy enough. It's a piece of romantic nonsense to hold that a girl should not like to eat and drink; and certainly it's eminently in keeping with the feminine nature to drink wine. Isn't it much more beautiful to drink wine than to eat the flesh of brutes?"

They all laughed, but Manna was perplexed. It was strange to her to see a man whose thoughts took such singular turns, and occasioned equally singular ones in those who heard him.

Manna felt that Lina's presence banished her from the house.

It was only with the Professor's widow, of whom Lina was very shy, that Manna could think of being alone. At her house she felt as if concealed from pursuit, and, almost against her will, became more intimate with Frau Dournay. Her perfect placidity and readiness to become interested in others were well-known to Manna; but nevertheless she was startled when Frau Dournay said:

"You wish to ask me something, my dear child. Why do you not do so?"

"I? What do I wish to ask you?"

"You would like to have Lina come to my house, but are shy of speaking to her or me about it. If you honestly confess that such is your wish, I will arrange the affair."

Manna confessed that she had not had courage enough to express her wish.

On the next day, Lina went to visit the Professor's widow at the vine-covered cottage, and by her good-nature and agreeableness filled the house with gladness.

Wherever she was, sitting or standing, she sang to herself like a bird on a bough, refreshing the hearts of all who heard her. The Aunt accompanied her singing with the piano, and the tones of her bell-like voice were full of freshness, and health, and joy. She sang with the utmost ease; and now, through her love, there was an earnestness in her voice which had never been there before.

She was utterly the creature of impulse; and since she had been in love, was very careful of her dress, and loved to look in her glass. But as to the *inner* life, as she herself often said, she never thought of it—a course of conduct likely to be pursued by a person naturally careless and catholic in her views, and who found it disagreeable to change anything from what it had once been. This made her laugh, dance, and sing, "Yesterday is no more, and to-morrow will come of itself." Lina was the only untroubled child of nature among all these people

who bore some sore trouble in their souls, or had taken some heavy burden upon them; and it was not always contemptuous eyes that looked upon her, but far rather, envious ones.

"Ah, who but herself could be what she is!" sighed every one, each in his own way.

But Lina gradually became more used to Frau Dournay's quiet mode of life. She was pleased to see that she understood much, though not all, that her friend said.

What difference does that make? One cannot carry everything away with her, but must leave something behind.

It was a beautiful sight to see Manna coming through the park, dressed in her bright summer-clothes. She learned to trust more in the Professor's widow, but never called her anything but Madame, and always spoke French with her, to which she had become accustomed at the convent. She answered frankly every question asked her.

"Did you have a *confidante* at the convent?" asked Frau Dournay one day.

"No; it was not permitted. We were not allowed to form particular friendships with individuals, but were taught to treat all with the same affection."

"If I do not tire you, may I ask another question?"

"Oh, you don't tire me at all. There's nothing which I would rather talk about than the convent; I'm always thinking about it. Ask me."

"Were you on confidential terms with any of the ladies?"

Manna named the Superior, and looked up in surprise as her friend went on to speak in terms of highest praise of the life of a teacher at the convent. Nothing could be more charming than to impart peace and joy to young children, and give them strength to overcome the difficulties of existence—a life which death cannot change, but which shall again appear where parting and absence shall be unknown. Frau Dournay added that she would consider it a crime to interfere with a soul which wished to enter such a life.

"My child, thou hast in thy own way selected the right path."

Manna nodded as if delighted; she did not at first notice that Frau Dournay had addressed her as "thou," a term which Germans never use except to their most intimate friends; and when she thought of this, she experienced a revulsion of feeling. Was not this woman trying to worm herself into her confidence in order to win her affection, and seduce her from the faith? There was an evil look in those young eyes as they rested on the lady's face; and yet Manna returned again and again to the house, as if pursued and as if her only place of refuge was there.

The perfect equanimity of the lady, and her ever-present willingness to devote herself to others, worked like magnetism on the girl, and every day the two became better friends. Manna even made disclosures to her, which at first she had not dreamed of making. The severe and distressing struggles which her young mind was undergoing, were first of all perceived by her friend. As they were sitting in the garden one day, having declined a sail on the Rhine with Lina, Roland, and Erich, Manna looked up and said timidly:

"Why should it be sinful to take such enjoyment in nature? Is not joy a species of devotion?"

Frau Dournay did not immediately reply, and Manna pressed her question:

"Pray tell me."

"A man," answered Frau Dournay, "whom you probably do not honor as we do, once said: 'God loves to look into a joyful heart rather than into one crushed with sorrow.'"

"And who was this man?"

"Gotthold Lessing."

Manna asked where the quotation could be found. Frau Dournay brought the book, and from that hour forward there was a free interchange of thought between Manna and the Professor's widow. The lady was extremely careful in expressing her thoughts, repeating that she looked upon it as sacrilege to take from a believing heart the objects which it revered.

Manna had sufficient confidence in her own strength to believe that she could study the thoughts of children of the world, and what is called the secular spirit, without losing her faith.

Frau Dournay warned and admonished her, but she steadfastly maintained that she had re-entered the world in order to understand all that was in it, and then freely renouncing it, to return to her old life. She said that she had fully determined not to be Prancken's wife—she would be the wife of no man. She was on the point of disclosing to her friend how she wished to offer herself as an expiation; and how this sacrifice was no longer compulsory, but by the grace of Heaven a free-will offering, a voluntary renunciation of the pleasures of the world.

"Ah," said Manna with streaming eyes, "I could tell you all."

Had Frau Dournay encouraged her by a single word or look, Manna would have told the mother all; but the lady insisted that no secret should be confided to her, not that it would not have been perfectly safe in her keeping, but it burdened her, and she would never be able to forgive herself if, having found a soul formed to live in those purest spheres, she should turn it aside from that which would conduct it to its goal. She spoke heedfully and weighed each word; for Manna should have no

suspicion that she, too, knew a secret. She simply gave her to understand that she approved her determination to take the veil.

This developed a trait of Sonnenkamp's nature in Manna's soul. This woman only agreed with her to attract her confidence. But as she looked up now into the mother's calm, serene countenance, she was near falling on her neck, and begging her forgiveness for having imputed such unfair motives to her. The mother saw the child's inward struggle, but explained it otherwise; she had no suspicion that distrust of her, and distrust too of the worst kind, still lurked in Manna's heart.

When Manna, on her way home through the meadows, entered the park by the new gate, she suddenly stood still. Here she had stood on the first morning, here the thought had traversed her soul that she would have to pass by this path, through this gate, struggling, conquering herself. Now it had come to pass.

CHAPTER V.

BE THOU LED INTO TEMPTATION.

M ANNA went to church regularly: she prayed with an unvarying constant fervor, but a peculiar awe restrained her from entering the parsonage. She kept repeating to herself, that the Priest himself had told her to avoid him for a time, and mingle with the world.

Often in the midst of a conversation with Frau Dournay, she felt a sudden terror at finding herself thus interwoven with another existence, and she seemed again to acquire that glance which looks beyond all phenomena of earth.

At last she made up her mind and went to the Priest. She began by excusing herself, and explaining why she had not come for so long; but the Priest interrupted her kindly, saying that she need not tell him anything, he had tried to put himself into her way of thinking, and he thought he could guess at her state of mind. If it were possible for a human being, after being parted from this world to return to it, and after gazing into eternal glory, to watch again the ways of men, to see them passing their days in ceaseless toil, and their nights in heavy dreams, to see them hush their own desires and deceive themselves—so must she feel.

He admonished her to judge men very leniently. "The worst of all," he said, "are of course those who believe that they know what they are doing, and it is hardest to pardon them. But according to the Highest, we must be most willing to pardon them, for in spite of their pretended wisdom they do not know

what their actions are, and we might always say of them : Lord, forgive them. We can do nothing but pray in silence for their salvation, pray to eternal Mercy that grace may be given them."

Without mentioning any name, he told her that there are people who, seemingly pious and possessed of inward peace, do good deeds, so-called, and borrow sacred words for thoughts which stray far from the Highest.

He pictured Frau Dournay, without naming her. He portrayed others, who, full of knowledge, are forever straying from the main point, and without themselves being sure of a fixed goal, fancy themselves able to guide others.

He portrayed Erich.

With great carefulness, he then pictured to her that class of worldly people, who mean to force the Lord of heaven and earth to prosper them in everything, and by their mockery expel all humility. Here he boldly named Doctor Richard and the Weidmann set; but he aimed at the same time at Sonnenkamp, only he left the child to make this application herself.

Manna listened eagerly. She looked out of the window—her glance went to her home, to the park, to the garden, and she felt as if all this must sink. The flood rises from the Rhine, the eternal waters again deluge the mainland, and in this room alone is Noah's Ark.

Faintly, scarcely breathing the words, she lamented that—rather questioned—why it was imposed on her to return again into life.

The Priest consoled her kindly, and told her, that as from this window an eye looked upon everything down there, and watched over her, an eye, which would soon pass away to rest its imperishable gaze on the Eternal; so also an imperishable eye guarded her; she should fearlessly surrender herself wholly to life, but bear within herself the thought which scorns it all and knows it to be far removed from itself. This was the only real trial which was meted out to her.

He went still further, and commanded Manna not to come to him for a long time; she should remain separated from him for weeks and months; this would impart to her an inward strength. And she should not as yet consider herself bound by any vow, not even that of a visit to be repeated at stated times; but everything should depend on her firm, free, independent will: without any outward assistance, relying only upon herself, she must conquer everything.

Manna inquired timidly why the Priest had not undertaken the charities which Frau Dournay was now so liberally dispensing in her father's name.

"Why not?" exclaimed the Priest; and his eye, usually so

calm, sparkled. "We can undertake nothing which is not given to us; and their own experience must teach them, that without the Church's blessing, so-called charity will dissolve and vanish. And I command you not to meddle with it, either; for you cannot make common cause with them."

Manna was seriously frightened when the Priest told her that he did not think her suited to take the veil: it would be better if she should become Pranken's wife.

A blush passed over Manna's whole face, and she moved both her hands deprecatingly; her mouth opened, but she could not utter a word.

"Very well," said the Priest, soothingly, putting his hand on her head—"very well, if you can conquer even this, so much the better; but we do not call you, we do not persuade you; you must call yourself, you must guide your own steps. People will come and whisper to you, 'These Priests'—that's what they call us—'have seduced you by most subtle tricks.' Remember, the sun, which now beams in upon us, bears witness that I have exhorted you not to renounce life entirely. If you cannot act differently—if your inner nature forces you, then we shall bid you welcome—not otherwise, in spite of all your wealth."

The Priest had risen, and he paced up and down the room with rapid steps.

A long pause ensued: he remained standing at the window, and looked out.

Manna sat on the sofa, trembling with emotion.

Now the Priest turned around and said:

"You must perceive how highly we honor you, in committing everything to your own strength, the strength of faith and of renunciation that is within you; and now remember this, and let us talk together openly and cheerfully. Do you, too, find this Herr Dournay a fascinating man? Speak to me plainly and frankly, as if you were speaking to yourself."

"I am not yet able to judge; but I am inclined to believe that there is that within him which could make of him a noble instrument of the Holy Spirit."

"Indeed! You believe this? I thank you; you are frank and sincere. See! it is the wonderful art of the tempter that he assumes the purest shape, and presents the duty and hope of conversion so temptingly, that the poor mortal does not perceive that already he has fallen into the power of the Evil One. And to you he assumes this shape, does he? I advise you, yes! I demand of you, I order you, to try to convert this counterfeiter to the right. Try it; it is your duty. If you accomplish the task, you are greater than I have imagined; if you fail in it, you will be cured forever. Wise are the ways of Providence, who brought this man under your eye, and planted in your heart the thought

that you could convert him. You are obliged, for your own and for his salvation, to make the attempt, and persevere in it. Look out! it is Spring now; everything stands fast in the ground, and thrives and blossoms: but I know days, too, when the hurricane comes roaring by, and shakes the tree-tops and tears out the roots; this must be, too. What is now planted in you must be tossed hither and thither by the storm of temptation, and tried by all its fine and delicate arts, for only then will you be strong."

Again the Priest walked up and down with heavy strides. Manna had nothing more to say, and she knew not how to return home again from this room, how to appear again before the eyes of the people, who must henceforth appear to her as shadows, as disguises of the tempter.

With a mild voice the Priest turned to her and said:

"Now go; go, my child. God be with thee!"

He blessed her, and Manna went away. With a contradiction in her heart, with the determination to look upon all life only as a game, a temptation, which she must not shun, she devoted herself to the people about her; and no one divined why she was so cheerful, and so easily led into all kinds of diversion.

CHAPTER VI.

BUILDING A NEW TOWER.

NO one but his mother suspected that a change was taking place in Erich; there was a peculiar reserve, almost an appearance of timidity about him. Though formerly he had been very communicative, he now manifested, especially in Manna's presence, a great cautiousness, as though he found himself constantly near a creature which he must be careful not to wake or to annoy.

But soon this transformation in Erich's manner was also noticed by another, more prying, glance. Bella came to welcome her sister-in-law. She was extremely confidential toward Manna. She had the custom of taking girls whom she patronized, and to whom she wished to appear gracious, about the waist, and thus promenading with them; but whenever she attempted this with Manna, the latter made a motion as if she must shake her off; and at last she told Bella outright, that it was unpleasant to her. Bella smiled, but inwardly she gnashed her teeth. In this house, in this garden, she had to suffer repulses which she would never have thought possible. But she gave no sign of being offended, for she needed her whole strength to be on her guard.

In a light conversational tone, she asked Erich whether he now had a lady pupil too.

With equal adroitness, Erich succeeded in informing her that Manna no longer needed any guidance.

Bella nodded her satisfaction.

Her formal reception of Manna was now over; and as Manna excused herself from returning the civility, saying that it was her purpose to pay no visits whatever, Bella only paid a very sociable visit to the Widow and Aunt Claudine; then she returned to Wolfsgarten, with the resolution of henceforth considering this whole house and all within it as non-existent. If Otto still intended to look for his wife here, that was his affair; she simply considered it her duty to draw her brother's attention to the fact, that in the mutual reticence of Erich and Manna lay the germ of a deeper intimacy. Prancken replied, not without malice, that the tutor was not as dangerous by far as he appeared to Bella, especially not to a nature so firm in the faith.

Prancken often came to Villa Eden, and every time he came, he brought animation with him. But it did not escape Manna's penetration that he was, in fact, only a clever performer, but no artist; that he could be lively and spirited, but had no original, productive mind; there was something unsettled, something abrupt about him. Whenever Erich was present, this was the more apparent.

Prancken was never at a loss for a cutting remark, but he could not discuss a subject thoroughly; new topics confused him; he advanced irrelevant arguments, while Erich, on the contrary, always grew livelier, brighter, and more productive on new topics, and in opposition to another's ideas.

Erich was the same from morning till night. Prancken, however, was very different in the morning from what he was in the evening. In the morning he had to rouse himself—he was tired, disgusted: in the evening he was animated and energetic; he could even start others with his surplus spirits.

He often appeared shallow and stale; he felt it, and it spurred him on. Intercourse with him had always something oppressive about it, and beneath much apparent friendliness there always lay concealed a certain suppressed enmity. He, too, now thought that he discovered an understanding between Erich and Manna.

To Manna, as well as to Erich, it was at all times natural to contemplate universals—the pure idea, rather than personal interests: with her it was the result of religion; with him, of philosophy. At first, Manna had been rather distant and unsympathizing, she had shown a certain defiance even, as if to an opponent; but gradually she recognized the constant power of the truthfulness of his character. When Prancken disputed, he always made his assertion as if everything that he said was irrefutable; Erich's spirit, on the contrary, was illustrated in his saying:

"I would first take the liberty of putting the question in a proper form; for the best we can do, and the means by which we can arrive at a right understanding, is to put the question clearly and definitely. Asking and craving," he added laughing, "the old philosopher Epictetus long ago declared to be the essence of wisdom."

"Who is Epictetus?" Manna asked, and while Erich gave a short sketch of the life of this Stoic, who had been a slave in Rome, a philosopher, and then taught in the manner of Socrates, and while he added his own reflections, Manna perceived with dread in how many things she agreed with him; their gods were not the same, but their worship was.

Prancken was envious when he observed the deep interest Manna took in Erich's explanations, and he tried to draw out the heresy of the latter, in order that Manna might conceive an aversion to him.

With the two men it was like a tournament, and Manna sat on the balcony to crown the victor. In such cases it easily happens that some apparently trifling occurrence serves as a starting-point for a hot contest for life or death. And so it proved when, one day, Prancken announced, in a merry way, that there was to be a pilgrimage of all the country-people to the Station, as the evening train was to bring returns of the drawing of the great lottery in aid of the restoration of the cathedral; and the poor people—servants, maids, vine-dressers, stone-breakers, and boatmen—each hoped for the grand prize. Manna had it on her lips to say that she had given money to the Krischer to buy a ticket, but she had no opportunity, for Erich could not restrain himself from crying out:

"This lottery is an outrage—a disgrace to the age in which we live."

"How? What do you say?"

"Pardon me, I spoke hastily," said Erich, striving to turn the conversation. But Manna urged him, saying:

"May we not know what objection you have to this system?"

"I would rather not say."

Manna reddened. Why! this man is a heretic even in social matters! But she recovered herself instantly, and said quietly:

"You should not be willing to be judged wrongly."

"Captain," broke in Prancken, "won't you do us the favor to give us your views on this subject? It would be very kind of you to instruct us and explain your objections." Then turning to Manna, he said, in a low voice:

"Observe the course of his conversation. At first he refuses to speak, like a lady who is asked for a song in company; then he begs pardon for his strange opinions; then comes a condescending exposition; then a quotation from Professor Hamlet;

then that moral indignation which considers every one who thinks differently either a knave or a fool; and at last, when you believe that the finale has come, he begins again, and winds up with a trill."

Erich saw that this was intended to make him angry, but he had self-control enough to say to himself: "You shall not put me out of temper." Then, with quiet deliberation, he said:

"Above all, I entreat you to bear in mind, that Catholic as well as Protestant churches are meant to be restored and completed in this dreadful, although no longer unusual, manner."

"And why so dreadful?" asked Manna.

"Yes, go on! go on!" urged Prancken, as if he was flourishing a riding-whip.

"Not so fast! Allow me to take a longer leap," answered Erich.

"Go on! go on!" insisted Prancken, twirling his moustache in the air.

"The largest churches are incomplete," began Erich. "In the bosom of the earth rest thousands and thousands of hands which were once moved by religion to dig the stones, raise, carve, and join them. Certainly there were careless, thoughtless laborers enough among them, but religion actuated them—the religion of those who spent the money—the religion of the head-builder, who wished to build a house of God. But now, to call out to the world: 'Come servant, come maid, come tradespeople, come—Here's a lottery-ticket—it costs but a thaler; with it you can win so much, and help build the church besides!' How can any one preach the holy word with devotion in a house which is built on the avarice of men? You smile! You think, perhaps, that it does not hurt the man-servant and the maid-servant to lose their dollar; but I ask, does it not hurt their souls to have hoped for a prize in the lottery? How would it be, if a lottery-list were placed in the corner-stone of the cathedral? Future generations would have harder work in deciphering that, than we have in exploring the relics of the lake-dwellers. They will ask: 'What sort of men were those, who built a church upon the profits of a lottery?' Tetzel's sale of indulgences was much less objectionable. Then, men paid money for the atonement of sins: that was a mistaken moral motive, but still, a moral motive. In the other case, however—"

"I should have thought," interrupted Sonnenkamp, "that you, as a pagan, would have esteemed beauty, or the erection of a beautiful building, as a moral principle."

"I thank you for this objection; for it leads me to say, briefly, that it is self-contradictory to use unholy means for a holy end; and the inconsistent is, in the deepest sense, the unbeautiful."

Sonnenkamp found this explanation highly attractive; but Prancken, who saw that his prophecy about the manner in which Erich would talk was not fulfilled, held his moustache thoughtfully in his hand, and drew up his eyebrows. He was vexed; and doubly so because Manna looked interested. He would have been beside himself if he had guessed what passed in Manna's mind.

With all his philosophy, this heretic Erich would not have been able to shake any dogma of hers; that was not a lever which could move a firm rock: but now, by his attack on an apparently secondary matter, he had shaken her confidence in the morally beautiful actions of those who represented in themselves the world of the Spirit. Everything which concerned religion was fixed and settled, and now this trifle, producing in Manna the idea that money was the object, seemed to shake her. She despised money as a dangerous enemy; and "Money! money!" rang in her ears. "Is money the inducement?"

Prancken roused himself to speak:

"I find it indiscreet or immodest—pardon me if I do not find the right word—I think that he who does not believe ought never to attack another form of faith."

"Ought he not?" said Erich. "And yet he is attacked. Meekness is a virtue; but it is the virtue of the besieged. We're still trying to find and pronounce the word of liberation. But shall the child, because it cannot yet speak, not manifest its wishes by cries? High and holy, to us, is the religion of love; but love cannot be commanded. Love is the genius of the heart; whereas goodness, esteem, active philanthropy may be commanded and trained: love can't be. The great saying, 'Love thy neighbor as thyself,' has become hypocrisy. A man says, 'I love my neighbor, but I can't do anything for him.' *Our* rule is, 'Help thy neighbor as thyself.' *Love* is a kind of musical sentiment which can be feigned. *Help* is not. Therefore we go further, and say, '*Help* thy neighbor as thyself.' You must do it yourself, for we go on the principle that there is no substitution in the kingdom of morals. There it is a fundamental law that every one must serve."

"You said that once before," broke in Prancken.

"True! and I shall say it often. I believe that we have the same right as those who stand opposed to us, who do not always utter new things. The sunlight to-day is like the sunlight of yesterday."

Here Roland rushed in breathless, and cried out:

"Erich, you must come at once. Krischer's here. He's like a crazy man, and says you alone *can* decide, and you alone *must* decide."

"What's happened?"

"The Seven-piper's won the great prize, and the Krischer says the money belongs to him. Come! the Krischer's like a madman."

Erich went into the courtyard. There sat the Krischer on a dog-kennel, and looked up despairingly at Erich and Roland. He stammered so that no one could understand anything; except that it was plain the Seven-piper had won the money, and the Krischer asserted that it belonged to him.

Sonnenkamp, Pranken, and Manna now appeared on the steps, and the Krischer cried out that Manna must testify that she had given him the money for the ticket; he had forgotten to buy it back.

Erich quieted the Krischer, and promised to accompany him to the Seven-piper's. He asked Sonnenkamp for permission to order the carriage. Roland begged to be allowed to go with him. The Krischer sat on the box with the coachman, and they drove to the village to find the Seven-piper.

Before the house they met the Cooper, who told Erich that the Seven-piper had just turned him out of the house. He said that he loved the Seven-piper's eldest daughter. This love was approved by the parents of both; but now the Seven-piper had shown him the door, since he could find a very different husband for his daughter, and certainly would not give her to the son of the Krischer, who wished to dispute publicly his right to the money.

"Is it true, then, Father, that the prize belonged to you?"

"Yes, certainly, and it belongs to me still."

"Now I understand it all," said the Cooper, and went away.

In the Seven-piper's house the new-comers found great confusion. The eldest daughter was in tears, and the other children were running about helter-skelter.

At last they sat down, and the Seven-piper said he would not allow himself to be driven crazy; in the mean time he would no longer be a day-laborer in the vineyard—that he should do nothing for a whole year—and then he could decide what he would set about. The children shouted and cheered; the Seven-piper called to them to sing, but no one wished to—there was to be no more of that.

Erich had prevailed upon the Krischer to wait outside the house, and he now stated what was the latter's wish.

Scarcely had he stated the demand, than the Seven-piper tore open the window and called out to his former comrade in the street:

"If you don't go away at once, and dare to ask me for a single copper, I'll break every bone in your body. Now you know what you'll get! Go 'way!"

No persuasion was of any avail, the Seven-piper insisted that

he would not give the Krischer as much as a man could put into his eye.

Roland and Erich went sadly away. When they arrived at the Krischer's house he was lying on a bench asleep. His wife complained that he had come in very drunk, and that the Cooper also was quite beside himself.

Erich and Roland could do nothing here either.

On the way home, Roland seized Erich's hand and said:

"Money! money! how quickly it can ruin men!"

Erich did not reply, and Roland continued:

"I've never heard of their having lotteries in America! Don't you see, Erich, that this is something we alone have?"

Silently, and inwardly disturbed, they arrived at the Villa; it seemed as if a ghost wandered about in the house, for they could not forget that, outside, the demon of sudden wealth had ruined two families; and in the morning, when he awoke, Roland said:

"I wonder how the Krischer and the Seven-piper are to-day?"

They sent a messenger to the town and heard, to their consolation, that both were living in the old way again; only the Seven-piper's eldest daughter had left her father's house and gone to the Krischer's.

CHAPTER VII.

THE FIRST RIDE.

MANNA was very kind to every one, and no one suspected that this friendliness was, at bottom, pride. Every one appeared to her so poor, so forlorn, so oppressed! Whatever was said to her, she listened to with a fixed thought. This thought always said: "You say this, you child of the world!" Whatever she did, if she took part in any pleasure-trip, it was continually as if something within her said: "This is not you, this is only your apparition, which undertakes this; you yourself are in quite another world—beyond—without."

Every one was enchanted with her affability, her gentleness, her attentive listening; and yet it was as if only a part of her being were lent to all. She was not in it herself, she was not entirely present.

No one ventured to influence her; only the Doctor agreed with Prancken and her father in the opinion that she ought to ride on horseback again.

The whole world was suddenly opened anew. There was singing, dancing, and playing in the house; and things went the same way out of doors. Manna rode about the neighborhood on horseback merrily, with Prancken, Erich, and

Roland. Sonnenkamp, too, sometimes joined the riders, on his great black horse; and the riders were full of cheerfulness, and not without honor; for everywhere they met respect, not only from those to whom Frau Dournay and Fräulein Milch had distributed gifts, but also from the wealthy and independent. Wherever they alighted and stopped, they always received fresh assurance that the whole neighborhood was proud of such a man as Sonnenkamp.

One day Manna, Prancken, Roland, Erich, and Sonnenkamp rode along the beautiful road lined with walnut-trees.

"Herr Dournay is right!" cried Manna, who rode in advance with Prancken and her father.

Manna mentioned Erich's remark that walnut-trees were far more beautiful, and it would be an untasteful and senseless innovation, if the new plantings along the streets should be only of linden or other trees, good simply for timber. The nut-tree belongs to the Rhine, it is beautiful and fruitful, and, besides, yields at last an autumnal harvest to the rapacious boys.

She tore off a walnut-leaf in riding by.

For some time already she had spoken in a different voice; the tear-choked tone had disappeared, and now turning to her father she continued:

"You could accomplish this. Plant a nursery of walnut-trees, and give all the districts as many young trees as they need."

Sonnenkamp promised to carry out the idea, and told how it was his intention in general to found great institutions for the public good—first of all, a large fund for the widows and orphans of seamen.

Manna patted her beautiful white pony, which she had named Snowwhite.

Prancken was delighted that the pony showed himself worthy of his mistress, and she reached her hand to Prancken of her own accord, and thanked him for his care.

"Get up, Snowwhite," cried she, chirruping with her tongue, and with her father and Prancken on either side, rode on, rising fearlessly in the saddle.

Just then they saw a procession approaching. Manna reined up so suddenly, that she almost fell from her horse, but Sonnenkamp held her fast by her dress. They dismounted, and Erich and Roland had to dismount too. The grooms led the horses aside and Manna joined the procession. She bore her long riding dress not proudly, but humbly. She sang aloud with the pilgrims, and Prancken also sang aloud. Erich kept still. At a chapel by the wayside Manna kneeled down, and Prancken kneeled beside her. When she arose, she saw for the first time, with astonishment, that Prancken was alone with her,

and the others had left them; they were waiting in a crossroad near by, with the grooms who held the horses. The procession passed on; Manna and Prancken were alone. The murmur of the pilgrims sounded from afar. Prancken kept his hands folded, and looked on Manna as if praying.

"Manna," he began—he called her so for the first time—"Manna, such shall our life be! The favor of Heaven that allows us to raise ourselves, freely sustained by wealth and by noble names, we acknowledge; but we will be ready every moment to join our brothers and sisters who tread in coarse shoes and barefooted the holy ways; and to be equal with them, so will we live, Manna!"

He seized her hand: she let him hold it an instant, then drew it back, and he continued:

"I have not yet told you that I also struggled with the holy resolution to renounce the world and take the priestly vow. You, too, have striven generously and piously, and have come back into the world; I lay my heart, my soul, my soul's welfare in your hand. Here, in this holy place, come with me into the chapel."

"Fräulein Manna!"

"What is it? what do you want?" cried Prancken.

"Fräulein Manna, your father sends word that there is a convenient milestone yonder, from which you can easily mount your horse again."

"I ride no more, I will go home on foot," replied Manna; but she turned, and—whether she knew or not that Prancken was not following her—went back with Erich. Only after walking a considerable distance she turned around, and when she saw Prancken still standing motionless in his place, called out to beg that he would come too.

In spite of all persuasion, she would not mount her horse again, but walked in her heavy riding-habit the whole way.

She did not speak another word, and her countenance wore a strangely defiant look.

Once in her chamber, she shut herself up and wept and prayed long alone.

Now, the conflict had come sooner than she expected, and she felt herself weaponless. Prancken had a right to speak to her in this way. And is it not perhaps better, after all, that she should live in the world?

At this thought she looked around as if she must ask Erich what he thought of this determination, how he regarded her fickleness. And yet again she looked around; it seemed to her as if Erich had come with her into the chamber, but she was alone.

She wrestled in sore conflict, but settled only one point. She

would not any more let her true self be stolen away from her through dissipation.

A boating excursion had been planned for the evening. Manna, who had promised to join the party, now positively refused. She stood at the window of her quiet room—she did not open it, she wished that it was grated.

She saw the gentlemen and ladies come down the river, and Lina was singing in a clear tone, and a beautiful male voice accompanied her song.

Who is that?

It is not Pranken, it is not Roland—it can be nobody but Erich.

Below in the boat Lina was asking Erich to sing Schubert's Harper's song.

Erich thought it very unsuitable to sing here in a gay company, gliding over the Rhine, that which had been moaned out in solitude and night from a sorely laden spirit. But Lina would not let him off, and Erich sang :

“ Who never ate his bread in sorrow.”

The cars stopped. Erich's voice swept thrillingly through the heart; he made a slight pause, and then passed on to the words :

To earth, this weary earth, ye bring us,
To guilt ye let us heedless go,
Then leave repentance fierce to wring us :
A moment's guilt, an age of woe !

As Goethe's verse ends without solution of its problem, so Schubert's melody closes without a cadence, in musical suspense. “ A moment's guilt, an age of woe !” rang out as the boat now glided past the Villa; and above, Manna heard the words, and she threw herself down and covered her face with both hands.

Hour after hour went by; some one knocked on the door. Manna awoke; in the midst of her grief she had fallen asleep. It was night; Roland and Lina were calling her. Overpowered by weariness of body and soul, Manna had not been able to keep awake, and now she went, as if still dreaming, down to the company. It seemed to her all the while as if it was morning, and yet it was night, and she felt like a prisoner in the hands of all those people who yet were turning themselves to her in love. As if to regain command of herself, she made the proposition to take another sail upon the Rhine in the moonlight, and she begged Lina to sing.

Lina replied that she could not sing so charmingly as Erich: he must sing.

"You sing, I beg," said Manna.

"I cannot sing now," returned Erich.

The first request which she had ever made him, he refused point-blank. At first Manna was vexed, but then she rejoiced at his rudeness. "It is better so; he must not concern you at all; you must put yourself again in the right position toward him." And, in order to show that his discourtesy had not touched her, she was excessively cheerful, as she had never been before.

When they returned from the sail, Sonnenkamp went down to meet them as they landed; and announced that no one must know anything about it indeed, but yet the Seven-piper had confided to him—in order that they should not be taken by surprise or be away from home—that to-morrow evening the sailors for whom he had founded the charitable institution were coming to thank him.

CHAPTER VIII.

THOU SHALT LAUGH, DANCE, AND DRINK.

A HOUSE without a daughter is like a field without flowers," said the Major, who was looking on, with the Professor's widow and Sonnenkamp, while the young folks played graces on the lawn which led from the Villa to the vine-clad cottage.

Lina had brought it about that Manna was there, and Manna wore a light-colored summer dress. In conjunction with her maid, Lina had so far prevailed that Manna wore a dark-red velvet ribbon in her hair, and had consented to have her rich black locks most becomingly arranged. The young people stood in a large circle, and gayly tossed round hoops in the air, and caught them again on the little sticks.

The Architect was there too. He had been asked at Manna's express desire; no one but herself and Lina knew why.

Roland had begged Erich to play with them. He refused at first, but Lina cried:

"Any one who doesn't join in the play, wears a wig and is afraid he'll betray it."

She drew him into the circle with them.

Prancken saluted him with his stick, in military fashion, as if it were a sword. And now came merry laughing and springing about the lawn; and it was a delight to one's eyes to watch Roland's graceful movements, and, still more, Manna's. When she looked up and stretched out one arm, her appearance was so light and airy, it seemed as if her eye was directed to some-

thing other than the play, as if she stood in an ecstasy, and not a hoop was coming now, but some heavenly vision, which held her fast. Prancken had placed himself on her right, Erich on her left.

Prancken threw so skilfully that she always caught the rings tossed by him, but Erich, on the other hand, threw either too high or too low: she had to stoop continually to pick up the hoop from the ground. It seemed as if he did it intentionally, for this movement constantly showed Manna's gracefulness anew.

Roland and Lina rallied him on his want of skill.

There was a special strife between Lina and Roland; she battled with the lad as if she were herself a wild boy. They tossed their hoops far out of the line, hoping to throw one another down in the effort to catch them.

But Roland was not thrown down. He slipped away as nimbly as a weasel from every attack, and the Architect smiled as he caught glimpses of Lina's fawn-colored boots. Once, however, as Erich rushed suddenly forward in order to catch a hoop which Manna had thrown, and which was flying to one side, he fell his whole length upon the lawn.

Manna laughed aloud.

No sooner had Lina heard this than she clapped her hands and cried:

"The Princess is released from the spell! Till now, Manna has been the princess who cannot laugh. Captain, you've released her! What title shall we bestow upon the knight who has released Manna for us?"

Lina was full of audacious humor; and she had a right to be proud, for she had awakened the whole household, Manna especially, to new animation.

Erich knew how to make sport of his mishap, and as he now looked at his mother, he could not understand why she shook her head so strangely. He had wholly forgotten that she had reminded him with especial pride, on that fateful day when Bella was first their guest, how his father always said Erich had never fallen yet.

Never before had Manna's cheeks glowed with such a rosy hue as to-day. The whole spell which lay upon her seemed broken. A single laugh, a deep, hearty, wholly childish laugh, had given her life, and she was much vexed, but she could find no retort to offer when Lina said to Herr Sonnenkamp:

"Noble Prince! To the knight who made the princess laugh, the king must give her for his bride; thus is it announced by the herald from the tower of the royal castle, through all the lands around. Say, what will you give Herr Dournay?"

"I permit him a kiss," replied Sonnenkamp.

"Herr Dournay, you may kiss Manna, her father permits it," cried Lina in the circle.

All stood astonished, but Sonnenkamp cried :

"No, child, I did not mean that. He may give you a kiss."

"I do not need your permission for that," retorted Lina.

Now she was wholly in her element. Wherever there was merry-making, teasing, she was an entirely different creature—bright, quick-witted, saucy, full of startling ideas; but as soon as any serious conversation returned, she sat there always very attentive, but her look said :

"What you're saying is certainly very fine, but it doesn't suit my taste; and I've never yet seen people become any healthier or merrier for all such wise talk."

They returned to the Villa.

Lina had hung her hat on a bush; the Architect brought it after her, and he stroked the brown ribbons, and looked lovingly on the brown straw braid, and the artificial grape-leaves of the same brown hue, sprinkled with autumn frost. He gave Lina the hat, and in doing so they pressed each other's hands, for the Architect said he must now return to the castle again, to make some arrangements for the next day.

For only a second Lina looked thoughtfully after him, as he left them, then tossed her head and springing lightly up the steps into the music-hall, she seated herself at the piano and played a dancing-tune; for she was resolved that there should be dancing to-day. The release of the princess, who until now could not laugh, must be celebrated with a dance; and Lina was so self-sacrificing that she was willing to be the musician herself.

As Prancken now came to Manna, and jokingly invited her to dance with him, Lina sprang up from the piano.

"No, that mustn't be! First comes the Knight of the Grass-fallen Philosophy, who has released the princess."

Lina would not have it otherwise. Manna had to dance with Erich first, and the Aunt was kind enough to play, so that Lina could now dance herself. With a very droll, saucy courtesy, she challenged Herr von Prancken, and he being fully equal to the occasion, accepted her arm, and danced with her behind Erich and Manna.

"I cannot in the least comprehend that I am dancing," said Manna, while, as if floating, she whirled on Erich's arm through the great hall.

"Nor I," answered Erich.

In the pause Manna said again :

"Lina makes us all crazy."

Now Prancken came and asked her. She was still panting.

He held her by the hand awhile, until she could begin to dance around with him. Roland was rejoiced to have Lina free, and now the Aunt had to keep playing, on and on, for he really would not stop dancing with Lina.

Sonnenkamp stood delighted in the great hall, and kept telling Frau Dournay how well everything was going on. He would never have believed that his children would dance thus in this hall before his eyes. He had sent for Frau Ceres, that she might come and see them too. She came, and Prancken and Manna had to dance again for her. Sonnenkamp applauded the happy thought of his wife,—that she would give a great ball in honor of Manna; but Manna opposed it resolutely, and the prudent Lina, happy in her triumph, begged the parents softly that they should not press Manna any further concerning it that day; she would bring it all about nicely.

After supper, Lina begged that they should dance again: she wanted to have nobody go to bed to-night: Sonnenkamp must telegraph to the garrison, and have the Band sent down on an extra train.

She was to-day so full of triumphant humor and exuberant cheerfulness, that even Erich, who had until now always regarded her with indifference, came up to her in a most friendly manner.

"Well," said she; "you know when? Would you have believed then that you should ever dance with your winged apparition? Isn't she indeed a heavenly creature? Ah! and if you can only come to know her intimately, when she gets back to her own merry self! It charms me to think how you'll be in love with Manna. Oh, so much in love—terribly in love! Will you promise me something?"

"What is it?"

"That you'll tell me on the very first day when you fall in love."

"But if I should fall in love with you?"

"Pshaw! Go 'way! I'm much too stupid for you; I should have been wise enough for Herr Prancken, though. But I'm engaged and provided for. Has Manna said nothing to you yet about me?"

Erich said, "No!" and she went on.

"Now you do something: do it for love of me; snap Manna away from Baron von Prancken. I beseech you to do me this favor."

"What are you laughing at?" said Manna, coming up to them: "I've begun to laugh to-day, and now I want to laugh with you."

"You tell her," said Lina, teasingly.

As Erich did not speak, she continued:

"He can tell you, but he's terribly reserved and shy. Give him no rest, Manna, until he tells you. Captain, if you don't tell her directly, I will."

"I confide sufficiently in your good sense," said Erich, very seriously, "to feel assured that you will not mischievously turn a jest into its opposite."

Lina's manner changed, and she said :

"Ah, Manna, he's so terribly learned : my father says so too. He sees straight through one. Aren't you sometimes afraid of him?"

Without answering, Manna took Lina by the arm, and walked with her through the garden ; and Lina chattered, and joked, and sang, all at once, more incessantly even than the nightingale in the thicket.

When Manna was at last alone in her room, it seemed to her as if the pictures on the wall were looking at her, and asking, "Can this be you?" She dropped her eyes before the dumb pictures, but then she threw herself upon her knees, and said to herself, "It must be so. I must learn again to know the world, and see its vain pleasures, in order to overcome it." Still she remained sorely disheartened, for in the midst of her contrite prayer, the merry waltz sounded in her ear, and she heard a laugh. Had it been herself who had laughed so? And the next day she was again forced to join in new gayeties.

In the afternoon they went to the castle, and there the Architect provided a special treat. He was a true priest of the May-bowl, and with a certain solemnity he mixed the delicately-flavored, spicy draught.

The whole party sat on a balcony of the castle, looking over the wide landscape ; and Lina was so overflowingly happy that she was constantly singing and rejoicing. She sang in the open air almost always, even better than in a room ; and she had a good accompaniment, for she sang a duet with the Architect.

Here, too, Erich was asked to sing, and here, too, he refused.

Lina brought it about that even Manna drank a whole glassful ; and Lina said, what sport it would be if they could only manage to get Manna for once just the least bit tipsy, so that the old Manna, or rather the young Manna, might come out again. It seemed ready to come out, but Manna had yet strength enough to command herself, only she laughed a good deal to-day at Lina's slightest jest.

Roland nodded to Erich ; but he whispered to him that he must not draw attention to Manna's high spirits, for that was the very way to destroy them.

Wreaths were twined. Lina recalled Erich's first appearance at Wolfsgarten, and with crowned heads they all went back from the castle to the Villa.

At the last slope Manna sprang lightly down the hill, and Lina bounded after her; and there, at the foot of the declivity, she embraced the friend of her youth and cried out to her:

"You are freed from the spell! You have done the three best things in the world. You have laughed, danced, and drank. No, these are not the best; the best is yet to come."

And again Manna's laugh rang out.

CHAPTER IX.

HOMAGE FROM BELOW.

WHAT does one do in the morning of a day when he knows that he is to receive homage in the evening?

Sonnenkamp had to act as if he did not perceive anything of what was going on, but still he looked eagerly at the barometer. It had rained; now the barometer has already risen: it is clearing off; the celebration will take its beautiful course.

If one could but know the speech that is to be delivered this evening, one could prepare the fitting reply.

Princes are fortunate that the speech which is to be addressed to them is first laid before them. Nevertheless, Sonnenkamp had sufficient confidence that the moment would surely prompt what was fitting. He had never cared for the honor of men; he gave himself all the honor needed. Was he now to be dependent? And with what had this honor been won? With money! He honestly confessed to himself that if he had not possessed this in large measure they would not have looked at him.

He rode out at the accustomed hour, but yet he did not ride the accustomed way, and, without being conscious of it, he beamed graciously on all who met him. A new feeling of satisfaction pervaded him. He rode to the castle and looked smilingly about: for he had unconsciously pictured to himself with what joy the knights of old came back here from their robber raids. Brave, wild, fearless men were they.

Not far from the ruin he turned off into the woods, for he noticed a large banner floating from the summit of the only tower that was already finished, and there were no men to be seen anywhere. In the woods he went slowly up and down for a long time, leading his horse by the bridle. He could not himself have told what he was thinking of. There goes a man in the woods, still, alone, forgotten, and this evening hundreds and hundreds of voices will unite to shout his praises.

As he was returning, the Major waylaid him, and had to go with him and stay with him. The Major had to-day the air of a groomsman who has prepared everything for the wedding;

and now, in the assurance that all is properly arranged, retires with the bridegroom into the still chamber till he shall be borne away in great state.

The dinner was not so well served to-day as usual; Sonnenkamp overlooked this, for he did not wish to show that he was conscious of the preparations for the evening festival.

In the afternoon, the neighboring family of the Privy-councillor, the Justice of the peace with his wife, the Doctor, and the Major, who had withdrawn himself for a short time, and now wore all his orders, appeared. Many others came, even the young widow, the daughter of Herr von Endlich, arrived in her morning-garb. She had come again to spend a few summer weeks in the country, with her parents. Prancken had invited all the society of the surrounding region. He felt assured that it would be very agreeable to Herr Sonnenkamp to have his fame thus spread. All, however, came as if accidentally, and Sonnenkamp accepted the conventional lie.

Prancken was especially attentive to the pretty young widow; and it was thought that he stretched his position, as son of the house, a little too far. He was very glad when he once caught Manna's eye, that she should know what temptations and allurements offered themselves to him; and the words with which he presented Manna to the young widow, seemed to him remarkably well chosen.

"You, Madame, and Fräulein Sonnenkamp, are made for friends, for Fräulein Sonnenkamp has also a maturity which is beyond her years."

The young widow was very confiding with Manna. Prancken left them alone together. As son of the house, he had still much to attend to.

He had sent orders to the kitchen, that plenty of provisions and flasks of common wine should be in readiness for the crowds who were coming. He had provided cigars, too, and Herr Sonnenkamp, who knew all, acted as if he saw and heard nothing.

As the evening closed in, Prancken begged his father before all the company—for so he called Herr Sonnenkamp—with emphasis, in the presence of all, that he would stay in his own chamber until they called him; properly confused, modest, submissive, Sonnenkamp betook himself to his own apartment.

Long tables were then placed in the open air. Food and drink were put on them, for from the Upper Rhine were already arriving sail-boats and row-boats, bound together, and music was heard. The boats stopped before the Villa and arranged themselves.

Night came on; torches and variegated lamps, suspended like burning garlands, shone from the vessels. Sonnenkamp was alone in his chamber; he was all the while thinking of the

speech which would soon be made to him, and he already practised to himself, half aloud, the words with which he should reply.

Now steps approached, the Major and the Justice of the peace came in. They wished to give him their company for awhile the Major said; and the Justice of the peace added that he would soon be much touched, for he would have to see for himself, how the hearts of so many men who were struggling hard for their bread were moved with gratitude to him.

Sonnenkamp thanked them and smoked quietly on. He held his cigar tenderly, as if he would even show a little deference to that. He begged his friends to excuse him for not being able to converse with them just now; he was so much moved, he had lived so many years among strangers; now it almost oppressed him to have found in so many honest hearts a home which he did not deserve; for he had given nothing, truly, but miserable money. The Justice was going to reply, but the Major nodded to him to keep still. In such moments, he intimated to him softly, a man must be allowed to speak, for once, even extravagantly. It is sufficient if one listens to his words; he saw also how Sonnenkamp was working at the speech he was so soon to get off.

Now many heavy steps approached. Francken opened the door, and said:

"Walk in here, gentlemen."

A deputation of sailors entered with the Seven-piper at their head. The Seven-piper begged that Herr Sonnenkamp would permit them to offer him an expression of their thanks. With eyes cast down, as if bowed beneath the burden of honor, Sonnenkamp walked down the steps to the Park among the neatly-dressed sailors.

Here a beautiful sight opened before him. In the gayly lighted ships stood the sailors, and sang in chorus a song which resounded far away.

With folded hands Sonnenkamp stood and looked on. Then he opened his hands and rubbed the ring on the thumb of his right hand, which hurt him.

The song was ended: a cheer was given for the great benefactor! The small guns roared out, and re-echoed from the mountain, so that it was proclaimed like thunder up and down the river all through the surrounding country.

Sonnenkamp thanked them with a short but feeling speech. Roland stood on his right, Manna on his left. He laid his hand upon the shoulders of his son, and thus concealed the thumb; with the other hand he clasped Manna's. He closed with the request that his good neighbors would bestow their love also upon these, his children.

A young lad who stood at the helm, in clothes which Roland had given him on his birthday, now cheered for Roland. Again the shots resounded. "I cannot speak," said Roland to the Major. He ran down, climbed into the first vessel, and shook hands with the men, and then saw, for the first time, that Erich was also on board. He sat in the background, but he had helped the men in their singing: the schoolmaster Fassbender sat with him. Now all came ashore. The whole company of sailors marched to the sound of music through the Park to the tables which were arranged for their entertainment. Sonnenkamp ordered, instantly and sharply, that the chairs should be taken away.

"They don't need to sit down," said he to Prancken: "I should think you would have known that. Arrange it so that the people shall go away soon. These low folks are not to be trusted, they easily forget themselves. Send the wine to the boats—there they may fool as much as they please."

The Seven-piper proposed a toast to Frau Sonnenkamp with the first glass. Sonnenkamp returned thanks in her name from the piazza; he regretted that his wife was suffering, and unable to take part in the festivities.

He begged the men to be extremely quiet, for she was very nervous. The merriment was dampened by this. Erich conducted the men again to the boats; they departed, music sounded, guns roared, and soon all was again quiet at the Villa.

They sat in a friendly circle in the great hall. Sonnenkamp seemed much exhausted, and it was not until a happy thought struck the Major, that his face showed the least animation; for the Major said:

"All this must be reported for the papers by a good pen. You, comrade," turning himself to Erich, "you will certainly do it finely. Don't refuse: you must."

Erich declared that he had no thought of refusing. He had only been intending to do, of his own accord, what the Major proposed.

The Major pressed his hand warmly, and did not let go till Erich said:

"If you press my hand so, much longer, I won't be able to write to-morrow."

The Major went to Erich's mother and praised him for singing with the people. He only regretted, continually, that Fräulein Milch had not seen the beautiful celebration too, but she was so obstinately indifferent to everything that concerned the Sonnenkamps! He could not explain it, she was otherwise so very kind to every one.

Frau Dournay knew why Fräulein Milch kept away, and it gave her a stab in the heart to think that she had to be there,

and that her son must be the one to proclaim the praises of this man, who in all that he did had a wholly different object in view from anything which Erich could understand. She looked at the man and his children and the whole company, and could not get the thought out of her mind: How different it would be when, instead of the honorary salutes that now waked the echoes of the night, a wholly different cry should be heard over mountain and valley!

At length the company broke up. Erich, with Roland, escorted his mother home. Roland was overflowing with satisfaction over these public demonstrations, and Erich took the opportunity to impress upon him what a joy it was thus to be able to bless other men.

Roland told him how his father meant to plant walnut-trees in all the country around; and he complained that he seemed to himself like Alexander of Macedon, who reproached his father, Philip, because he had left nothing more for him to do. Erich and his mother rejoiced at the awakened zeal of the boy; and as he left her, the Mother kissed him with tears in her eyes.

"What's the matter with your mother, she was so sad the whole evening?" said Roland, on the way home.

"She has no longer any heart for joy," returned Erich.

The same night he wrote an enthusiastic account of the charitable foundation and the brilliant fête, and sent it to the Capital to Professor Crutius. The newspaper came to the Villa a day or two after. Sonnenkamp thanked Erich for this spirited announcement; and Roland said:

"Give me the paper, I'll keep it to remind me of this always. Oh, I'm so glad that I'm to be a soldier. When I win battles, it will come out in the newspapers, and the school-boys will have to learn my name and my deeds, just as they do Miltiades', and Washington's, and Napoleon's!"

There appeared still another report in the official journal, and Francken did not deny that he was the writer. What Erich had written was certainly very fine, but this met the eyes of the Prince, and thus was of more consequence, and soon showed its results.

CHAPTER X.

THE VICTORIA REGIA BLOOMS.

THE Privy-councillor's wife proved herself both grateful and well-posted, for she showed Sonnenkamp a letter from her husband in which he represented that the Prince had read the account of the foundation and the people's celebration with great satisfaction. But, what was still more important, the

Prince had announced his intention to see with his own eyes the Villa, and Sonnenkamp's much-praised hothouses and orchards. This must, of course, be kept very secret, but it was well to have Sonnenkamp informed. He sent back a request that notice of the Prince's visit should be sent him by telegraph. How imprisoned he felt himself now, in his possessions and their surroundings! He had never thought of leaving the Villa before the time came for going to the Springs, but now it seemed to him all the while as if he should be suddenly hurried away, and the Prince would come just during his absence.

He gave careful directions, and even promised a special reward for the speedy delivery of the expected telegram from the Capital; but day after day passed and it did not come.

Everything was again pursuing its quiet course, only Sonnenkamp was in a perpetual, feverish excitement. Prancken wished to go away, but at Sonnenkamp's request he remained. In the strictest confidence, he confided to Prancken the royal visit he was expecting.

Prancken patiently bore Manna's repulse of every decided approach. He was only rejoiced that she treated Erich with marked coldness; for Manna had drawn back again in mortification, since those days of harmless merriment, and without attempting to conceal it, her countenance always clouded when she met Erich.

Sonnenkamp went through the Park, through the fruit-orchards and hothouses, and would have liked to beg all the plants to be very beautiful and fresh whenever the royal party should come. Only with great circumspection did he dare to carry out his old fancy for digging in the black earth, in his old sack-shaped wrappings. He was sitting in the hothouse, and kept saying to himself how contented he should be when the Prince should bring into his house, as it was scarcely to be doubted he would, the patent of nobility; and as he sat thus meditating, absorbed in himself, there came a strange murmuring through the air; a light crackling, scarcely perceptible, was heard, and Sonnenkamp shouted, "It has opened."

The Victoria Regia had unfolded. He looked at the flower, and was delighted with it; but yet he shook his head vexedly: "Why couldn't you wait, and open the very moment when the Prince stood here?" One ought to be able to control nature. That would be the thing!

He sent a carriage at once for the wife of the Privy-councillor. She came, and found the whole family—yes, even Frau Ceres—in astonishment over the wonderful flower. She was in ecstasies, too.

Sonnenkamp explained to her that the Victoria Regia blooms snow-white the first day. In the night the flower closes: the

next night it opens again, but this time it is rose-color. For four days successively a new flower opens, and the withered one sinks under the water.

He took the Privy-councillor's wife aside and suggested that she should, at once, announce this event at court. Now there was a special inducement for the Prince to come.

News arrived in the evening that the Prince and Princess would come next day; but it would give great offence if any one destroyed the surprise of the visit, which was to appear as if quite accidental.

Sonnenkamp sighed to himself, "If all is to be accidental, then the Prince cannot bring a patent of nobility, for that needs preparation, many formalities and sessions of the Commissioners. But perhaps all that has been done already in secret, only the Councillor would not dare betray anything concerning it."

His well-advised neighbor considered this unlikely; and this spoiled what was really Sonnenkamp's highest pleasure. Thus one must be forever engrossed in something new—ever waiting and expecting. He was so vexed, that he was afraid he should be ungracious to the Prince. With the greatest self-command, he resolved to repress every sign of ill-humor or impatience.

In the morning, after an almost sleepless night, Sonnenkamp announced that to-day no one would be permitted to leave the house; and he begged Frau Ceres, in a tone of command, not to be sick to-day.

He went to the Professor's widow and besought her to do the honors of the house. To her alone he confessed whom he was expecting to-day; for, from her, he said, he could not keep any secrets.

Frau Dournay shuddered; her look said: "And do you dare to tell me that, when I know—"

But she controlled herself, and put herself at Herr Sonnenkamp's disposal.

He waited in the garden before the vine-clad cottage until she had made her toilet; and she wore to-day, for the first time, a brooch with the picture of her husband in pastel. She went with Sonnenkamp to the Villa, and Frau Ceres was greatly surprised to see her arrive at such an unusual hour.

Frau Dournay had begged permission to inform Frau Ceres of the expected visit, and Frau Ceres wished to array herself once more in all her glory. They convinced her that she should be very simply dressed. It was hard to persuade her.

A telegram from the Privy-councillor arrived, saying that the royal party had started.

Now it was decided.

Erich, Roland, and Manna were also informed. Erich wished to remain in his own apartment.

"You probably expect to be sent for," said Prancken sharply.

"I expect nothing but friendliness when I am conscious of giving no offence," replied Erich in a courteous tone.

Prancken gave a scarcely perceptible toss of the head, and resolved within himself: "This man must go, this man is becoming troublesome; in fact, this Teacher's family has nested itself, like caterpillars in a beehive: there's no way but to smoke them out."

Prancken alone was tranquil and commanding. He was the Chamberlain, and the Baron von Prancken, and all around him were nothing but miserable subordinates.

Manna too was much disquieted, and to-day for the first time she was more confiding toward Prancken.

She told how she rejoiced that the whole family had such a noble support in him. Prancken received new spirit from these words.

"You'll enjoy yourself at Court," said he to Manna. And Sonnenkamp, who stood not far off, added quickly: "Yes, child, by the side of this most esteemed and beloved nobleman, you will be blest and honored." Manna cast down her eyes.

Roland now came up. He was dressed all in white. "See how handsome he is!" said Manna to Prancken. Roland was full of assurance, and urged Manna not to be so timid. Royal personages were particularly gracious, and after the first words one felt with them just the same as with one's equals.

Lutz stood on the flat roof of the house looking out, and rushing quickly down, he cried: "They're coming!"

All dispersed, as if they were expecting nothing.

Two carriages drove into the court. Sonnenkamp hastened down the steps, but on the lowest he stumbled and had to hold himself fast by the railing.

What does that mean? A black face! Whence comes that?

"Come, come!" cried Prancken, who was hastening after him, "their majesties are already rising."

He reached the carriage in good time, and was allowed the favor of giving the Prince his hand as he stepped out. The Princess alighted from the other side of the carriage with the aid of Herr von Prancken. She said, graciously, how much it pleased her to see, for once, the place and the man in his own house, from which so much that was beautiful and good for the people had come.

The Princess, who fostered the charitable institutions of the country with especial zeal, felt herself bound to be grateful for

Sonnenkamp's great munificence. She would really have preferred it if Sonnenkamp, instead of founding new institutions, had added his generous endowments to some of those which she had already founded. It was a decided blunder in Prancken not to have considered this.

A scarcely perceptible shade of dissatisfaction appeared when the Princess said she rejoiced whenever new charities were established.

Frau Ceres had approached with Manna. The Princess spoke a few words to her, and remarked to Manna that she did not at all resemble her brother—only her eyes were like his.

But where is Roland?

He was at this moment seen coming down the steps; he was speaking eagerly to Erich, urging him to come too; but Erich and his mother bade him go forward alone. He obeyed, and was welcomed very kindly by the royal pair.

The Prince went to the house, where he found Erich and his mother standing on the steps. He went toward her hastily, gave her both hands, and expressed his delight at seeing her again. He added, as he pointed to the picture, that he held that man in grateful remembrance; he did not bear his picture *on*, but *in* his breast. He scarcely noticed Erich, and the Mother asked him with a glance to speak to her son, and the Prince turned to him with these words:

"It is to be hoped, my-dear Dournay, that you have a better pupil than your father had in me."

Erich did not know what to answer, and therefore bowed without speaking.

Prancken came to them and said:

"Will your Highness look at the park and the blossoming Victoria Regia first, or at the house?"

"Ask the Princess," was the answer.

Prancken, with extreme politeness, joined the other group, and caught Manna's bright eyes, which seemed to follow him everywhere. "What is Erich *now*? There stands the poor fellow, and it is ridiculous to think of his competing for the same object with a Prancken!"

The Princess said that she would prefer the open air to the house.

They went to the *salon* adjoining the balcony, where breakfast had been prepared, and Sonnenkamp made bold to say that the Prince and his retinue must put up with the simple, extempore breakfast which a burgher had to offer.

Frau Ceres had the honor of sitting at the Prince's right, while Frau Dournay, at the Prince's request, sat at his left. The Princess sat between Sonnenkamp and Roland.

Erich had the good fortune to meet an old comrade in the person of one of the gentlemen in attendance, and entered into conversation with him.

"You must enter soon now," said the Prince turning to Roland.

Sonnenkamp looked at him in surprise. The Prince must certainly know *when* Roland was to enter. The good man expected every instant that the Prince would give the wink to a gentleman, who would then present him with his patent of nobility; but nothing of the sort took place. The Prince conversed earnestly with the Professor's widow, and expressed his deep regret that the Court should be deprived of so noble and intelligent a lady as she. They soon rose from the table, and Sonnenkamp overflowed with joy to hear how admiringly the Prince praised the park, the hothouses, and the artistic manner in which the fruit was cultivated. As they were standing in the orchard, the Prince suddenly turned to Frau Dournay and said:

"Where is your sister-in-law, the lovely Claudine?"

"She is here with us; she lives with me in the house which Herr Sonnenkamp has placed at our disposal."

"Let us call on her," said the Prince abruptly.

They went through the new gate, across the meadow to the vine-clad cottage.

The Aunt was surprised, but preserved her composure; and the Prince said that he never heard the harp now without thinking of Fräulein Claudine. It was one of the dearest memories of his youth when he thought of how he had seen and heard her in his mother's chamber, where she used, in enjoyment of the tabouret, to sit with her long curls, and play the harp; it was the most beautiful romance of his youth. He continued to express his gratitude to the sister of his teacher, and said that he considered Herr Sonnenkamp fortunate in having two such women for his neighbors.

The Prince wished to make these people happy, and thought to do so by means of his porcelain flowers of speech; and was fully persuaded that from this day forward Aunt Claudine would have a pleasure and a joy hitherto all unknown.

He remained a long time at the cottage, and ordered the carriages to be brought there for their departure.

Erich, who had not been asked to accompany them, remained at the Villa and entered into conversation with a large negro named Adams.

Tho negro, who wore a fantastic livery, soon opened his heart to Erich, and said that he had belonged to a circus, and been much applauded as a leaper and a man of prodigious strength. The Prince's brother, who had visited America, had

bought him and taken him to Europe. He was now the Prince's favorite lackey. He lamented only that his wife—a white woman who had loved him dearly—and his son, were dead, and he had no other wife.

Erich had never before spoken with a man who had been a slave, and could not help telling Adams how deeply it moved him to do so.

Erich did not dream that, while he was conversing with the negro, he was being discussed at the cottage. His aunt, with great stress, turned the conversation on him, and told the Prince what a fine man Erich had become. As he was about to enter his carriage the Prince said to Frau Dournay, in a loud voice :

“Where is your son? Tell him that I would gladly have him remember that he was my early companion.”

The Prince and his followers moved away. The negro, who sat on the back-seat, looked back for a long time. Sonnenkamp was in very bad humor, and told Prancken that this visit of the Prince had taken a very singular turn: he did not understand it; he was not accustomed to such treatment. Evidently Sonnenkamp was deeply disappointed.

When the party returned to the Villa, Manna went to Erich and said :

“The Prince gave your mother a special greeting to you, and you are to remember that you were his early companion.”

Erich answered, much pleased:

“The only delightful thing in the Prince's kind message is that you have brought it to me, Fräulein Manna.”

They were all surprised at the evident good feeling between Manna and Erich. Prancken ground his teeth and clenched his fists at this insufferable impudence of the schoolmaster.

“Where were you?” demanded Sonnenkamp.

“Talking with the Prince's servant.”

Sonnenkamp gave him a singular look, and then went to his hothouse.

Prancken said in a loud voice that he was going away too, evidently expecting that Manna would protest against his doing so. But he was mistaken; Manna said nothing, and Prancken rode away, leaving the household in a singularly perplexed state of mind.

CHAPTER XI.

HOMAGE FROM ABOVE.

WHEN a flash of lightning has convulsed the heavens at night, one first comprehends, at its vanishing, how dark the night is, and one's eyes are blinded. Thus it was after the

departure of the Prince from Villa Eden. Everybody avoided each other's eyes; everybody went his own way; but no one was more honest in the expression of his anger and disenchantment than Joseph, the valet, and the steward did not say him nay. Indeed, he could not talk much, for his mouth was full of sweet morsels which had been left over from the feast; but he nodded in grim silence, and his face became very, very red. Joseph, however, gave vent to his feelings:

"They didn't leave a stiver to drink their healths with! What's left of all this mighty show? Nothing! And it's no finer at Court, and they're not better served, and don't have better things to eat. They ought to be ashamed of themselves! Not to leave a single particle of money for the servants!"

Yes, so it was. No one, except possibly Aunt Claudine, had anything substantial to remind one of the Prince's visit.

Sonnenkamp pondered and racked his brains to find out by what he had occasioned the evident revulsion of feeling in the Prince. It cut him to the soul to think that he had to be so dependent on another's whim or glance—*he*, the man who ruled all at his will and like a lord. With a mortification which made his cheeks tingle, he recalled every incident of the visit, and at last thought that he had found the reason of the Prince's coldness. It had been shown only by his tugging at his gloves, but undoubtedly that was it. He had expressed to the Prince his delight at knowing that he was soon to drink new health at the same fountain with his royal master; and as the Prince had looked at him interrogatively, had added that he was just about to set out for Karlsbad, where he would have the daily delight of looking upon the countenance of his Prince. Yes, that was it, for the Prince had given him a quick and amazed glance, and tugged at his gloves.

Sonnenkamp recognized the fact that he had made a decided mistake in not being more reticent, for the Prince's trip to the baths had not yet been officially announced. Sonnenkamp had been overhasty, and betrayed the fact that he had secret information. This compulsory humility and circumspection angered Sonnenkamp more than his own want of address. Why couldn't the Prince take it in good part? Had not Sonnenkamp given a good and, as he thought, a graceful turn to the affair?

And as the thoughts of the self-tormentor went on, new signs of the royal displeasure rose before him. Had not the Prince said to Aunt Claudine:

"Here at your house I am perfectly comfortable, and find my customary life disturbed by nothing!"

The Prince was evidently offended by seeing that secret preparations had been made for his visit: he must be looked upon by spying eyes.

And then Sonnenkamp's anger turned anew, not to himself, but to the Prince.

The Prince should have considered how long he had lived in a foreign land; and the Professor's widow ought to have known how to arrange everything; *she* had lived at Court. Prancken, too, should have been more thoughtful; *he* was one of the Prince's gentlemen.

Sonnenkamp ground his teeth as he thought of the entire company, and for the first time the thought arose in his mind how singular it was that these people should all look so seriously at all this humbug about honor. They must know that it is humbug, and is kept in existence only by one's pretending to have a religious reverence for it.

For an instant Sonnenkamp thought of giving up the whole plan. What was the use of being made noble and entering Court circles, thus laying himself under continual obligations? He was proud of being free, and should he now let himself be tricked up in uniform, and have step, word, and motion dictated by the rules of Court? Rather would he remain as he was, proud of himself, and despise all this society openly, as he now despised it in his heart.

He felt with pain that he had already gone too far: to retreat now would be humiliating. And how long he had been comforting Frau Ceres with this hope, and what responsibilities he had to Prancken, and, above all, to Roland! What would become of him if he should not be ennobled? Should Roland, perhaps, and his descendants again become poor? No! nobility must be achieved. These possessions which he had so boldly gained *should* become hereditary, so that his posterity from generation to generation could not be deprived of their honor and wealth: the Villa and the castles should remain inalienably in his family!

A reminiscence of his own past life rose before him, and he said aloud:

"I owe it to my child to avert from him that which brought me here."

His mind was fully made up: he returned to the house, and pretended that he was extremely delighted with the visit. Yes; when Joseph told him that the Prince had given no money to the servants, he distributed a generous largess, and said that Prancken had been intrusted with it. The servants should spread abroad throughout the vicinity that the Prince had been at Villa Eden and left a great deal of money for the servants to drink his health with. That would make all the neighbors jealous, and their very jealousy would spread the glorious news yet farther; and the best of the whole business was, that it was all a lie.

Sonnenkamp whistled softly to himself—an unmistakable sign that he was pleased and very well satisfied. He paid particular attention to Aunt Claudine, praised her modesty and the great favor of the Prince, which she so richly deserved. It appeared to be a source of the greatest amusement and delight to him to see how people decline being praised, and yet how mightily it tickles them.

On the second evening after this, when Manna and the Aunt went on to the flat roof to examine the stars, they found an excellent telescope there, fixed on a steady support. When they thanked Sonnenkamp for this surprise, he asked, as his only reward for it, that Aunt Claudine should accompany the family to Karlsbad. She declined politely, but decidedly, and so did Frau Dournay.

Prancken had come back. He found it somewhat out of place for him to attempt to play the part of the injured lover; and especially ridiculous would it be to honor this tutor by supposing him to be a rival. He was happy, for Manna greeted him with unembarrassed cordiality, and was more confiding than ever.

"I'm delighted to find," said he to her, "that you, like all other ladies, have something of the sphinx about you. I was mistaken in you, but agreeably mistaken. The enigmatical, always presenting some new problem for solution, makes life fresh."

Manna did not understand him, but asked no question. She said, with regret, that Erich's mother and aunt would not go to Karlsbad with them. Prancken thought this quite becoming; and Manna looked up in surprise, as he spoke of the airs of these Huguenots.

"And Herr Dournay," he added, "will he remain at home, too? You know how decidedly he refused to go to Vichy last year?"

"I don't know," replied Manna. "Papa," said she, for she saw her father approaching, "is Captain Dournay going to the baths with us?"

"Certainly! he belongs to the family, and knows that he does: he has not made the slightest objection."

Prancken was perplexed; but he found that this pliability was very natural, adding that Herr Captain Dournay—he repeated the title with a peculiar unction—that Herr Captain Dournay would probably meet his friend Adams, the negro lackey, at Karlsbad, and could renew the friendship which he had already formed. Prancken probably thought that this would be a severe blow at Erich; but to his surprise, neither Manna nor Sonnenkamp uttered a word; so he was obliged to look about for a conclusion to his sentence, which he found by remarking that these atheists and democrats seemed to feel ne-

cessitated to break up the foundations of society, and even go so far as to make negroes their brothers. Nevertheless, it must be said of Herr Dournay that his practice agreed with his principles.

Bella and Clodwig came to the Villa, but only stopped long enough to say that they were going to the baths, and would have the pleasure of meeting their friends there. Bella was, to all appearance, delighted with the thought that they were about to pass a few weeks in daily intercourse with each other: she knew that they would all have a pleasant time, and coolly said to Erich that, if there should be a charity-concert at which she played, he must sing.

Erich, without the least hesitation, said that he would do so.

CHAPTER XII.

THE PRIDE OF OUR PLANET.

THE season at Karlsbad was brilliant, and seldom had so many distinguished guests and adventurers been seen there. Sonnenkamp must be classed among the distinguished, but not without a suspicion that he has some claims to be ranked among the adventurers. He had come with a large retinue, with his wife and daughter, son, tutor, *gouvernante*, and many servants whom he did not clothe in livery, but modestly in good burgher-dress.

The Prince's court, and Clodwig, and Bella, had been already a week at the watering-place when the Sonnenkamps arrived. Clodwig, with a certain ceremony, conducted his young friend to the spring, and told him about how the philosopher Schelling had once led him to the same spot, and had said:

"Notice that this spring is the pride of our planet." Clodwig added that such a medical spring destroyed all conventional distinctions, by saying, "You must leave your lofty and lowly dwelling-places for me: you are all equally high and low." Clodwig was in a liberal frame of mind.

The day on which the Sonnenkamps arrived, witnessed the departure of a man as modest and unobtrusive as he was highly respected. Erich met him just as he was taking his last draught at the spring: this man was Herr Weidmann, who had occasioned a great deal of gossip among the guests at Karlsbad, by being invited several times to dine with the Prince, and having morning conversations with him. There was some doubt as to the statistical part of this gossip, for some were inclined to think that this President of the Chamber of Deputies, this sturdy leader of the opposition had been favored by his Prince with two morning conferences, while others maintained that the correct number was three and even four.

The meeting between Weidmann and Erich was once more merely casual, and Erich was somewhat ashamed of repeating so often, that he would visit Weidmann sometime.

Clodwig introduced his young friend to a banker from the large commercial city, a man well known and very versatile, whom he met every year at some watering-place, either here or at Gastein, or Ostend, and with whom he liked to pass several hours of each day. Although sixty years old, the Banker was as restless as a young man, as eager to learn as a German student, and as talkative as a Frenchman on a railway-train. Clodwig always preserved his tranquillity, and hardly ever spoke while walking; but when he had any proposition or answer to make to his garrulous friend, he stood still.

The Banker at once told Erich with some eagerness that he was a Jew: it was evident that Clodwig had told him a great deal about Erich. The nervous quickness with which the Banker joined himself to Erich hardly met a full return; for Erich was accustomed to speak rather than to listen. He was jealous, too, for he had looked forward with pleasure to the opportunity of passing days and weeks with Clodwig, and now this Banker took up much of his friend's time.

The Countess Bella and the Prince were of course interesting topics of conversation at the breakfast-table, being snapped at as eagerly as the dainties. The Countess's wardrobe was passed in review, but what occasioned particular remark, was the fact, that the Prince took almost daily walks with her, in which they seemed to enjoy themselves vastly; the Prince being often heard to laugh outright at Bella's clever rejoinders. Clodwig also received many marks of favor from his Highness.

Bella found a sort of court for herself; she breakfasted with a select circle in the open air before all the world, and her table was always graced with the most charming of flowers. It was even said that the band played waltzes of her composition.

The Wine-cavalier and the painter Potiphor—as Bella called him, for he had the misfortune to be named Schneider—passed some days at the baths. This was the fourth watering-place which the former gentleman had rejoiced this Summer with his exquisitely elegant manners, his private collection of pictures, and his clever anecdotes. He had, of course—indeed he often said so—come to Karlsbad merely to pay his respects to his honored neighbors. Bella received him quite coolly, and even Clodwig excused himself on the ground of not having much time to spare, and after the Wine-cavalier had played a few games of chess with a renowned player who happened to be there, he departed.

Potiphor, the painter, gave Erich glowing accounts of all the adventures of the men and women who were here seeking to be

healed, and found his listener singularly *naïf* and unsophisticated in this inexhaustible department of thought.

Every morning Sonnenkamp met Bella and the Prince walking together, and the lady nodded graciously to him, and even the Prince inclined his head, but in spite of these frequent meetings had not yet spoken to him.

The Privy-councillor was among the Prince's followers, and with him and a police justice, who, like a satellite, revolved round his princely master from afar, Sonnenkamp made his morning rounds.

Prancken, who lived independently, nevertheless joined himself to the Sonnenkamps, and soon became a power among the society at Karlsbad.

A beautiful Russian lady of rank, who always took her walks habited in deep black, covered her face with a heavy veil, and never spoke to anybody, was Sonnenkamp's rival for the prize of creating the greatest sensation. It was said that she had been so unfortunate as to discover, only a few days after her marriage, that her husband had another wife.

Manna did not enter society in the mornings, but attended early Mass, and then remained at home, busying herself with her harp. She had selected a room where she could play without being overheard.

Frau Ceres occasioned great excitement among the visitors. Every morning she was propelled to the spring in a hand-carriage, holding a little dog in her lap, and a new-blown rose in her hand.

Prancken was very earnest in his attentions to her, and Miss Perini was always near her carriage.

At noon, Frau Ceres donned her loveliest apparel and walked in the promenade.

This made quite a sensation among the visitors, and many an eye would look wonderingly after her of a morning, pondering why she, who was perfectly healthy, should make her way through the throng in a hand-carriage. But Frau Ceres had her delight in this universal attention, for it seemed to her *only* attention—she did not see that it was half envious contempt.

After the first three days, Erich forbade his pupil to go to the spring in the morning. Sonnenkamp, who liked to see everybody admiring his son, objected, but Erich explained that it was impossible for a person to retain what he had learned after hearing music in the morning; and so the two remained at home and studied together. Whenever they appeared men and women were unanimous in saying, that they had never seen a handsomer boy or a finer-looking man.

Prancken was forced to lament the distinguished favor shown

him by his Prince, for it often kept him whole days away from his friends.

Sonnenkamp could boast of being one of the "exclusives," and had Bella to thank for it. He did not trouble himself much because his distinguished friends said in private, that one need not continue an acquaintance formed at a watering-place. He hoped, and was even fully persuaded, that the decision would here be formed which should place him in the great world; and in anticipation of this, he already comported himself as an equal among equals, with the most profound equanimity.

Since being here, he had experienced a new pleasure in life, for his intercourse with Bella had taken an unexpected turn. They had always had a secret and unexpressed liking for each other, principally arising from the fact, that they admired each other's boldness and ability; and recognized this as the only authentic ground of distinction from the common run of mortals. Their daily intercourse now made them become more thoroughly acquainted with what they had only caught accidental glimpses of during their Winter sojourn at the Metropolis.

Bella fully agreed with him that society and its usages were nothing but a compact of lies: no one believes in others, no one respects others, and all that people lay such great stress on is nothing but a pretence, a humbug which, to be sure, it is well enough to uphold so long as it serves one's purpose; it is only a few numskulls of teachers and idea-hunters, who are so far behind the age, as to believe in these gods which our own hands have made.

Sonnenkamp was filled with admiration of Bella, and held that she was the only woman he had ever met with who had any strength of mind. And, in spite of her conviction that all things recognized as good and beautiful are only lying conventionalities, Bella knew that *this* judgment, at least, was based on truth. She *knew* that she was bold, and acknowledged Sonnenkamp's right to act in accordance with that boldness, of which he possessed an amount not less than hers.

He frequently gave her to understand that he was the only person who fully understood her great nature, and once told her directly:

"A man who had such a wife as you, and was himself a strong man, might build a new throne on the earth. I'm glad to have met a nature like yours, born to command."

He said this in a semi-polite way; but Bella knew that he meant it, and stored it away in her mind, whereby her indignation was stirred against this petty world, where one half of the people are content to occupy themselves with intrigue, and

the other half busy themselves with what they call humanity, but what she knew to be sheer sentimentality.

And so, even when they passed each other casually, their salutation was no unmeaning ceremony. It had a deep significance; it showed that there was a secret and cordial understanding between them. As they interchanged glances, their eyes said, "We alone are the strong. We are great enough to despise this trifling world."

One beautiful July morning, Bella gave a great breakfast. The Sonnenkamps were invited, and even Manna came with her mother. The Privy-councillor, the Adjutant-general, and many a gentleman and lady of the first nobility of all lands, had been summoned to the feast.

The breakfast-table was adorned with the most gorgeous and exquisite flowers, which excited general admiration.

Bella pointed to Sonnenkamp as the generous and thoughtful giver, and gave her guests a lively description of Herr Sonnenkamp's skill in horticulture and the arrangement of flowers—Herr Sonnenkamp, who was known to all the world as the greatest of artistic gardeners—she even called him the very high-priest of flowers.

Sonnenkamp was charmed with the expression.

Manna said, timidly, that it hurt her to see the way in which flowers were absolutely thrown away here in the city. She thought that the real character of flowers was destroyed by collecting and binding them in bunches. Above all was this true of roses; their delicate nature was hurt by treating them so.

Erich answered, that without flowers city-life would be wanting, not only in splendor, but in cheerfulness. Even the purest and most beautiful things were not secure from misuse and excess; but this fact should not make us forget what they really are.

Prancken noticed what an impression these words had made, and said, laughingly, that he, too, disliked to see roses bound in garlands. Flowers, birds, and ladies are all that embellish this weary round of life, and must be dealt with tenderly, and left unshackled and free.

The conversation now became lively; and what with the feeling that they were at the "Springs," and the freshness of the morning, everybody overflowed with good-nature. And, to cap the climax, they had a target at which to discharge the shafts of their pleasantry. This was a long lieutenant from Schwarzburg-Sondershausen, which Bella insisted on calling Schwarzhausen-Sonderburg. The long lieutenant had openly confessed that he had come to the baths for the express purpose of bestowing on some wealthy young lady of the commonalty,

the blessing of nobility. He had confided this to Bella, and she took immense delight in making a butt of him.

The long lieutenant submitted with a good grace; he had a standing joke, which was that, " 'pon honor," he was sorry that Roland was not Sonnenkamp's daughter, for he could have married her then.

Manna blushed, for this said openly that she was regarded as Prancken's affianced wife.

There was a great deal said about the abandoned, dissolute, and frivolous conduct of many of the guests at the springs, Manna listened and said to herself:

"It is well to understand the whole hurly-burly of this wicked world, before leaving it forever."

Erich suspected what was passing through her mind, and said to her softly:

"God says in the Bible that he would have spared Sodom if one righteous man could have been found in it: and this is always true. That sun shines, the birds sing, the flowers bloom, and the world is better and more virtuous than it seems."

"Then you are a believer?" asked Manna.

"Yes! but my faith is different from yours."

When they rose from the table, Clodwig, Sonnenkamp, Erich, Roland, and the Banker, went to take a walk in the woods. Bella kept Manna with her; and as Prancken was off duty to-day, he remained with them.

Bella and Manna discussed how the latter should dress at the next reunion, for the Countess had succeeded in having Sonnenkamp and his family invited to one which was shortly to take place, and at which, with this exception, only those of the most select nobility of Europe were to assemble. Manna had begged to stay at home, but this was instantly refused as being utterly impossible, and she was forced to yield.

In the mean while the gentlemen were walking in the woods. Erich had joined Clodwig, who smiled when his friend said that he had never spent a season at a watering-place before, and the life almost made him crazy. Clodwig stood still as Erich said that there ought to be some place at which people could spend a few weeks annually to recuperate their souls; this paying exclusive attention to bodily health, was nothing but narrow egoism.

"You will never be quite at home in the world," said Clodwig, as he walked on.

At a bend in the road Erich left Clodwig, and Sonnenkamp joined him. Clodwig found something both attractive and repulsive in being with Sonnenkamp, for he had never known such a man before. Above all, he recognized a certain courage in him, for the man never assumed disguises.

Sonnenkamp again tried to secure Clodwig's aid in furtherance of his plan of entering the nobility, but received a handling to which he was a perfect stranger, for Clodwig crushed him with polite words:

"I wonder at your courage and persistence," said he, which, being interpreted, meant: "I am astounded at your impudence and importunity."

"You are indefatigable and were born for power,"—which meant: "You are a shameless tyrant."

Sonnenkamp had experienced many things, but never before had he learned how one may be driven almost mad by words which are the quintessence of politeness. But still he smiled, for he dared not let his mortification be seen, and Clodwig was so quiet all the time, so self-possessed, and kept tapping away at his gold snuff-box as if to tell all the tickling spirits within it: "Just wait a bit: the man's going to take a good strong pinch." At last he opened the box and offered Sonnenkamp a pinch, who took it with exquisite grace and gratitude.

In the mean time Erich was walking with the Banker, for they both could sound Clodwig's praises. The Banker thought that probably no one but a nobleman could be so liberal and thoroughly humane.

Roland's eyes said to Erich: "Do you see, this man thinks so too!"

Erich eagerly denied the assertion, and the Banker, who assumed a sort of patronizing air toward the young scholar, readily allowed himself to be corrected, and joined in Erich's enthusiastic praise of his friend.

Erich was pleasantly surprised when he reached home after his morning walk: his teacher, Professor Einsiedel, had arrived.

The good, profound little scholar was utterly helpless; and seemed to himself to be a stranger in a strange land, for his colleague, the first physician of the University, had banished him to this place. Erich found lodgings and a restaurant for him, and everything else, and was glad to render him all the assistance in his power.

As Erich was talking with his teacher, he saw Sonnenkamp in the distance conversing with Professor Crutius, who had just arrived in town.

Crutius evidently wished to decline conversation with Sonnenkamp, but did not know how to manage it. Sonnenkamp offered him his hand at parting, but he refused it; grasped his hat and politely bade him good-day.

Erich had the good luck to find a place for his teacher at the same hotel at which he was stopping.

CHAPTER XIII.

BODY AND SOUL IN A WHIRL.

MANNA walked up and down in the great saloon ; she was charmingly dressed, and flowers were in her hair ; but as she passed the large mirror, and saw the reflection of her naked shoulders, she blushed, and covered them more closely with clouds of lace. Erich and Roland entered, and Erich stood motionless.

"You are late," said Manna.

Erich answered that he had been engaged in arranging his teacher's affairs, and expressed his wish that Manna would aid him in giving pleasure to that sensitive man.

"Your teacher?" said Manna, and her voice again seemed veiled in tears. "Introduce me to him to-morrow. But now make haste, so as to be at the reunion in time."

"I have not been invited," replied Erich.

"No ! they didn't invite him, and now *I* shall not go," cried Roland.

Sonnenkamp and his wife entered the room, but no persuasion—not even Erich's—could induce Roland to go. So the rest went, and then Roland seemed sorry for not having accompanied them.

Erich had to take him to the tribune, from which the dancing could be seen.

Prancken led off, and Manna shared that honor with him. She appeared to be enjoying herself ; her cheeks glowed, and Roland was vexed to see that she did not once look toward the tribune.

But Manna seemed to herself to be out of her element, and in the midst of the merriment said to Prancken :

"Have you heard that Captain Dournay's teacher has arrived?"

Prancken scowled. "She's always thinking of him, even in the midst of all this jollity," thought he to himself. He did not speak for awhile, but finally said, as pleasantly as he could :

"Oh, his teacher ! Aren't you beginning to get tired of the whole pack of scholars ? Here are music, dancing, pleasure—Come !"

He swung her into the circle of dancers, and she seemed to herself to be flying through the air.

"Let's go," said Roland to Erich.

They left the hall, and wandered through the moonlit paths in the grove over which they had walked in the morning.

"Isn't there any way," said Roland, "of telling you a secret which was intrusted to me, but which I find it hard work to keep ? I would like to talk to you about it. May I tell it?"

"No. You should never break your word, or you will lose all control over yourself."

Roland sighed; he wanted to tell Erich that his family was to be ennobled.

As they emerged from the forest into the clearing, and looked down at the village and the valley bathed in moonlight, and heard the music from the hall wandering like lost melody through the air, Roland said:

"I think that Manna was announced this evening as Prancken's fiancée; I suspect so, at least. Mother thinks that that other secret will be told sooner and better in that way. You can guess what it is, can't you?"

It needed all Erich's self-control to tell Roland that it was not right for him to speak of family matters that had been meant for him only.

He spoke in a trembling voice. What he had known so long suddenly seemed to him new, unheard-of, impossible. He felt with delight, and yet with a shudder, that Manna had become dearer to him than she should have become. He dug into the earth with his cane, and bent it so that it snapped in his hand. Then he told Roland that they would return to the house.

Just as they were entering the house the carriage came up. Sonnenkamp alighted, and after him Frau Ceres and Manna.

"Are you Prancken's fiancée?" asked Roland.

"You're a silly boy," answered Manna, as she sprang up the steps.

Sonnenkamp asked Erich to come to his room, and told Roland to go to bed.

"Here's a mild brand of cigars; take one," said Sonnenkamp to Erich, as he leaned back in his chair.

"Captain, I regard you as one of us, and hope you will always remain so."

Erich shuddered. Could the father have his suspicions? Had Roland's awkward question moved the man to tell him that he must give up all thoughts of his daughter? Or was he about to offer him his daughter's hand? There was plenty of time for these contradictory thoughts to pass through his mind, for Sonnenkamp made quite a pause. He had evidently expected that Erich would return some answer to his confidential remark. But as he remained silent, Sonnenkamp rose and walked up and down the room. Suddenly he stood still before Erich, and said:

"To-day I give you the most unmistakable sign that I regard you as one of us. Give me your hand."

Erich did so, and he started as he felt the iron ring on the man's hand. Sonnenkamp continued:

"I assure you that I honor your reserve."

Erich's eyes wandered restlessly about. What could this mean? Sonnenkamp took several hasty puffs at his cigar, and continued:

"You have never spoken of what is going on, and you certainly must have noticed it."

Erich was very uneasy—Sonnenkamp made such unusual pauses. At last he reluctantly jerked out the words:

"You know that I have an idea that I shall enter the nobility?"

"No, I didn't know that."

"No? Indeed! Then Roland never gave you a hint—"

"A hint of a secret, certainly; but I told him that he must never even whisper a secret intrusted to him."

"Good! You're a good teacher. I thank you—I thank you very much. I shall be yet more grateful to you; I will show you how. In plain words, my dear Captain, you can essentially forward and accelerate the business."

"I?"

"Yes, you. You are the friend of our noble Count Wolfsgarten; he is connected with the family, but he always declines to discuss the matter with me or my friends. You know me, my dear Captain; you have observed my life. You have a sharp eye; but I have a right to expect that, with all my faults,—and unfortunately I have faults,—you think of me justly, and as a philanthropist. You are a man who acts as he thinks. Do you take?"

"I must confess that I don't quite understand yet."

"Well, then, in a few days I shall go to a country fête at Hans Heilingthal, and will take the Jew with me. You will go with your friend Wolfsgarten and easily find out what opinion he will express or has expressed in regard to the matter."

"Would not Herr von Prancken, or the Countess, or the Privy-councillor be better fitted for such a work than I?"

"No! or I should not trouble you. Count Wolfsgarten has steadily declined to express himself, and always says, in his pedantic—I mean his refined and decided way—that nobody else may know the opinion which he is to express confidentially to his Prince. The Prince is going away in a few days and is in a good humor. My dear Dournay, you will find this out for me, won't you? You can do it so easily!"

"Herr Sonnenkamp," replied Erich, "awhile ago you had the goodness to say that I had done well in keeping Roland from betraying a secret to me. Now, how can I—"

"Ah, my dear fellow," said Sonnenkamp interrupting him, "one forbids children to do a good many things that he himself may do. I honor, I respect your truthfulness. I know what a sacrifice it would be fully, completely; but will you make this sacrifice for me?"

Erich tried to decline the mission : Sonnenkamp threw back his head and whistled inaudibly as Erich said that he was not fitted to pump people, and considered it treasonable to disclose what a friend should tell him in confidence.

"And besides," said he, in conclusion, "I don't believe that Count Wolfsgarten would tell me anything about it."

Sonnenkamp inwardly felt highly indignant, but now he showed his power of self-control. He praised Erich's conscientiousness ; he spoke enthusiastically of his refined delicacy, of his moral purity and his magnanimity ; yes, he even begged his pardon for having for a short period imagined him to be something more than Bella's friend. He excused this short-lived injustice by his sad experiences, and declared himself supremely happy in having at length met a truly noble and disinterested man.

Erich had never supposed that the man understood him so well, and thought that he must unquestionably be a superior nature himself, in being able to recognize the noble aims of others.

Sonnenkamp noted the impression he had produced ; he laid his hand on Erich's shoulder, and continued in a trembling, almost tearful tone :

"My dear young friend ! Yes, my friend—I call you so, for you are my friend—even if I personally have not the right to be so near to you as I could desire, bear in mind, that you would be accomplishing something great, something positively necessary—not for me, of what importance am I ? but for our Roland—for our Roland," he repeated emphatically.

The mention of this name seemed to recall Erich to himself. He replied by asking why Herr Sonnenkamp desired Roland to be a nobleman.

"Oh, my friend !" continued Sonnenkamp, growing more affectionate, "this is the last, the only aim of all my labor in the Old and in the New World. Oh, my friend ! who knows how soon I may die ! But you will remain the friend, the support of my son. Come, give me your hand—you will remain to him. I shall die calmly and trustfully, because I shall know him to be under your care. Ah ! no one knows how sick I am—to what agonies I am a prey. I sustain myself by main force, but inwardly I am broken. The troubles and battles of life have crushed something within me, though it does not appear so to the world. It may end suddenly some day, and then I should like to leave my son safely provided for. You, my dear friend, you love our beautiful, our glorious German fatherland : you will gain for our fatherland a faithful, powerful son. Look ! If Roland remain as he is—if he retains the name he now bears—he will always consider himself a citizen of the world yonder, and

will never become a true son of our great German fatherland, the only land where a man of noble mind and great resources can fulfil a philanthropic mission. Pardon me if I do not express myself to you as warmly as I feel, and as I ought to do. Let me add only this: You have done so much for Roland, do your best now to make him Germany's son—if not for our sake, for the sake of our common fatherland."

Sonnenkamp knew very well how deeply the chord he had touched resounded in Erich; and added to this were the sorrowful, fervent tone of a father, and an expression of the eyes so large, so full, so devout, that he seemed to look not only beyond his own death, but beyond all individual, personal existence. Erich was deeply moved, and he said:

"I would give my life for Roland—"

Sonnenkamp wanted to embrace him, but Erich begged him to let him finish:

"I can give my life, but not my principles. I am ready at any moment to be converted by reasonable arguments. Do you really believe that it would be a source of happiness to Roland to be ennobled?"

"The only one; there is no other. You surely do not misjudge me, my dear, excellent friend. I acknowledge freely that I value money highly; I have acquired it by hard labor, and would like to keep it. I should like to change my movable property into immovable property—at least, a great part of it. My son shall enjoy freely that which I have acquired by unremitting toil. Oh, my friend! you do not know—it is well that you do not know—by what blows my life was hardened, because—but don't let me think of that now, it would unnerve me too much to-day. I had a preceptor—he was a sensible man; unfortunately his morality was not as pure as yours, and I remember that he often said to me: 'That man alone is free who is not under the same obligations as other men, but is entitled to higher claims.' A genius, a man like you, my dear friend, is entitled to these by the nature of things, but not every man is a genius. Genius cannot be acquired, consequently we must try to be ennobled, and get a right to higher claims by history. I speak like an unlettered man, don't I?"

"No; the thought is cleverly conceived."

"Oh, let's drop all cleverness. But stop! here's the main point, and I'm glad that I remember it. It was you that first caused me to direct all my mind and energy to this thought."

"I? why I?"

"Remember. On the day of your entrance into my house, you told me—and since then you have often confirmed it—that Roland had no peculiar talent which could oblige him to devote

himself to any particular calling. At the time it pained me, but it is perfectly true. Just because Roland is not endowed with genius, he shall become noble; that gives position and firm footing even to average natures, who are incapable of conquering anything for themselves. A nobleman is not thin-skinned—there's the blessing of the nobility. You're a Baron—you're a Count—that means that you're something ready-made. You needn't first become something; if you are anything in addition, the world is grateful to you for it, and finds it very kind of you. We common people must, all of us, work before we become anything. We are nothing by nature, except this one thing—we are thin-skinned. Ah, my dear friend, I'm afraid I'm making a sad mess of it."

"Not at all."

"Let me add only this: When Roland, in the course of time—perhaps soon—enters into possession of millions, he will be a nobleman: he not only stands in the closed ranks, but he has, in addition, all the obligations and higher duties of honor, charity, public usefulness, and has them doubly, because he is of new nobility. Oh, my friend! I'm opening my whole heart to you—my whole heart. I know almost all of the inhabited world; and shall I tell you what I have found?"

"I should consider it a great kindness."

"Know then—" Sonnenkamp put both hands on Erich's shoulder and said: "You are a philosopher, a courageous thinker—learn something of me."

"Willingly."

"Well, my friend, there are three human associations which hold together, so that no member stands alone. You must belong to one of these three, in this degraded world—"

Sonnenkamp paused, and as Erich looked at him inquiringly, he continued:

"Yes, my friend, in this world you must be either a Jew, a Jesuit, or a nobleman. You smile? You're surprised? I'll explain myself. Look at the whole world, and you will find that these three alone hold together, faithfully, constantly; they still form a real community. My son *cannot* become a Jew, he *ought not* to become a Jesuit, he *must* become a nobleman."

Erich was confounded by all that Sonnenkamp imparted to him; his sense of liberty still resisted, but he saw how very firmly this thought had taken hold of Sonnenkamp, and looking back now, he saw clearly how everything had always been based upon and directed to it. And might it not after all be for the better, if Roland were to be ennobled? would not this alone be capable of giving him a real home in Germany?

Late into the night, Sonnenkamp explained how necessary a title was for Roland; and like one overworked, Erich finally

gave his promise, that he would use his influence with Clodwig for the desired end. Restlessly he tossed in his bed, he looked upon himself as a renegade; but the tempter again said:

"In the end it will be neither you nor he who has accomplished it, but the Prince. The thing would be accomplished without you, and why should you show yourself disobliging and ungrateful?"

CHAPTER XIV.

THE TEACHER'S TEACHER.

BALL"—"Americans"—"Betrothed"—these were the words which in the morning, at the spring, could be heard spoken in every language. It is entirely unreasonable to introduce the festivities of Winter here, where only invalids lounge about.

Frau Ceres' carriage appeared at the spring no more; she had her goblets brought home from the well; and in the church in town, long after Mass was over, Manna lay before the altar, trembling with emotion.

She implored help in her struggle against the world. Mindful of the Priest's words, that wherever she came she was to open her heart to a father, a brother, she had intended to confess here too, but she did not do it, for she could not have told all. For the first time in her life, she left the church with a soul heavily laden.

Away on the mountains, Erich strayed about, battling with himself: Sonnenkamp had spoken very openly to him, but one thing he had not mentioned, that Pranken was postponing the betrothal until Manna should be ennobled. He was angry with himself, because his meditations had brought him to this conclusion, and because it, perhaps, increased his opposition, although he might not own it to himself.

He was startled by suddenly hearing his name called, and yet it had been called, by a very gentle voice. It was Professor Einsiedel, who met him here.

What better man could he wish for, to comfort, to clarify him?

The thought crossed his mind, that he would lay all his embarrassing doubts before this man, of such childlike purity, and yet such manly judgment; but he, too, could not confess, could not tell everything; and so he locked all up in his own breast.

The good little man complained that it was inconceivable to him, that now he was to do nothing for weeks, to live bookless, and to think only of nursing his body; and he said repeatedly with a childlike smile, that a water-cure like this, was, in

fact, a sort of peripatetic hospital, and he might as well have taken his share of sickness in the natural way, in bed.

But soon he questioned Erich about the progress of his studies, and how far he had advanced with his great work on Slavery.

Before Erich could answer, Professor Einsiedel informed him that he was continually taking notes for him. That it was most extraordinary to see in what strong words Luther had justified the existence of serfdom from a religious point of view.

"I do not cast reproaches upon Luther," he added, "he shared the opinions of his time; just as others at other times believed in demons, and the exorcism of them. And to what degree the opinions of that time were shared even by the ablest men, is proven by Bossuet's saying: 'Whoever says that there shall be no slaves, sins against the Holy Spirit.' Who can say how incomprehensible our prejudices will appear to future centuries?"

On this morning-walk Erich experienced a satisfaction to which he had long been a stranger. Professor Einsiedel had looked shyly about him in the forest, as if no one should learn the great secret which he revealed when he said:

"Dear Doctor,"—he always called Erich, Doctor—"I too have reflected much upon the problem of educating a rich youth. I have not arrived at any absolute result. The absolute, indeed, is only a creation of our fancy. But to train a man intellectually and ethically, so that you may, to a degree—bear in mind, please, that I say to a degree—so that you may approximatively, I say, feel sure or expect that he will in each given case consider the higher moral law; that is the only thing we can reasonably propose to do. And I must be greatly mistaken, if you have not already attained this point with your pupil. As far as I know the world—and I was a preceptor too in my time, though I admit only for a little while—as far as I know the world, aristocrats by birth, and most likely all rich people too, have only wishes and desires; our task is to change all wishing, and desiring, and expecting, into volition and action; there is good foundation for this in the handsome youth; he has comprehended the seriousness of life."

The fragrance of the forest had never been so full, the sun had never beamed so brightly, the air had never been so invigorating, the whole world so radiant, as in the moment when Erich received this testimonial from his preceptor. For a long time he walked speechless by his side, and then sat down with him on a bench in the forest: he would have loved to kiss the good little man's delicate hand.

At other times, again, Professor Einsiedel would rouse Erich, by representing to him that he was falling into the common mistake of the wealthy, who forget to cultivate themselves.

"Life with others is well enough," said he, "but life with yourself is better; and I am afraid you have not lived well with yourself."

On one occasion he asked Erich outright how far his work had progressed. Erich felt like a school-boy who is convicted of negligence and reproved; he was forced to confess that he had entirely lost sight of the work. The Professor's face shrivelled up suddenly, as if it would become all wrinkles: he remained silent a long while; at last he said:

"You do yourself and your pupil the greatest harm."

"Me and my pupil?"

"Yes; you have no scientific work besides your daily distracting employment, and therefore it is not given you to possess the elasticity and freshness necessary for a teacher. I, too, have been an instructor, but have always had my own scientific sanctuary, and that has given me strength. It is certainly a requisite of right education, not always to put yourself at the command of your pupil; the pupil must recognize and understand, that besides him there is another being developing his own inner life; that no one ought to have another at his command entirely, always, and with all his powers. You must never consider yourself finished; observe, I say finished. You must steadily continue your education. To be *complete* is the beginning of death. Look at the leaf on the tree: as soon as it has reached the height of its greenness, it begins to turn yellow and wither."

Erich trembled within himself. What the Professor expressed openly in the quiet forest-path, he had often felt, but never been willing to confess.

"*'Non semper arcum tendit Apollo,'* as Virgil says," replied Erich, quoting his teacher's favorite poet.

"Bravo! Good! That pleases me! It is true that Apollo does not always stretch his bow, but he never lays it by; it remains his inseparable insignia."

For some time they walked silently along, and the Professor began again:

"You are still young; these are the morning hours of your life, which you must not neglect. I warn you as a teacher, and as a father—yes, as if I were your father's spirit. It is my right and my duty to say this, for you should allow your father to serve as a warning."

"My father serve as a warning!"

"Yes; how thorough and noted a scholar he was, it is not necessary for me to say; but your father often complained, that even the slight part he played in society had made his connection with science suffer; he could not recover his systematic habits. Nay, still more. He thought about men when

he wrote, and one ought to think only of the idea; that is our religion. If we lose that, we are the wickedest idolaters, and our idol is not even as substantial as a statue in a temple. It is the vainest kind of an idol; the changeable mood of society."

Still Erich said nothing, and the gentle little man continued:

"You see, there is the wonderful coherence of the world again. Our clerical professor had to overcome my opposition; it came very hard to me to resolve upon the journey to these springs for the sake of my cure; and he knew not, and I knew not, that perhaps I have been sent hither to be a source of health to you."

"Yes, that you are," cried Erich, seizing the little hands of his master. He explained that yet, for a short time, until Roland entered upon his chosen vocation, he wished to devote himself to him. After that he would again serve science alone.

The Professor admonished him not to wait until then; for the mind's relation with the idea ought never to be interrupted.

"But then," added he, "I'm not altogether opposed to your devoting yourself to practical life; only you must decide one way or the other."

Erich returned to the town a new man; inwardly roused, he saw the danger ahead. Through his position among men—through the promulgation of thoughts and facts, which he acquired in solid study, he might "shine in society" without progressing in his own mind.

In a way, very different from the Doctor's, had the Professor laid hold of his inmost being.

With a zeal which astonished Roland, Erich resumed his teaching, and he was happy to make the Professor better acquainted with Clodwig, with the Banker, with Sonnenkamp, and especially with Roland.

Professor Einsiedel took special pleasure in Roland, and the latter renewed the name which he had once given him: he called him "Grand-teacher;" he was so reverent and devotedly attentive that Erich felt a twofold gladness of heart when he saw the two together. Many words which the little man spoke sank deep into the boy's soul, and Roland once said to Erich:

"One can scarcely believe that the long lieutenant and the Professor belong to the same race of men!"

Erich gladly allowed his pupil to walk alone with the Professor; and he was rejoiced when Einsiedel said to him, after a few days:

"You have accomplished a good work: the youth has that idealistic pride which might be called aristocratic feeling. He can never, I believe, fall into vice and meanness, because his beautiful pride makes their vulgarity repulsive to him. Yes, it

is so! a self-respect amounting almost to pride, may, if it is rightly directed, become a safe moral principle."

Bella had at first attempted to make the Professor a target for her raillery, but the good little man looked at her with such childlike pity, and again with such gentle reproachfulness, that she soon gave up the practice, and entirely overlooked the good Professor.

This insignificant, and apparently inexperienced little man had a very correct opinion of men, and things, and events. He awarded Clodwig the grand antique title of a "Good-beautiful" man; and he was particularly pleased with his classical education. He said:

"A classical education is the foundation-wall of great blocks. You put it in the ground, and it remains invisible; but it supports the building thoroughly and safely."

The Banker, too, he found restless; but he praised in him a great spiritual thankfulness, which he designated as a Jewish characteristic; for the Jews, he said, feel a very lively gratitude even for intellectual assistance. For Sonnenkamp, Professor Einsiedel felt a timid dread. He found it very unjust, for the man had not shown himself unfriendly; but he could not conquer the feeling.

He confessed to Erich once, that he was afraid of such strong men; and he always imagined that Sonnenkamp wanted to take him in his arms like a little child, and run away with him.

Moreover, he would never learn to know the man entirely. In the perceptions of character, a man fares much as he does in deciphering a newly-discovered inscription—what his first fresh glance does not make out, he will not find out, no matter how long and intently he may examine!

But an entirely new animation showed itself when Professor Einsiedel became more intimate with Manna.

In his relation with Erich, it soon became clear to him that he had been sent hither as a savior, by the invisible power which unites all life.

In Manna's case, he did not recognize this; and yet, it was so to a still greater degree, for Manna was a seeker, and in need of help; and she attached herself, like a careful daughter, to the courteous little man, who outwardly appeared awkward, and helpless as a child.

As yet, geology and chemistry have not fully discovered how a medicinal spring is formed, and no one can divine how one person becomes by inscrutable preparation a healer and remodeller of another. So Professor Einsiedel influenced Manna in an unforeseen way.

When she told him that she wished to enter the convent, he blessed her, and said:

"If I were a Catholic, I should go into a cloister; but it would be a cloister of a different kind—one inhabited only by men of science, who have neither the time nor the capacity to care for the necessities of life, and yet must accomplish great works."

Manna smiled. She thought of the Krischer, who also wished to go into a cloister, that he might do nothing but drink, in his idleness. But she soon dismissed the comparison, for here were rest and worship of a sacred object, which could rear itself up boldly beside the holy objects of the Church.

She trembled when she thought this; but she could not drive away the thought. She was timid; but, as if in memory of her old courage and her old confidence, she ventured, in the form of a question, to point the Professor to the necessity and the exclusive safety of faith.

She was greatly surprised when the hitherto quiet little man burst out:

"We are no enemies of the Church, for we fight only with the living. The Church could not form the world, or the state, or society. It could establish hospitals and orphan-asylums; that is all. Life belongs not to the Church, but to classical culture and progressive civilization. My child, I have a colleague in the University, who considers that the *corpus juris* has done far more for the settlement of the world than those fragments which are called the Old and New Testaments. I do not entirely agree with him, for the Bible has worked on another nerve in the organism of mankind. And now consider well. The world has inherited two great ideas from classical antiquity; these ideas are the ideas of state and nationality. In these two were mankind absorbed. Then religion came and planted in men's souls the universal similarity, the unity of mankind, so that men should be brothers, and all mankind one. That, religion only could establish. Without religion it could not be accomplished. The Romans could not do that; neither the old nor the new Cæsarism. . . . The Church has fulfilled its mission. It has established the idea of humanity in the world. Now men assemble again in bounded states, in nationalities: but for all that, the idea of the unity of mankind must not be lost. But pardon me, I am lecturing."

"No, no; I understand. Go on, I beg of you."

"Now, then, what was once a pure idea, is not lost in the world; only it should not wish to be, forever and ever, the only expression of fundamental truth. Here is the point which separates us unbelievers, as they call us, from believers. I will give you instances from passing events. But do I not weary you?"

"How can you have such a poor opinion of me?"

"I ask your pardon. Our century is at work upon two great matters—the abolition of serfdom, and the destruction of slavery: both will be accomplished—not by the Church, however, but by the progress of civilization. Pardon me, my child,—I do not mean to shake your faith—but don't touch upon this subject any more, do it no more. I am a patient man, very patient; I disturb no one; but I entreat you, I entreat you earnestly—I must be very urgent—do not attempt to influence me in those subjects. As I have said, I am sorry if I have insulted what is high and holy to you; it will remain so to you, I hope, even if I cast it off. But I entreat, I entreat you most earnestly, never to broach these subjects again to me."

Manna walked beside the Professor, and she wished that a heavenly power might come, and carry her away from his side.

Whither has she come?

What has she been obliged to hear? and that, too, from a man who is no worldling; who desires nothing but to pass his life in peace and quiet.

There came no heavenly power to bear her away, and she calmed herself.

It is well that she has heard this from a man whom she cannot despise. This is the last temptation of the devil; he shall not shake her. So she promised herself, and pressed her hand on her heart, as if she must hold fast to something. But it was done; she could no more comprehend it. The thing for which she wished to sacrifice her life was wholly wrested from her; for there, where she wished to sacrifice it, nothing had been done, nothing for the blotting out of the monstrous evils.

She would keep aloof from the Professor in future; but that would be unjust.

What had the man done, but freely and openly acknowledged his convictions?

She devoted herself to him henceforth from affection; but they both avoided straying into the domain of religion; and only occasionally Manna looked up, and her eyes grew larger when the Professor quoted sayings of the heathens, which she had supposed to be the peculiar property of the Church.

Before her eyes opened a widely-extended horizon, within which the different religions appeared only as promontories; and this insignificant looking, delicately organized little man appeared as the perfect individuality, which, in its humane view, had absorbed and equalized all antagonistic principles. The daily contact with Professor Einsiedel allowed these thoughts and influences to work upon her more strongly and in detail. She saw Erich's reverence for the Professor, his childlike submission, his heartfelt attention, the subjection which he showed every

moment. She watched Erich closely. So this man, in whom self-respect and consciousness were so strongly emphasized, is capable of such modest respect for another.

Professor Einsiedel walked sometimes with a wrinkled little old man, of extremely humble appearance. Whenever they met Manna, and he addressed her, his companion drew back, as if he had no right to force himself into the company of people.

Professor Einsiedel once told Manna the story of his friend.

They had been together at school; the companion left first, because his parents died, and he had to take care of his brothers and sisters. He became book-keeper in a great banking-house; he supported his widowed sister and her children. Amid great privations he saved a considerable sum of money, and once when he had been at the theatre, and came home, he found that his nephew had broken open his desk, and stolen all his money. He had left for America. Without mentioning the fact to any one—for how could he hand over to justice the son of his sister?—he began again to save, to be parsimonious, and so he sacrificed his life to another.

Professor Einsiedel did not suspect how deeply this simple narrative had affected Manna. They surrendered themselves in silence to the influence which the one exerted upon the other.

Einsiedel and Manna found a congenial topic of conversation in Erich's mother. The Professor presumed that Manna was on terms of intimate friendship with the Widow, and he could not find words to describe the self-contained, yet sympathetic nature of that lady.

Manna smiled when he said that Erich's mother had converted him. He had formerly had a very poor opinion of the capacities of women, and believed that they specially lacked the humanity sentiment; but Erich's mother had shown him that all good manly qualities appear still more beautiful in woman. Manna, too, had many pleasant things to say about Erich's mother.

The little man, who seemed to have accidentally entered their circle, had produced an emotion in their minds which lifted them above the tumultuous life of the world and its allurements.

But Sonnenkamp still planned and struggled to gain for himself an important place in society. The Prince, Clodwig, and Bella were going to depart in a few days; if he could not win the favor of the Prince, he would at least ally himself with the great world of rank and distinction.

CHAPTER XV.

THE BRIDAL PROCESSION THAT WAS TURNED TO STONE.

THE day of the fête had come. Roland rode in advance with Prancken. Sonnenkamp went with the Banker, Erich with Clodwig. The day was sunny, but not too hot. A gay and varied company alighted from their carriages on the heights, and wound down the forest-path to the valley.

Erich attempted to approach Clodwig on the subject of Sonnenkamp's elevation to noble rank, but Clodwig caught him up at once, and warned him, with a certain fatherly severity, not to mix himself up with this business. For the first time there was something in Clodwig's look which Erich did not understand. They went along in silence. Erich wrestled with himself, and Clodwig wrestled with himself and with his thoughts about his young friend.

When they reached the valley, Sonnenkamp took Erich aside and asked hastily how Clodwig seemed disposed. Erich answered that Clodwig declined all conversation on the subject.

"I thank you—thank you very much," Sonnenkamp ejaculated, without any apparent reason.

Joseph had already prepared the table in the Hans Heilingthal, on the border of the little brook; Sonnenkamp had only a few slight additions to make. The company that gathered about the board was a very select one, and all were surprised at the completeness of the arrangements. The long lieutenant in particular was very talkative, and Sonnenkamp eyed him more and more wonderingly; for the long lieutenant, though he was not an Austrian, kept calling him Herr von Sonnenkamp. A band of music was stationed in the woods, and played beautiful and enlivening music.

They looked up to the group of rocks, which, according to the old story, was a bridal-procession of men and women who had been turned into stone by the power of the sprites that dwell under the mountain.

"Whence did this legend probably take its rise?" asked Bella, turning to Erich.

Every one listened with pleasure, as Erich explained that it was but one of the Tannhäuser legends, and that among peoples still in the dawn of knowledge systems of legends arose, which were based upon the longing to solve the riddle of the origin of our earth.

At that moment a bugle was suddenly sounded; up on the rock, and below in the valley, a startling spectacle was exhibited. A band of gipsy musicians, fantastically dressed, suddenly appeared and played wild airs; and prominent among them a

young violinist with blue-black hair skipped and danced about, while he kept on fiddling. Every one was full of praises of Sonnenkamp, and said that he was wonderful at arranging surprises; they did not know whether it was his modesty or the truth, when he owned that it was a surprise to him too. A rapid glance between him and Lutz, which no one remarked, showed that he told the truth.

Bella encouraged the gipsies to play wilder and wilder airs; and when she learned that their tribe had pitched their camp in the neighborhood, she went thither with a few of the ladies. Roland must needs accompany them. She regretted that Professor Einsiedel was not there, for he had told her that the language of the gipsies still coincided in many respects with the Sanscrit. Erich was much astonished to find that he could exchange many words with the gipsies in their own tongue. Bella now went around inquiring if there was no one of the company who could draw. The long lieutenant attempted to sketch for her the lean horse nibbling at a bundle of hay, the wagon, and the old women squatting around an open fire. A wild-looking maiden, with deep, penetrating eyes, who wore a wide crinoline and smoked very unconcernedly from a stumpy pipe, soon became Bella's pet. An old gipsy hag cried out, as she pointed her bony finger at Roland:

"He there shall be our king."

"You tell fortunes, do you not?" asked Bella, and reached out her hand to the old woman.

"Not to you," said the hag, "but she there, standing by your side—let her give me her hand."

Manna very reluctantly consented. The hag shouted wildly and cried:

"You have a love, but you shall only catch him over the water, and water flows from your beautiful black eyes. But three sons and two daughters shall you—"

Manna tore herself away, and went on ahead of the others; and though she regarded with contempt this sacrilegious play, in which no one had any faith, she was nevertheless disturbed at heart. Did Pranken contrive this? It seemed almost so, and yet he was innocent. Bella exclaimed:

"I wish to pronounce a ban."

"What is it?" asked many around her.

"For the next fifty years the gipsies shall be placed under the ban, and no poet shall dare to bring them on the stage."

Manna joined the others, but she passed through everything as if in a dream. She thought within her heart that all this had happened to her, only to serve as a recollection, which some day, after she had retired from the world, she could bring up before her mind. In her thought it even already receded to

the distance as something past; she stood in the midst of life as if remote from it; and there was a certain absent air about her, for she clung steadfastly to the thought, that she must renounce all this tumult of the world. This year out in the world was her year of probation, and she rejoiced to think that already many months of the year were past and gone.

Bella, who prided herself on her knowledge of human nature, often shook her head, and confessed to her brother that she did not make Manna out; she had sought to penetrate into her confidence, but Manna always held in reserve a certain something which was never revealed. She never spoke a word to Bella about her anticipations of convent-life.

Bella threw her arm around Manna's waist, and rallied her about the three sons and two daughters; but Manna listened to her, smiling, as if it all had been said of some other being than her.

On the rising slope of the mountain, under shadowy fir-trees, large pieces of carpet were spread out; and upon these the ladies reclined, while the men still remained seated at the table, where, at the suggestion of the long lieutenant, who had finished his sketch, they drew closer around the flagon.

"Why aren't you of noble rank?" the long lieutenant asked Herr Sonnenkamp.

"Because Herr Sonnenkamp is a burgher," Clodwig interposed.

"But burghers can be made nobles, if millions—"

Francken threw an angry glance at his young comrade, who thereupon broke off; but the Privy-councillor, remembering that Clodwig was an important member of the Commission of Orders, to which they looked for a favorable opinion, took it upon him to add:

"But in good-truth, lieutenant, if liberality, if great force, beneficence, and dignity of character can raise their possessor to the noble rank, then Herr Sonnenkamp is—he shall be noble."

The long lieutenant deemed himself the possessor of a ready wit, and such a man is not easily repressed, even when he has not drunk champagne. He exclaimed:

"Very fine, delicious! Count von Wolfsgarten, you're the cleverest man among us. Now, are you also of the opinion that a million should be ennobled—I don't mean the millions, but the man who possesses the millions?"

"It's very gracious in you," answered Clodwig, "to exercise upon me your prerogative of naming the cleverest."

"Thank you," cried the long lieutenant, "the stroke cuts home. But now, if you please, your opinion."

"I think," said a corpulent, retired seneschal, who boasted

that he had already got rid of sixteen pounds in weight—"I think our respected host has the right to demand that this discussion be not pursued any further. Isn't that so, your excellency?" turning to Clodwig.

But before the latter had answered, Sonnenkamp interposed :

"On the contrary, it would give me great pleasure if my honored guests would consider me as interested in the discussion, and would pursue it still further. I might even, perhaps, regard your compliance as a proof that you do not consider me a stranger among you."

Clodwig, who, on much persuasion, had broken over his usual bounds, and taken as many as two glasses of champagne, suddenly assumed a playful manner, and cried :

"Now then, Herr Sonnenkamp, it's your turn. Tell us your opinion."

"Yes, yes," cried the long lieutenant, "he who has made millions, and is able to order such a fairy-fête, must—"

"Prithee, lieutenant," interrupted Clodwig, "let Herr Sonnenkamp speak."

"My honored friends," began the latter, "I have visited every inhabited part of our earth, and I have found everywhere that there is and must be an aristocracy, an elevated class."

"It's so, too, among horses and dogs," broke in the long lieutenant. "The Countess Dingsda, from Russia, has two greyhounds, which are of the breed of the Empress Catherine—I would say, of the Empress Catherine's bitch—"

The seneschal, he who had been disburdened of sixteen pounds, whispered to the long lieutenant to restrain himself, for he was compromising himself, and was embarrassing the whole company. The long lieutenant stroked his hand over his face, and promised to listen quietly.

"Please continue," said Clodwig, and Sonnenkamp resumed :

"It's a fortunate thing for even a savage race, when at last certain families arise, as centres around which it can gather and organize, and thus become capable of historical existence; and when, besides, new families are brought by their courage and prudence into prominence, and thus, one may say, a new dynasty is established."

Drops of sweat stood on Sonnenkamp's brow. Clodwig saw it, and he with great politeness added :

"It might be said that the great vocation of the noble is to unite culture with courage: the one should never be divorced from the other. The noble rank—you will understand me rightly, I hope—is the relic of that which in an earlier time was born of and acquired by the force of superior genius; it is now in the enjoyment of a hereditary right, but is not bound by the old fealty. The nobleman is thus the free man; he unites in

himself nature and history, the common needs of the individual man and the ideal dignity of the race, and thus the human race, which is ever renewing itself, receives a certain refined extension of itself. The noble order is a kind of hereditary public office. The nobleman should act from the dictates of his own nature, but yet under the obligation of certain historical conditions."

"May the wine freeze in my body if I understand a word of all this," said the long lieutenant to the seneschal, who had to try hard to shake off the sleep that was creeping over him. He suddenly revived and said:

"Yes, yes! you're right, but please keep quiet."

"You yourself," said the Privy-councillor, taking up the discussion at this point, "certainly cherish a just ancestral pride in the courage and virtue of your forefathers. Whoever has gone through a gallery where the portraits of his ancestors look down upon him and watch him as he passes by, will be conscious during his whole life of a certain influence in his soul: the eyes of his ancestors will accompany him through his whole career."

"Very true! very true!" cried many.

"But what is the bearing of this?" asked Clodwig. "Let us return to our question."

"Yes, that's my purpose. Why may not these historical conditions be from time to time renewed?"

"That's to the point—that's the gist of the question," answered Clodwig. "Is ours an age which has it in its power to offer to the noble order any special duty, and, as a consequence, any special privilege? We stand now upon an equality of rights—we have no longer an organization of ranks. There are now only two classes of men—men of distinction, and men without distinction. Nobility, which is merely an hereditary distinction, has become an anomaly in this age of equal rights, and is irretrievably a perishing institution. What is now the use of an escutcheon? To be embroidered on fire-screens, sofa-cushions, and travelling-pouches. The duty of military service, now imposed equally on all, is the fundamental abrogation of the noble rank. Science, art, commerce—these are the factors of our time, and all people, without distinction, have a common right and a common duty of participation in them. We thus stand in contradiction to history. The order of nobility had a meaning so long as the power of the state was based on the ownership of the land. But that time passed so soon as the lofty chimneys of the factories rose in the air, and as soon as movable property began to represent a power transcending that of landed estate—that is, of ideal property, for all property primarily resident in the state is ideal, and impersonal in its nature. That mobile fluid, wealth, has this advantage—a dead hand cannot hold it. Also, the hand of inheritance is a dead hand. It does not at all

displease me, that the highest nobility of the day should give its name to stock enterprises; these are better things than titles and orders, which afford opportunity, not only for gain, but for useful work. I am grateful to the noble Jacob Grimm for having pointed out, in his discourse on Schiller, the absurdity of the thought that Goethe and Schiller could be ennobled. At the present day, nobility is merely a name, a decoration, nothing more; and they even go so far now as to ennoble the Jews."

"But you would not," the Banker exclaimed, "deny the claim of all the creeds to equal rights, at the moment this claim knocks at the escutcheoned door of nobility?"

"Equal rights!" cried Clodwig. "Very true, my dear friend, scion of an ancient race. But is it not a piece of perverse folly to use this claim to equal rights for the subversion of equal rights? Certainly, if it is proper for any one, it is proper for the Jew to be ennobled; but he ought not to wish it—he ought to perceive its treachery and disloyalty. In my view, the Jews—I don't concern myself with their religion—are a standing, living monition not to judge man by what he believes, but by what he has achieved in virtue and culture. The Jews are, it may be considered, a people made up of nobles; for who has an older or purer genealogy than they? They are even, in a manner, proud that their ancestors were once slaves. I am indebted to an old Rabbi, whom I once met in a bathing-place, for a great thought."

"What is it?" asked the Banker.

"He said to me—it was in Ostend, we were walking along the sea-shore, and our subject of conversation was, whether the negro could ever grow up to a state of freedom and culture—and he said a very beautiful thing."

Clodwig paused a moment in reflection: with the forefinger of his left hand he touched his forehead between the eyes, and said:

"The Rabbi remarked, that there lay a great incitement to the highest effort in the thought of a past which includes slavery in its experience; for much which seems wonderful in the Jews is explained by reference to a single fact, and that the most important one in their life as a race: they trace their early history back to an epoch of slavery. They were slaves in Egypt; that has implanted in them a certain something—a pride and a humility, a power of endurance under every form of oppression, a knowledge of every perversion of justice and of every passion of which man is susceptible, and, in addition, a power of sympathy which hasn't its equal in history."

"That's very true."

Clodwig continued:

"A Jew, with the escutcheon of a noble—with helmet and shield, and that whole array of trumpery! the sight of it would sicken him; for at the time when helmet and shield were borne, his forefathers, the Jews, were the slaves, the drudges of the Emperor; they were almost outlaws. A Jew, who goes over to Christianity, may do so from conviction; for, leaving all dogmas out of question, he may recognize the advance which Jesus has effected in human culture. Many make the change from mere lack of stability; because it is too hard for them, and they do not consider it their duty to subject themselves and their children to a continuous martyrdom. But let all this pass: a Jew who has become a noble, is a ludicrous anachronism—not to characterize him more severely. To make their way into that burgher-estate, which is year by year widening its limits and increasing its power—that is the right of the Jews, and their duty. Or, must there also be a circle of Jewish noble families, which, besides, shall only marry among themselves? The more one thinks of it the more nonsensical is the whole jumble. But I did not intend to speak of the Jews, and beg you will excuse my having strayed away so."

"Shall we not close the discussion?" asked Prancken.

"I shall come to the end of my remarks at once. Only one more word. A piece of music in the memory remains impaired if it lacks its closing cadence. And so permit me to say, briefly, that I regard every elevation of the citizen to the noble rank as an—not to express myself more severely—an historical absurdity. He who abandons the stand of a burgher is a deserter, a recreant, not to say a traitor, and, at the same time, a man who has lost his wits; for he abandons the victorious colors. I know what individual commoners would like; they would like to secure their possessions in their families, to establish a law of entail. The sons of millionaires would like to figure as young lords; but as yet there's but a stunted breed of them—root-leaves—shoots from the old, decaying stump, which will never become trees."

Clodwig, in this expression of himself, had aimed in various directions; he wished his equals in rank to understand him clearly; he wanted to work a change in Sonnenkamp, and also in the Banker; for he knew that the Banker had been stimulated to thoughts of a title, and he wanted to dissuade him once for all from such aspirations. And now, when he saw the excited countenance of his old friend, he turned to him and said:

"I see you wish to add something more."

"Nothing of importance," replied the Banker, shrugging his shoulders, as he opened his gold snuff-box and offered it to Clodwig and Sonnenkamp. "Our polite host is himself a sterling instance that in America it's the highest honor to be a

'self-made man.' To have inherited nothing and to have acquired everything, is the greatest pride of the American. 'Self-made man' is, one may say, his armorial motto. Their President, Abraham Lincoln, is one of the best examples. Once a rail-splitter, a boatman, he has climbed to the highest honors: such is the self-made man. Do you know Lincoln personally?"

"I haven't the honor," answered Sonnenkamp.

Roland came and requested the gentlemen to join the rest of the company, as they were about to walk in procession, with the accompaniment of music, to the point where the carriages stood in waiting.

They rose. The men—gentlemen of the highest social circle of all Germany—stared from one to the other, and if the spell of enchantment were still possible at the present day, they would have turned to stone, like the bridal-procession in the legend. The long lieutenant and the seneschal, who had settled down to a good rest, would have formed very grotesque figures in stone. 'How is it possible that a man of rank, like Count Wolfsgarten, should speak thus? The man must be drunk!'

They joined the ladies. Clodwig and Erich loitered a few moments. Erich had not said a word throughout the discussion; and Clodwig now expressed his vexation that he had revealed himself in such a youthful, indiscreet manner before men who really did not care to listen to anything serious.

"I, for my part, thank you," said Erich.

"Well, then," Clodwig ended by saying, "I shall endeavor to think that I addressed you alone."

Clodwig went with Erich to the woods, and sat down with him where the carpets had been spread for the ladies, and which they had just abandoned; here they watched the young people dancing below on the meadow.

"You inquired early to-day concerning my opinion; I think you now know how it goes. I have declared very emphatically that I am wholly opposed to conferring titles of nobility; I can, nevertheless, say to you, my young friend, that Herr Sonnenkamp has every prospect of success, for my opinion is not that which will carry the decision."

Erich felt a desire to go at once to Sonnenkamp and report this word to him, for he had observed his dejected manner and wished to cheer him up; this man, who sought everything for his son, excited his sympathy.

But he checked himself; he determined not to implicate himself in the matter by a single word. He told Clodwig that on the night of the ball Roland had communicated to him the secret of his father's aspirations, but that he had determined not to hold any conversation with the youth on the subject, although his father had himself recently made the disclosure.

Roland had thus far kept the matter quietly to himself, and it seemed better to Erich not to interfere in any way, that no opposition might be excited in the son against his father's measures. Clodwig approved this course, and expressed anew his gratification that Erich had declined to come to him on the subject; he had a larger and more fruitful field of activity to fill than that.

It was an interval of refreshing intercourse which they two spent together; and Erich, meanwhile, noticed that the long lieutenant seemed to be dissipating Sonnenkamp's dejected mood.

The butterfly fluttered up again from the meadow, and it might have told up there what was going on down below.

The long lieutenant said very familiarly to Sonnenkamp:

"Herr von Sonnenkamp! don't the negroes show any musical talent?"

"The negroes often call that music which is mere noise," answered Sonnenkamp, "and many wise men consider that as conversation, which—"

He sought for the right word; he seemed to find none which was sufficiently cutting and yet polite enough; he said at last:

"What perhaps passes for such in a petty capital."

He mingled with the gay company; and now attended by the music, they ascended the forest-path to their carriages.

In this walk through the woods, Manna found herself by the side of Erich; neither of them knew how it happened. They went on in silence; they said not a word to each other, and yet they had so much to say!

"Count Clodwig, as I hear," Manna at last began, "has spoken very severely against rank. Does he too find it true, that preferment on account of birth is opposed to religion?"

"No, he didn't speak of that."

And they walked on again in silence.

"Where can our friend, Professor Einsiedel, have been to-day?" Manna again essayed. "I, too, am a pupil of his now!"

"It's a rare pleasure," replied Erich, "to know that free, strong soul."

They said nothing more, but they both cherished in heart reverence for the man who had produced in them a peculiar sense of harmony. And now there was not only the same strength of reverential feeling in both, but they revered one and the same being.

"Erich! Manna!" a voice suddenly cried and echoed in the woods.

They stood still, astonished to hear their names called out

in the same breath, and repeated in echoes from the rocks of the bridal procession.

Roland came forward and took Manna by the right hand and Erich by the left, and so they walked on till they reached the carriages.

CHAPTER XVI.

VARIOUS CHANGES OF TUNE.

SONNENKAMP felt himself slighted, or rather wholly overlooked by the Court; he could not, however, exhibit a sense of the neglect, for that lessens one's dignity. He did not permit himself, therefore, to fail in suitable manifestations of homage, though the Prince regarded him but coldly. Such is Court-service, and he determined to accommodate himself to it.

The day on which the Prince and his suite were to take their departure had been fixed. Sonnenkamp formed one of a group of the higher class, who stood about the carriage to make their farewell obeisance. He, too, caught somewhat of the look of favor which was everywhere dispensed, and the Privy-councillor, as he climbed into the second carriage, said to him as the last words:

"Your cause still stands well, notwithstanding the very learned and highly honorable Count von Wolfsgarten."

The departure of the Court is to a large circle much like the retirement of the bride from the festivities of the wedding-party; they keep on dancing, they even overdo themselves in merry-making, but the true centre of attraction is missing.

The tide of men flowed in—the tide ebbed. Every day the animated circle which Bella had gathered about her lost one and another of its members, and Sonnenkamp had frequent opportunity to practise all those flowers of speech which farewell respects require, although it was a task not at all to his taste. Erich was rejoiced to find that his friend and teacher, Professor Einsiedel, had attached himself warmly to Clodwig.

The last days of their stay were, for both Erich and Roland, a beautiful after-tone, a refreshing rest after a turbulent bustle; and even when Clodwig and Bella left, they bore it lightly, for Professor Einsiedel still remained to them.

But Sonnenkamp and Frau Ceres were out of tune; they secretly felt that they had outlived themselves.

Sonnenkamp appeared to himself like an unsold nosegay. At evening it is fresh and fragrant, later it is set in water; in the morning the withered flowers are plucked out, and it is brought to market again. Will he have a better fate? It must be tried.

The men and women, who, in Bella's season had belonged to their more intimate circle, now welcomed them among them, though with some strangeness of manner: they had attached themselves to new-comers. Among those most frequently met in various circles, was Professor Crutius, who had a great deal of intercourse with the Americans that were spending their time there. Sonnenkamp was frequently an object of observation to the Americans, and he always met Crutius in a very friendly manner, which, however, was coldly returned.

At last the morning of departure came. Sonnenkamp with his suite drove off in three carriages. There were fewer expressions of good-will at his departure than might have been expected. The carriages, however, were wreathed with garlands of flowers, and a crown of flowers glittered over the top, and even the spokes of the wheels were wound round with laurel leaves; the postilion, too, wore a wreath. It was Lutz that had contrived all this, and it seemed as if the friends of the family had done it.

They breakfasted once more at the hotel-table, but did not return to their rooms. The carriages awaited them before the door.

Among those who had gathered to bid farewell stood Professor Einsiedel. He placed himself by the side of Manna, and said to her in a low tone:

"In the last lecture—Ah, I beg your pardon, my dear child, I am speaking now to you alone. I have already said to you that I too could wish to enter a cloister, but a free cloister. I have become tired out in the world, lonely, and now in cloistered stillness I would willingly shut out that which I of right ought to exclude from my thoughts. But satisfy yourself thoroughly, my dear child, whether you, before you are through with life, can throw it aside; for there can be nothing more terrible than, with the duty of devoting yourself to the highest thought ever present, to feel all kinds of unrest in the soul. Take this word to your heart, my child, I mean it well, it is from the heart," said the little man with a choking voice.

"I know it, and I believe you," Manna replied. Great tears stood in her eyes; and as she bent over the bouquet in her hand, two fell amid the flowers.

Roland approached, and took off his hat. The Professor laid his hand on the boy's head, and said:

"Remain the good lad you are, and remember that you have a friend in me."

Roland could not speak for emotion, and kissed the Professor's little hand, which seemed greatly to surprise some persons who were standing in the distance and looking at the group.

The postilion blew a blast which re-echoed through the vales and hills, and then they left the place where they had experienced so much; but no decision had been obtained.

When they had gone quite a distance, Roland said softly to Erich:

"I have a grandfather now."

Erich did not speak, and Roland often called attention to the flowers scattered along the road, and said that Manna had been right in scolding about the careless way in which they were treated here in the city. Bouquets, fresh and faded, which had been thrown into the carriages of the guests as they were departing, had been carelessly thrown away, and were crushed beneath the carriage-wheels.

Manna sat still, absorbed in thought. She had come to the baths merely to keep her friends company. But no one's feelings had undergone a greater change than hers. She did not like to acknowledge this, even to herself.

She quietly folded her hands, and prayed.

They approached the railway-station.

"Hear the locomotive whistle!" said Roland. "I almost seem to be at home again when I hear that sound. Don't you feel so, too? One would seem in another world if he never heard it. I hope everything is all right at home!"

Erich was glad to see how pleased Roland was with the prospect of returning home, and said that they would keep up their courage, even if they should find many things changed during their absence.

They were unwilling to disturb, or have others disturb, the pleasure of the homeward journey.

CHAPTER XVII.

"IT WILL HAVE ITS EFFECT."

IT will have its effect," the Doctor said to Sonnenkamp and his wife, as they were setting out for the springs, and the Privy-councillor had made the same brilliant remark.

The Sonnenkamps returned to the Rhine, filled with expectation and suspense.

They approached the Villa. Everything was in the best of order. The covered way between the hothouses and the stables, a light, cast-iron structure, planned by Sonnenkamp before his departure, was completed, and gave not the slightest trace of being new. The head-gardener had even covered its iron pillars with creepers, so that it had an air of being quite an ancient structure. Sonnenkamp expressed his satisfaction.

Every one of the party was in excellent humor, and appreciated the home-feeling, intensified by their sojourn away from the spot.

Sonnenkamp asked if there had been many visitors at the Villa during his absence; for every year he allowed the servants, for their own benefit, to show strangers through the ground-floor, the hothouses, orchard, and stables, while he, their proprietor, was away at the baths.

The castellan said that there had never before been so many visitors; and he had shown every one of them where the Prince and Princess had sat.

Sonnenkamp asked for the register which was kept in the billiard-room, a large *salon* in the hothouse which had been converted to this use. He had given strict orders that no one should write anything but his name in the book.

He read a long list of names, and then suddenly called out in a husky voice:

"Who wrote this?"

Nobody knew. At last the second-gardener, Squirrel, remembered that a man had been at the Villa, who had formerly wished to be Roland's tutor, and that there was somebody else with him,—a tall and stately man who spoke Westphalia German: the tall man, whose hair was light and curly, had written nothing, but the other, who was called "Professor," had written several names. He recalled the circumstance distinctly, for it had surprised him at the time.

Sonnenkamp thought that he was on the right track; the man who had written the names was no other than Professor Crutius; the names themselves were those of the leaders of the pro-slavery party in the Southern States. Of course they had not been here. But what was the meaning of these reminders?

Sonnenkamp walked up and down, absorbed in thought, but at last succeeded in banishing it all from his mind, and said to himself in a tone which might almost have been heard:

"My oldest and worst enemy is coming back—who is no other personage than my own unhappy, brooding imagination."

Erich was not more pleased to see his mother again than were Roland and Manna.

"You two—you and Aunt Claudine—are dearer to me," cried Roland, "than all the trees in the park, the house, and everything else. You're just as much to be depended upon, and wait just as quietly till we return. Oh! how good it is to find you here, when we come back—to have somebody waiting for us at home!"

The boy's whole heart was filled with deep and earnest joy.

Manna did not speak much, but her eyes showed how deeply she felt and appreciated the peaceful life of these two ladies.

She seemed almost to be back again in quiet cloister-life when she sat in the vine-covered cottage, and yet both of these ladies were free, and bound by no obligations other than those of their own souls. By degrees Manna told Frau Dournay about Professor Finsiedel, and her friend was much pleased when she saw by Manna's conversation, that she was capable of appreciating lofty aspirations even in a man whose philosophy was utterly different from that taught by the Church, for Manna said that the Professor was a truly pious man.

Sonnenkamp was more thoughtful than ever: his effort to become a nobleman made him seem to himself like a dependent—a position in which he had placed himself by his own foolishness. He returned from the baths feeling that if he should attain to his object and enter the charmed circle of the nobility, he would be looked at as a stranger and an interloper, and would always have to be on his guard against creating a false impression. Of all that had been said, the Banker's remark—that one should be *and remain* a self-made man—remained most firmly fixed in his mind.

And after all, is it not better to have the source of honor in one's self than to be presented with it by others?

There he stuck as before an impenetrable wall. So much worrying and fretting angered him, but he could not free himself from it.

Finally he determined to ask the Privy-councillor to throw up the whole matter; but just then he received a letter from this very man, informing him that the business might be regarded as having reached a happy conclusion. Sonnenkamp looked around as he read the letter. Now that he had what he wanted, he felt like throwing it away, which would be greater and more satisfactory than accepting it. But in that case, what would become of Frau Ceres and Roland? How could he retreat *now*? The thought flashed through his mind that perhaps it would be well to sell all his property here and go to Switzerland, France, Italy. But in the face of this, he saw that he would be always longing to return to a place where he might have a social position and consideration, to the possession of which he had now become perfectly entitled.

He walked among the trees which he himself had planted, trained, and cherished, and felt as if he had grown up with them, and as he looked out over the Rhine, he felt that mysterious spell which seems to bind to this river every one who has once wandered to the Rhine-country.

"Forward!" he cried to himself. "The ball is moving and *shall* reach its mark!"

He read the letter again. It told him that the Jew Banker had applied for a patent of nobility at the same time with him.

self, but had, singularly enough, withdrawn the application. As Herr Weidmann's opinion had not yet been given, it would be well for Sonnenkamp to become more intimate with that gentleman, for it was not certain how the affair would be looked at by him.

Riddles were coming too thick and fast for Sonnenkamp, and so he determined that for the present he would take no hand in the affair; others had made him wait, and now they might wait themselves.

The Doctor came and reviewed his patients. He found them all benefited by their trip, but thought that its exciting effects were lasting too long on Sonnenkamp.

The Doctor felt each one's pulse, and passed them all in review, but the change that had come over their souls lay too deep for the Doctor's eye.

Frau Ceres was as tired and bored as usual; she found it shocking to be obliged to see and hear so much about the beauties of nature.

Manna could scarcely comprehend that she had gone through so much turmoil, and so many restless days.

But the sojourn at the baths had had most dissimilar effects on Roland and Erich.

Erich now fully saw the truth of Professor Einsiedel's warning; he had lost his individuality in this dissipated life, where he had given himself up so utterly to others, and wished now to build anew the strong tower of philosophy, in which he himself might dwell and be master. He gave Roland much work to do without his assistance, and often gave evasive or half-answers to the boy's questions, rebuking him for wishing his teacher to solve a great many problems which he himself was perfectly able to work out alone.

Roland for the first time felt that Erich repelled him, and yet he needed him now more than ever, for the idle life at the springs, the distraction, the trifling, and the constant intercourse with fine gentlemen and ladies, who were perfectly satisfied with him—all this, after the first impression made by his return, had left a void in his soul, and had filled it with a restless longing which made the quiet of home and the round of studies seem an insupportable burden. He wanted to be away, among companions.

He received a letter from the cadet, telling him that he had become an ensign, and would soon come to the Villa with some comrades, and pay him a visit.

Roland was always anxiously longing for distractions and pleasures, and a remark made by the long lieutenant to the effect that Roland was too old now to have a tutor always dangling about him, fretted him and made his "bondage" extremely irksome.

In this frame of mind, he often went to his father, and asked if the patent of nobility had not yet arrived. Sonnenkamp comforted him from day to day, but when he told the boy that Erich knew of the affair, Roland was enraged. Why hadn't Erich spoken a word about it?

Frau Dournay noticed far more than Erich, that the sojourn at the springs had worked a change in Roland, but at last Erich himself remarked it and laid aside his philosophic pursuits for a time; but he did not succeed in entirely bringing Roland back to his work. An unexpected accident came to his aid.

One day the Major asked Sonnenkamp's permission to hold a great meeting of Freemasons in the Knights' hall at the castle, the room being nearly completed—Herr Weidmann would like to have the gathering held there. Sonnenkamp was at once disposed to comply, and was astounded at the wonderful providence which had thus brought Weidmann to him just at the nick of time. Nevertheless, it pleased him to pretend reluctance, and asked why Herr Weidmann himself had not made the request.

The Major was nonplused. He could not say that it was he himself who asked this favor, and that Weidmann had abruptly refused to have anything to do with Sonnenkamp.

Sonnenkamp asked if he might know the names of all persons in the vicinity who were Masons.

The Major had the list with him, and Sonnenkamp found that it did not contain a sufficient number of distinguished names, and that even Herr Weidmann had withdrawn from the order immediately after being ennobled. So Sonnenkamp declined, but begged the Major to try and bring about a friendly feeling between Weidmann and himself.

"I know something good in relation to that," said the Major; "Herr Weidmann is very anxious to have Roland and Herr Dournay pay him a visit. Send them along."

But Sonnenkamp declined this too. Any truckling of this sort to the high and mighty Weidmann, seemed to him to be very much out of place. The next day, as he was riding out, he almost dropped the reins from his hand, as he met an open carriage in which was seated Weidmann and a man who must have come from over the ocean.

The man looked surprisingly fresh and young, and was unusually tall. As Sonnenkamp passed them, Weidmann saluted him: his companion seemed startled, and grasped for his hat, which he took off, and now he was no longer to be mistaken. That thick wavy hair, that lofty forehead, and those blue, benevolent eyes—to whom did they belong! All these showed the man beyond doubt. Sonnenkamp could not keep from looking back—he wanted to see whether he was not mistaken.

The man had also risen in the carriage and was looking back, Sonnenkamp's sharp eye detected, as he thought, some token of recognition on the part of the stranger.

Sonnenkamp reined in his horse; he was so crushed and paralyzed that he felt as if he would fall from the saddle. Yes, it's he! It's his deadly enemy, his most violent antagonist! How did he get here now? He listened till the rattling of the wheels had died away, and then turned and rode homeward at a walk. But he soon drew the reins up tight, whipped and spurred his black horse, and rode to the Major's.

He did not enter the house.

Fräulein Milch, against whom he felt an unconquerable ill-will, presented herself, and said the Major had gone to the village.

Sonnenkamp rode to the village. Forgetful of his usual self-restraint, he referred directly to a visit which Herr Weidmann had lately received. The Major informed him that a nephew of Weidmann's, a Doctor Fritz, had been there a short time before; he had come to get his child, who had been educated at Mattenheim, under the instruction of Knopf.

"Did they visit the Villa during my absence?" asked Sonnenkamp.

"Yes, of course—with Professor Crutius. They were both much charmed with the beauty of your house, and with your skill in gardening. The various seeds which I bought of the head-gardener are for Doctor Fritz; he wants to take them with him to America. But send Erich and Roland to Mattenheim; it will be a pleasure to them both to become acquainted with the excellent Doctor Fritz; but it must be done soon, for, as I hear, he goes away in a few days."

Luckily Erich and Roland also came to the village, and the Major was glad to urge them to make at last their visit at Weidmann's, in Mattenheim. Roland was happy at the thought of some diversion—a journey somewhere—to break the monotony and Erich hoped that from the contemplation of active life, Roland would receive a new awakening.

This time Sonnenkamp contrived it more prudently. Erich had had no success with Clodwig, though the commission was an open one. He now only gave Erich some general directions which seemed very natural, but yet would enable him to learn everything which was of importance for him to know. After a few days Erich should send him a message, then he himself would bring them from Mattenheim. He intended, in the mean time, to ride to a different part of the country.

In the morning, as Erich and Roland were setting out for Mattenheim, Manna determined at last to make her call on the Priest. Miss Perini had said without reserve that the Priest

wondered at her not having visited him since her return. Miss Perini wanted Manna to learn from herself that she had been at the Priest's house; naturally, however, she did not tell her that she had already communicated, with great perspicuity, all the particulars of their life at Karlsbad.

Manna had no sooner entered the Priest's house than she wanted to turn about again, for she heard from the mistress of the house that the Dean of the Cathedral of the capital-town had come to visit the Priest. But the Priest must have heard of her arrival, for he came out and led her by the hand into his study. He presented her to the Dean as a postulant.

Manna did not understand this expression. The Dean looked at her and declared that he knew already of her holy purpose to take the veil.

Manna lowered her glance, frightened and humbled; she was obliged to listen to her praises from the two men. She could not deny it; but within herself she was ill at ease.

The Dean asked whether any high dignitaries of the Church had been trying the waters of Karlsbad.

Manna said not.

And when the Priest asked what other men of importance she had met, she held it her duty to name before all others Professor Einsiedel.

"What! that veritable, shrivelled piece of presumption—that miserable little fellow, who likes to be styled an ancient Greek—did you get acquainted with him?"

The two men laughed, and Manna looked up astounded, as she heard the Professor, whom she so highly honored, thus turned into a ridiculous caricature. She did not feel the strength to take his part, and remained silent.

"We will accompany you to your house," the Priest finally said. "You should see the beautiful Villa, honored Brother."

Accompanied by the ecclesiastics, Manna went to the paternal mansion. She seemed to herself like a captured criminal, and yet the men were friendly and trustful.

Sonnenkamp met them in the courtyard. He was very complaisant and respectful, and he made it a pleasure to show the reverend Fathers the park, the fruit-garden, the hothouses, and lastly, the Villa. The Dean displayed a good understanding of everything, and when Sonnenkamp pointed again, with a certain pride, to the fact that each fireplace had its separate flue, he remarked of a sudden how the Dean exchanged a quick glance with the Priest, and smiled in a satisfied manner.

"Ho! ho!" cried Sonnenkamp to himself. "Think you so? Do these gentry take a view of our Villa, in order to decide already how it may be turned into a convent, if Manna

should carry out her plan? Ho, ho! I would rather burn the house up with all there is in it."

The two ecclesiastics did not understand why so changed and so triumphant an expression had suddenly entered into Sonnenkamp's bearing: it was a happiness to him that he could see through all the deceptions of others. He accompanied the Priests to the door, and begged them to visit his humble abode often.

BOOK ELEVENTH.

CHAPTER I.

A FAIRY TALE AT AN AGRICULTURAL FAIR.

KEEPING step, Roland and Erich walked inland over the hills.

There is no better time for a pedestrian tour than a clear Autumn day: the cows are grazing in the meadows, the fruits are being gathered in the fields, the foliage of the trees shines in a variety of colors, and in the air there is something like a constant dewy morning freshness, or rather freshness of evening—for it is the evening of Summer which now is coming on. All Nature appears satiated and like a being whose task is done.

Erich and Roland walked on as if they must walk on thus forever, and never rest—aimless, always keeping step, and still they had a goal in view, and Erich had a special one besides. Roland has never yet had an insight into an active life, now he shall become acquainted with it. On the way, Erich related to him the story of his own life, but in quite a different manner from that in which he had told it to Clodwig or Sonnenkamp: he dwelt above all on his disgust with military life. This was to make an impression on Roland.

Erich had a feeling that he was making his last journey with Roland, and the latter confirmed the impression by telling him that Prancken had already ordered a uniform for him, and he would enter the military academy in the Fall.

On this journey Roland spoke, for the first time, of Knopf, who was a teacher in Mattenheim; he confessed, openly, that he should be very glad, before entering on a new life, to be again on good terms with the candidate. And now Erich learned how deeply Roland had injured his former teacher. In league with a former valet of Sonnenkamp's, and instigated by him, he had cut off half of Herr Knopf's beard while he was asleep. He regretted this now, sincerely, and he wanted to confess it to Herr Knopf.

Thus this journey had a manifold purpose. They constantly left the Rhine further behind them, and came into poorer looking country. Here they met gayly decorated cows, pigs, and sheep, and people carrying choice vegetables nicely arranged.

"Where's all this going to?"

"There's to be a fair in Mattenheim."

They came to the village near the Weidmann property. It was decorated with flags, and before it, on wagons wreathed

with flowers, stood the peasants, and performed playful imitations of their own occupations. There was one wagon with threshers, another with reapers, still others with vintners, weavers, shinglers, woodcutters; all heavy work had suddenly been changed into play, and the horses and oxen harnessed to the wagons wore garlands of flowers and gay ribbons; everybody shouted and hurrahed, and bade the new-comers welcome.

They entered the village. Flags were waving on the court-house. Here, they were told, Herr Weidmann was to make a speech. They went upstairs.

In the large hall, behind a table, stood Weidmann, and told the people, in a scientific, and at the same time thoroughly popular and practical way, how to make the best meat. Thus he spoke of the feeding: "Meat-making" was the word which he pronounced most frequently and emphatically. He told them the proper way of mixing feed, and how turnips and oil-cakes must supplement each other; and he laid great stress upon the fact that everything could be accomplished only through accuracy, and only thus be profitable. He had thermometers in his stables, as the heat must never rise above 14 degrees (Reaumur) or 64 degrees (Fahrenheit) in them. He had a telegraphic clock, by which he could tell in his room whether the men fed the cattle at the appointed times. He explained to the people how much easier all this was for them on small farms, where they could have everything under their own eyes, while he had in many things to rely on his servants; and this was always very noticeable on Mondays, for on Sundays the men were always negligent in the feeding. Each cow had a name, each one a register of the quantity of milk she gave; and any one that was good for nothing, or did not give enough, was got out of the way.

He told his auditors repeatedly how, within the small circumference of a few miles, more than a million was being wasted, by the grass being made into hay too late, because it was not gathered till it was over-ripe. And he knew how to put all this humorously.

When he wanted to prove that the method which he proposed would be more advantageous, he often slapped his pantaloon-pockets and said, "Then something'll come in here." There was much merriment when he showed with his hands, "Method—method is everything. Look here! the fingers of a man's hand move toward him, not outward to give away."

He spoke strongly against public pastures; and everything he said went to prove that men were foolish and wasteful, as long as they would not learn how to procure good nourishment for themselves by means of their cattle.

Roland heard with astonishment what was the standing of

this man, who grew so warm in his endeavors to give these men the sense to procure good food for themselves. And Erich received his lesson; for when Weidmann explained how little depended on race—how the food was of much greater importance in an animal than the blood—Erich looked down—perhaps he felt the application.

When the lecture was over, Herr Weidmann greeted Roland and Erich cordially. And when Erich gave expression to the pleasure which the lecture had afforded him, Weidmann said:

"Why, you see, I once intended to become a parson, and the son of a parson is still within me."

Erich replied, smiling:

"We have so much spirit preached into us, it's a very good thing that you preach flesh for a change."

Weidmann replied, very seriously:

"But I by no means deny the spirit: on the contrary, I find it daily more inexplicable how men succeed without believing in God. I find traces of him everywhere. But we'll talk of that by and by. Come with me."

The audience went out into the street, where the festive procession was now passing. First came the organized fire-department of the place and the neighboring villages—handsome, healthy young fellows, in gray linen clothes, with shining yellow helmets.

"That's a new institution of our time," said Erich to Weidmann, who answered, nodding:

"Yes; no time before ours had it, and who knows into what it may develop!"

Now came the carts with their merry occupants; the hemp-gatherers sprinkled chopped straw on the lookers-on in jest; new wine was dispensed from the cart, and gayety and mirth prevailed. Weidmann again bade his guests welcome, and told them he would accompany them home in the evening: Herr Knopf would be very glad to see them. He also introduced his nephew, Doctor Fritz, to the strangers, and added that Herr Knopf would not appear before the dance.

They went to the fair. The prizes were being awarded, and Weidmann took his guests through the exhibition of agricultural implements. He showed them that we really have no primitive spade, and no absolute primitive plough; and praised the arrangement by which these new, improved tools were to be distributed among the people by lot.

"It's hard to introduce anything new among the peasantry; the peasant cannot, must not be progressive; he must represent the conservative element, and at the same time we expect him to appropriate the inventions of the time. That's difficult, and requires much patience."

He spoke of a plan he had long cherished, of sending agricultural missionaries about, or rather of making missionaries of some of sundry peasants here and there, for the common people always mistrusted a man of scholarly speech.

Roland entered the exhibition, and mingled with the crowd, feeling as though he had suddenly lighted on a new world. But a few hours' ride from Villa Eden lives a man who works with zeal and devotion to give his fellow-men good food. And what are we working for? Something of what was passing in Roland's mind found words, as he said to Erich :

"Herr Weidmann has a noble vocation, even if he *does* talk a great deal about manure."

Of all the people who were chatting and enjoying themselves at the festival, Erich was the happiest when he heard his pupil speak in this way. He hardly expected that the boy would perceive that there is nothing on earth which offers honest employment that is impure. If he would only hold fast to the thought to which he had given expression! He considered himself fortunate in having come here : here Roland must learn his true calling. He would be most apt to find it in agriculture, for, in that pursuit he had excellent opportunities for immediately benefiting the many.

"You must look at my pigs," said Weidmann, with enthusiasm. "Six-weeks-old Yorkshire porkers : splendid creatures ! Do you, too, think pigs disgusting animals? I can readily believe so. But, my young friend, of all the meat eaten in this country, seventy per cent. is pork, twenty per cent. beef, and only ten per cent. mutton, fowls, game, &c. ; while in France, they eat sixty per cent. of mutton."

And, in fact, the Yorkshire pigs were a very edifying sight.

Roland had not gone with them, preferring to look at the so-called "clubs of Hercules," or "snake-gourds," as they are sometimes called, "mighty plants," half the length of a man and twice as thick as his arm.

The prizes were distributed, and the people buzzed to each other ; Erich felt increasing delight in showing his pupil that this was a festival made by the people for themselves, without any interference from Church or State. Weidmann caught a part of what he said, and added, laughingly :

"Yes ; this is our modern way of managing everything, high and low, for ourselves. We have nobody now to manage our lives for us, be they consecrated or otherwise."

The sun shone brightly on the jolly bustle of the people, and Roland, who was standing in the deserted tribune with Erich, said to him :

"I wish father were here ! How would it be to give all these people—all of them— How many should you think are here ?"

"Not more than a thousand."

"A thousand persons," the boy repeated. "Now, suppose somebody should, at this very minute, give a thousand gulden to each of them?"

"That would do some good for a day, for a year, or, perhaps, longer; but not for a lifetime. You have heard that, in order to help men, one should place good implements in their hands and minds, and then let them work out their own lives. That's the true way to do it."

"Yes, yes. I was dreaming," said Roland, and his face fell.

Why had not Erich shared with him the pleasure of this dream?

Dancing was about to begin, and the music struck up. They entered the "Raven," a tavern which had a garland decked with green ribbons hanging from the window, and in which the peasants, male and female, were enjoying the dance. A man who was blowing the flute among the musicians on a little stage, nodded to them as they entered. It was Knopf. Roland grasped Erich's hand, and pointed trembling to a table covered with a red cloth, at which several well-dressed men were sitting.

"There she is! There she is!"

An ethereal-looking child, with rosy cheeks, and long hair floating over her shoulders, stood by the knee of a powerful and handsome man with a large head, who was known as Doctor Fritz.

Knopf gave the wink to a trumpeter who was standing near him, the dance stopped, and he came down and gave his hand to Roland and Erich. Tears started to his eyes and fell upon his spectacles, so that he had to remove the glasses, and blinked to the new-comers.

"You come at a good time—at the best. We're celebrating the county festival."

"Excuse me," cried Roland.

"You have been excused for some time already. You have become a fine young man. Come!"

He conducted the two to the large table, and introduced Erich to Frau Weidmann. Another person, who was sitting behind the table, gave his hand to Erich and Roland. This man was the Russian, who was now living at Weidmann's house as his pupil. Two sons of Weidmann, and also Doctor Fritz, who had come from America, and his child, were also introduced. Roland and the girl looked at each other as if in a dream.

"Father, that's the forest-prince that I saw," said the girl to the large, handsome man.

She had a voice that thrilled Roland. If May-flower bells had voices, they would sound like it.

Then a charming account of the meeting in the forest was given, and Knopf was filled with joy.

"There are miracles yet ! There are miracles yet !" he kept crying out, as he brandished his flute. "But now, children, follow me. Don't speak ; not a word. Roland can dance, and so can you, Lilian. Be quiet, if you please !" he shouted to the assembly. "Our children will dance—our children will dance alone."

He mounted the stage again, and played a waltz on his flute. The two young people danced, and everybody looked at them as if they were elves.

Roland and Lilian had not yet spoken ; and although they had much to say to each other, they only danced. Who knows how long Knopf would have played, if Doctor Fritz had not called out :

"Now, Herr Candidate, that's enough."

Knopf collapsed. The word Candidate, coming right in the midst of this fairy-dance, hurt his feelings ; it was so fearfully prosaic.

Roland and Lilian then seated themselves at the table with the others. Knopf admonished Lilian of her duty to give her companion something to drink ; but Frau Weidmann objected—the children must not drink yet. They sat still and looked at each other without speaking.

Erich asked them not to let his entrance disturb them ; but Weidmann said that they were just about to break up as he entered. He had been obliged to talk to hundreds and hundreds of men to-day."

Frau Weidmann regretted that her best apartments were occupied, and that she could give Erich and Roland but mean accommodations.

"Don't be alarmed," said Weidmann, interrupting her ; "all women—the best of them—make excuses to their guests, even when they have the best of quarters for them."

Everybody who had sat at the covered table walked toward the house with Roland and Erich. Doctor Fritz held his daughter's hand, and said that on the morrow he intended to return to America with her.

Knopf took Roland's arm, Erich walked between Weidmann and his wife ; the Russian had gone across the fields with one of Weidmann's sons, and Doctor Fritz walked with the other. Frau Weidmann could not help wishing to give Erich a good reason for her husband's reticence ; he had talked so much with the people that when he came home he was tired out. Who knows but he would have taken up the fiddle and played to the folks, if Erich hadn't come in ?

Weidmann said that he would have done so, and wouldn't have been ashamed of himself either.

Erich replied that it was painful in the highest degree to see how men were almost ashamed of making themselves agreeable; and that this was because such conduct was frequently hypocritical and assumed, only because people had a mania for popularity.

Weidmann recalled to Erich his experiment in educating criminals; and added that the man who played the bugle had once been in prison, but had now conducted himself well for several years.

Frau Weidmann was convinced that talking would now overtax her husband, and took up the conversation herself, asking Erich if it had already been determined that Baron Prancken was to marry the daughter of the rich Herr Sonnenkamp.

Erich had to say yes, whereupon the lady became much excited.

"It makes me sick," said she, "to think of a healthy, rich commoner's marrying a noble; what we good commoners have earned by hard work will be all lost. I'll not say that nobility is our enemy, but it doesn't belong to us, it thinks itself something different from us, and has no right to the fruit of our labor. A citizen's daughter who buys nobility is treasonable to her ancestors; and to us, by the descendants whom she calls into existence."

Frau Weidmann had talked herself up to such a pitch of excitement and anger that her husband tried in vain to soothe her, and for this purpose he selected the very worst instrument he could have found; he said that Herr Sonnenkamp himself was trying to become a noble.

Erich was startled to hear the secret spoken of with so little reserve.

Frau Weidmann hated Prancken with a particularly bitter hatred, because he seduced so many people into believing that amiability—as they call it—is better than honesty. In spite of his vicious life, one might hear hundreds of men and women speak well of him, because, as they said, he was so amiable.

"It's well that Manna didn't come," thought Erich to himself.

Weidmann turned to Erich and said that what made his wife so out of patience with Prancken, was the fact that about two years before, just as Erich accepted the situation at the Villa, he had spent a few days at Mattenheim, and had brought about all sorts of irregularities in the neighborhood, the effects of which had not yet entirely disappeared.

CHAPTER II.

A PEBBLE FOR A JEWEL.

IN the mean time Knopf was talking to Roland and congratulating him on having such a man as Erich for his tutor. Roland was more inattentive than ever, and at last asked :

"What's the girl's name?"

"Lilian. And what's very singular is that, in the forest, you gave her a May-flower, the name of which is Lily of the Valley."

"What is her father?"

"A celebrated lawyer, and a great opponent of slavery."

Knopf could have given himself a blow on the mouth for saying that, but he had said it. He turned abruptly and looked Roland full in the face, but became more at ease when he saw that this piece of information had not had the slightest effect on the boy.

On the whole way, they had the melody of the waltz ringing in their ears ; and now, as they approached the house, it was deafened by the rushing and noise of the mill-stream and the clattering of the mill. The stream flowed under a good part of the house and drove the mill.

"You won't sleep well to-night," said Knopf to Roland.

"Why not?"

"Because you must first get used to the noise ; but when once you *are* used to it, you'll sleep all the better for hearing it. My little pupil has found that out."

They met their friends again standing by the fence of an enclosure. Roland was delighted with the colts that were springing about, and which approached as soon as they saw Herr Weidmann.

Weidmann said that this was his asylum for youngsters ; he had arranged a garden for colts, whither all the breeders in the Gau could send their young beasts ; there was good pasture-land, they might exercise to their hearts' content, and were well taken care of. This was what the whole breed of horses in the vicinity needed.

Roland was much pleased with this arrangement, and Erich again congratulated himself on having come. A man like Weidmann would have more influence on Roland than anybody else could have.

"Have you studied chemistry?" said Weidmann, turning to Roland.

"No."

Weidmann looked at the ground for a minute, and then said, as he raised his eyes :

"Have you yet decided what you're going to be?"

For the first time Roland hesitated to answer, and Weidmann did not press his question.

Erich could not think why Roland was so bashful; but he already saw that Weidmann had obtained great power over his pupil. Perhaps he had shaken Roland's ideal of life, and the boy did not like to tell such an industrious man that he had selected a calling in which he merely looked for glory and honor.

But yet there was something quite different at work, for the blonde-haired girl dropped her father's hand, went to Knopf, and told him softly that now he must be convinced that what she had told him was all true. He had not believed her when she told him of the meeting in the forest, and now here was a proof. Roland told Knopf, in the same tone, that Erich had never been willing to believe his account of the meeting.

Knopf, who saw himself placed in the midst of wonders, kept stroking his breast, and his eyes glistened under his spectacles. Yes, in the midst of chemistry and food-producing on rational principles; of railways and dividends; in the midst of all this there is yet romance in the world. To be sure, nobody but Sunday-children ever meets it, but Lilian was a Sunday-child. He wished only that he could do something to preserve and heighten this glorious romance, this wondrous meeting, for the children. But there was the rub! One cannot do anything to further a piece of romance; it always comes of itself, unexpected and strange; it cannot be regulated and constructed rationally. One must be perfectly still, hold his breath, and not dare to call out, or the enchantment vanishes. Yet he felt obliged to do something, and so, as the best thing he could do, he left the children alone.

The children looked at each other, but did not speak. A beautiful red cow, with a bell hanging at its neck, and flowers between its horns, was led into the yard. The girl went up to it, and stroking its neck, said:

"Good-evening, bossy! Are you proud now because you won the prize? Will you tell your neighbors all about it? Will you be glad to get back home again, or don't you know anything about the honors you've received?"

The cow was led to the stable, and the child, turning to Roland, said:

"Wouldn't you like to know whether the cow has any idea of what has happened to her?"

As Roland gave not the slightest answer, the girl continued, becoming serious:

"Do you intend to be a gentleman-farmer, and to study here with my uncle? If you do, you may have my room. It's a very pleasant one."

The girl was able to speak long before Roland was, whose lips seemed locked together. The girl continued:

"Why didn't you come to us sooner?"

Roland at last found strength to say: "I didn't know where and who you were."

"Oh, yes!"

And then they told each other how they happened to meet in the forest; how Lilian had been taken away by her uncle Weidmann, and how Roland had wandered on to find Erich. It was Spring then—now it was Autumn.

"Only think! There were dear little flies in your May-flowers; they went along with us and were not at all disturbed."

"Have you preserved the flowers?"

"No; I don't like withered flowers. Give me something—give me something that will not fade."

"I have nothing," Roland replied. "But I will send you my photograph, taken as a page. No, that's nothing to you. I wish I had my rings yet! I'd like to give you a ring, but Herr Erich has forbidden me to wear them."

"I don't want a ring. Give me—give me that pebble at your foot."

Roland picked it up and gave it to her; then he asked her to do the same for him. She did so, and cried:

"Yes, I like that better than anything else. Now I'll take a piece of Germany with me when I cross the ocean. Herr Knopf is right; it's all one whether one has a pebble or a diamond, provided he likes what he has; and it's very silly in people to like to trick themselves up with pearls, and think they're beautiful because men have to dive for them deep in the ocean. Herr Knopf is right in saying that when anything costs a good deal it loses its value and beauty."

Roland was silent, and his heart sank.

The girl continued:

"And you're the Roland of whom good Herr Knopf is always talking? You wouldn't believe how much he loves you."

"As much as he loves you?"

"Yes. He's fond of me, too; and he's promised to come to us after we get to America."

"I'm an American."

"Oh, yes! Welcome, dear compatriot. Now come into the garden and help me find a nice bouquet to take with me to-morrow."

"Where are you going to-morrow?"

"We're going home as early as possible."

Suddenly the children stopped as if puzzled. Then they,

children of the New World, had welcomed each other in the Old World. To-day they met to part.

"We see each other only to meet and part," said Roland.

"Come into the garden with me," Lilian replied.

CHAPTER III.

AN HOUR IN PARADISE.

THE children wandered about in the garden and plucked the fruit, as did our great ancestors in the myth. They went first into the kitchen-garden, where dwarf-trees were growing at regular intervals. Lilian, in a motherly sort of way, felt called on to explain everything to Roland, and said:

"There isn't a single rose-stem, a single little tree, that Aunty herself has not examined; and she hates vermin fearfully. Guess what Aunty reckons among vermin; but you mustn't laugh."

"What?"

"She calls birds vermin. Oh, you laugh just like my brother Hermann. Laugh again! Yes; he laughs exactly so. But my brother has been three years in business. Come, now, let's look for flowers."

They went to the flower-garden, and plucked flowers of various kinds. Lilian threw a whole bunch of them into the brook, and was delighted at the thought that now they would go into the Rhine, and from the Rhine into the ocean; and who knows but they might go straight to New York, and be there before herself.

"I'll come to you, too, when you're in America," said Roland abruptly.

"Give me your hand on it."

And, for the first time, the children grasped each other's hands.

The report of a gun was heard behind them. Roland started.

"Be quiet! Are you such a coward?" said Lilian, reassuring her companion. "It's only aunt, frightening sparrows. She shoots every time she goes into the orchard. There's always a pistol lying ready on that table."

Roland saw Frau Weidmann laying the discharged pistol on the table.

"Let's keep perfectly still, and then she won't hear us," said he to Lilian.

She sat down beside him on the bank of the stream, and said:

"I shall keep the mignonettes, they smell so sweet even after they are withered."

"Yes," added Roland, "give me a mignonette, too; and as often as we smell the flowers, we'll think of each other. The Krischer told me, and he knows all about bees, that mignonettes give most honey."

Of all his knowledge, nothing but this occurred to him.

"Oh, but you're clever!" shouted the child. "Say, do you think bees smell flowers as we do, and that the flowers color themselves so prettily to make bees and insects come and be friendly with them? Just think! Herr Knopf says they do. Oh, what wee bits of noses bees must have! And I've often noticed that bumble-bees are not wise, for they fly two or three times round a flower, where they know there isn't anything for them. The bumble-bee is stupid; but bees—oh, they're the prettiest creatures in the world. Don't you like them best?"

"No. I like horses and dogs better."

"Just think," continued Lilian; "bees won't hurt me and uncle; but Auntie has to be very careful. Did you ever have a swarm of them?"

"No."

"When you become a rich man, you must have bees. But bees thrive only in a house where there's peace; so Herr Knopf says. When we go away to-morrow, father is going to take a beehive along. Oh, if we can only bring them safe and sound to the New World! It would be fearful if all the good bees should die on the way. But wouldn't it be nice for them to wake up in America, and fly about and see trees that they never saw before!"

"Is it true, then, that you're going away to-morrow?"

"Yes, father said so; and when he once says a thing, nothing will prevent his doing it. You can rely on it as firmly as that the sun will rise to-morrow. Father, uncle, and Herr Knopf have often spoken of you."

"Of me?"

"Yes; they have been thinking of what you're going to be. Are you really worth so many hundred millions?"

"Yes, Lilian; all the money in the whole world is mine."

"What! You're trying to fool me; but I'm not so silly as to believe *that*. But what will you do when you get to be a man?"

"Be a soldier."

"Oh, that'll be splendid! Then you can come and help us kill all the people who have slaves. Father and uncle say the war will stop soon. Oh, if it were only now as it used to be in old times, we would go together into the wild forest, and away

off into the world. And then, by and by, we'd reach a castle where there wouldn't be anybody but wee little dwarfs and a hermit—a good, good man, with snow-white hair, and who's loved by all the beasts of the forest. Herr Knopf might be just such a hermit. Yes; let's make believe he *is* our hermit, and his name is Emil Martin. Come, from this very day let's call him Brother Martin."

Thus the children played with each other, and Roland said:

"Why must you go away so soon as to-morrow?"

"And why must you stay here?" Lilian replied.

"I must stay with my parents."

"And I with mine. Oh, you've got a beard already," screamed the child, pulling the down that was just beginning to appear on Roland's face.

"Ouch! that hurts! You're pulling out the two hairs that I'm so proud of."

"So you're proud of them?" and she stroked his face and spoke a charm which Herr Knopf had told her was an infallible cure for a wound.

"Have you got the dog yet?" inquired Lilian.

"Yes: he must have gone to Herr Erich. He's never content except with *him*."

He gave a loud whistle, and Grip came to him.

Lilian caressed the dog, embraced and kissed him, and called him pretty names.

"I'll give the dog to you," said Roland.

"Do you see," cried the child, "how astonished he looks at us? he knows that he can be given to another master as if he were a slave. But, Roland, I can't take the dog with me, and can't speak of it to my father. Just think how much trouble it would be to take him all the way to New York! No! you keep him."

Roland had been reflecting about something, and said, abruptly:

"Did you ever see any slaves?"

"No! as soon as they come to us they're slaves no longer. But I've seen a good many persons who have been slaves. One of them is a friend of father's, and father walks arm-in-arm with him along the street. Come here, Grip," said she, abruptly breaking off in her speech: "here's something for you."

She gave Grip some gingerbread which she had in her pocket. The dog licked his chops long after he had swallowed it, and stood there, calmly contemplating the landscape.

Neither of the children spoke for some time: then Lilian again asked:

"What will you do with so many, many millions, when you get to be a man?"

"Why do you ask me that?"

"Uncle and Herr Knopf have often spoken about it, and wondered what you'll do: and do you know what they said?"

"No! What would you do, if you had so much money?"

"I? I'd buy so many beautiful dresses! nothing but gold and silver dresses, and then—then I'd build a splendid church, and everybody should be nicely dressed there, and have something good to eat when they went home. You'll do all this, won't you? Or say, what will you do?"

"I don't know!"

"But you shall become something great. Oh, to be rich—phew! My uncle says that riches are vanity!"

"Did you ever see a million?" the child again asked. "I'd like to see a million once. Such a big room, and all the walls piles of gold! No! after all, I wouldn't like to see it. Come, tell me: have you a little sister?"

"No! she's a year older than I am."

"And is she pretty?"

Lilian did not wait for an answer, but motioned Roland to keep quiet—a ladybug was just running up her hand.

"See!" said she, laying the little creature on its back: "it's struggling, and can't help itself in the least. Now it's working its little wings that are hidden under its shell, and so it gets up all alone. Hey, there it goes! It'll have a great deal to tell when it gets home. 'Ah,' it will say, 'I met a huge monster with five legs on its hand'—for my fingers, of course, must seem to it legs—and at night when it sups with its family—"

"Say, aren't you hungry? I am."

"What are you doing there?" suddenly exclaimed a loud female voice. "Come into the house."

Lilian's aunt had come up behind the children, and they were obliged to accompany her into the house.

Lilian saw Roland's dismayed countenance, and, confident that he must be thinking of the story of the bad woman who ate up the little children in the wood, she whispered:

"Auntie doesn't harm us; on the contrary, we always get something good at night: we get big pancakes and greens. Don't you see greens all cut up in her hand? That's for the pancakes."

Roland and Lilian went with Frau Weidmann into the house.

CHAPTER IV.

VOCATION AND FATHERLAND.

WHILE the children had been sitting in the garden together, dreaming and guessing puzzles, the men had gone to the house. They entered the wainscoted hall where a large number of withered harvest-garlands were hanging. Weidmann told Erich that forty-two of these were his, and that they represented the number of harvests he had gathered. The wreath that hung by itself was his father-in-law's fiftieth harvest-garland; and it had been laid upon his grave. Weidmann nodded assent as Erich said:

"That's a decoration which must be earned and cannot be bought."

Erich was pleased at the thought of being able to show this to Roland.

They went into the sitting-room on the first floor. The apartment was large and inviting, and was provided with comfortable window-seats, while chairs and tables were placed here and there.

"In the Summer we live here on the first floor," said Weidmann to Erich. "We can oversee things better. When the leaves fall, we take up winter-quarters on the floor above."

From the large sitting-room they could see into other rooms, where the heavy damask curtains had just been thrown back. From one of these came the Banker, whose acquaintance Erich had made in Karlsbad; in his hand he had a package of law-papers. His greeting was cordial. He was glad to meet Clodwig's friend again, for it was in this connection only that he knew him.

A new topic was at once introduced. The Banker said that he had carefully examined the papers; the state's domain did not appear to be valued too highly, and Weidmann must understand the manner in which the lands should be divided; for it was a very questionable point whether the yearly income would be sufficient to render it possible to save up the amount for the life-insurance policy.

Erich learned that after his friend's workmen had served him faithfully for four years, Weidmann always bought them a policy.

In very general terms, Weidmann explained how the "social question," as it was called, always seemed to him to take the same form it did among the Romans; the constant aim should be to make the people free and independent landed proprietors. He added with special emphasis that the question would, how-

ever, never be solved like a simple sum in arithmetic; a moral earnestness must be brought into the work: and he frankly confessed that though many might shrug their shoulders at the idea, he persistently maintained that the humane principle of Freemasonry, which in many cases had become a meaningless phase, must here seek and find fresh life and a new field of labor.

It was at once evident that the Banker was a brother Mason.

Erich felt his heart swell as he reflected upon the mighty activity abroad in the world. "In these times," he could but say to himself, "a spirit of thought and endeavor is seen on every side, a care for one's neighbor, for those to whom life is a burden. This is our religion, it is without a temple and celebrates no saints' days, but everywhere and at all times it labors to do good." He forgot where he had come from and why he had come; he lived only in the present.

Weidmann, however, postponed the subject till another time, and inquired what profession Roland had in view. Before Erich could reply, Doctor Fritz entered, accompanied by another man whom Erich at once cordially greeted; it was Weidmann's son-in-law, an army-officer of high rank. The new-comers begged that their entrance might not interrupt the conversation, and Weidmann repeated his question.

Erich said that Roland was desirous of entering the army, and stated how much he himself was opposed to this, wishing rather, that Roland would devote himself to the advancement of science or else to agriculture.

Weidmann smilingly replied that Erich was too severe on the profession, from the fact that he himself had been a soldier. For his own part, he was convinced that a man's executive ability was increased in no slight degree by having served some time in the army. It was the means of cultivating quickness, resolution, and self-confidence, and at the same time a spirit of good-fellowship. In no way could promptness and a readiness either to command or obey, be acquired as well as in the army. But then, Roland must be assured that military discipline should be sought only as a means, and not as an employment to occupy and satisfy a whole lifetime.

"Then he'll never make a thorough soldier," interrupted Weidmann's son-in-law. "Whoever undertakes anything without regarding it as an occupation upon which he is to bestow all his energy, whoever has his eye fixed upon some calling beyond, cannot live fully in the present."

"Your views are quite in accordance with those of Professor Einsiedel, my old teacher," added Erich. "He always used to say that the worst of governments was an interregnum. It was therefore important that, instead of a temporary calling, Roland

should adopt some permanent one. With his peculiar character it is of course very difficult for another person to decide the matter, but you, Herr Weidmann, with the powerful impression which you and your active life most assuredly make upon Roland, are just the person to direct him to a definite course, beyond either my knowledge or ability to lay before him."

"Then let us consider the subject together," said Weidmann, in assent. "Here are several of us together—men who have had much experience in life."

"Do you think," interrupted Erich, "that several heads are better than one calm, sagacious one?"

"Aha! Doubts of the Parliament!" said Weidmann, smiling. "I simply answer, yes! What is discussed by a number is more serviceable to a large number, and a man of such wealth has the power of many, and wields it for many. Let us deliberate in common."

The company seated themselves, and the Banker began:

"It was Jean Paul, I think, who once said, 'If you go into a strange dwelling, and it does not seem home-like, go to work at once and it will become so.' I would make the remark still broader: A man will never feel at home in the world save through labor; he who does not labor is homeless."

The conversation was now again interrupted by the entrance of the Russian Prince, Weidmann's son, and Knopf. Once more the topic of conversation was rehearsed.

"We're having a pleasant discussion," began Weidmann, leaning back in his chair. "You've all seen that fine boy, Herr Sonnenkamp's son, and Captain Dournay here has brought him up so well that he may be said to be suited to any calling whatever. But the question is, what shall he become?"

"First permit me to ask one question," interrupted Knopf. "Is it necessary for a man of wealth to be a worker—a producer? May it not be his mission to advance production, further the labors of others and patronize art, science, manufactures, and agriculture, understanding these subjects only sufficiently to enable him to promote them?"

"You were about to reply," said Weidmann to the Banker, whose countenance was a very expressive one, and who evidently had a remark upon his lips.

"Not exactly to reply," returned the Banker. "I was only about to make a distinction between business and vocation. There may be occupations which are solely business, and, again, there may be positions in life which are merely vocations. The main difficulty is to find for a man of such large wealth an occupation which shall be merely the latter, for of business he does

not stand in need ; the absence of necessity prevents the children of the rich from becoming what they might."

"What do you mean by vocation?" asked Weidmann.

"I don't know how at once to—"

"Then allow me to come to your aid," interrupted Erich. "Vocation is a gift of nature, or a necessity which we make into a voluntary law. The brute has no vocation because it is mere instinct."

"I quite agree with you," said the Banker, with a grateful nod. "One more question," said he, turning to Erich. "Hasn't your pupil, like most sons of the rich, a desire to be a gay, dashing cavalier?"

As Erich did not reply, he continued:

"The misfortune is, that the sons of the rich rest content with being heirs, and are not inclined to seek a distinction of their own."

"We've already been told," began Weidmann's son, "that the young man wants to be a soldier, and it's my opinion that his wishes should be seconded. I hope not to be accused of prejudice in favor of my own calling, but I must reassert the views of Herr Weidmann, that military discipline gives a certain resoluteness which can be gained nowhere else. To stand, knapsack on, ready to meet death at any moment, gives stamina to the character: to an army in the field everything becomes a reality."

"Agreed," said Weidmann. "But yet isn't there reason to fear that a man who has spent the best years of his life in the army, would find it hard to settle himself down to any permanent occupation? He always feels as if he were on furlough, and it's a great misfortune. I might almost say that it's considered as the main object in life, for the rich in particular, to be always on furlough; their life is one long vacation."

"The best thing is for Roland to spend his money, and so keep it in circulation," said Weidmann's son, in a jesting tone, and showing those saucy white teeth of his which had so roused Francken's ire.

"I've a word to say," said the Russian Prince, turning to Knopf.

"The Prince wishes to make a remark," exclaimed the latter. Weidmann politely bowed assent.

"Our Russian custom might, I think, be imitated. As land-owners we're obliged to become farmers, and this whether our inheritance consists of money or of large estates. Why should not the young man become a simple agriculturist?"

"Agriculture has five branches," returned Weidmann, "and to these correspond five similar roots, so to speak, in one's natural tastes. It consists of physics, chemistry, mineralogy,

botany, and zoology; one of which—that is to say, an inclination toward one of these sciences and its development—must be rooted in one's disposition, otherwise the calling will afford no pleasure. And do you know," said he, with a smile, turning to the Prince, "do you know what is the first requisite for an agriculturist?"

"Money."

"No, that's the second. The first is common sense; and there are many more men of genius than of common sense."

The Prince gave Knopf a nod, and the latter pleasantly returned it.

With an earnestness in singular contrast to his usual composure of manner, Weidmann proceeded to refute the common opinion that agriculture is an occupation which can be followed with success by any person whatever. The ultimate conclusion was, however, that it would be better if Roland could be induced to combine agriculture with manufactures.

The conversation now resolved itself into dialogue. Knopf remarked to Erich that there was no longer an Olympus where the fate of men was decided; and Weidmann added, that the greatest difficulty was that Roland had nothing to look forward to, nothing to wish for, which would call forth his energies, affording him pleasure on the attainment of his object, and constantly inciting him to new endeavors: for the secret of action and growth in life lies in the fact that every object gained sows the seed for fresh efforts for something beyond.

"You're certainly right," said he to Erich, in conclusion. "We cannot order the destinies of another, nor can we do so in this case. Nor can we convert a person into a benefactor of his race by education. The young man must receive something which shall awaken within him a necessity of association with his fellow-men. He must not be content with rendering others happy, he must be desirous of accomplishing something. Work performed alone brings happiness. He should be educated for himself and for others. In everything he should have regard to others, and yet to himself."

Doctor Fritz had taken no part in the discussion. He sat reflecting, and his brows were knit.

"Why haven't you had anything to say?" asked Weidmann, in a low tone, while the rest were talking.

"It's very difficult," said he, in a tone equally low, "to enter upon an immense and honestly gained inheritance: how much more difficult, then, to enter upon one that is stained by crime!"

Weidmann earnestly motioned to his nephew, and laid his finger on his lip to impose silence. Erich had not heard what the two had said; but as he now looked at them both, he felt

as if something had taken place which concealed some horror. He had a feeling of involuntary fear—though why, he himself did not know.

Here Frau Weidmann entered, and asked them to come to supper. The company hastily arose and went to the dining-room and seated themselves at the table. Erich was placed beside Knopf.

"Ah," said he to the latter, "I've a question to ask you, but I don't wish an immediate answer: you may give it to-morrow."

"May I ask what it is?"

"What would you do if you suddenly came into the possession of several millions of dollars?"

Knopf, who had just raised his glass to his lips, suddenly began to cough and hem so violently as to be forced to withdraw from the table. He returned some time after, but he neither ate nor drank any more that evening.

The Banker, who was a great newspaper reader, inquired of Doctor Fritz whether the monstrous stories that were told of American life were founded in truth?"

"Of course," returned Doctor Fritz. Roland gave him a sharp look. "When one glances at the isolated phases of life as it is known to be in America, one is often unpleasantly affected by what seems monstrous; but an American statesman of great distinction once gave me a very clear view of this, which I take pleasure in repeating. 'I was in Munich,' said he, 'and there I learned how to understand my native country justly. I was visiting the foundry where the huge statue of Bavaria was being cast. The several parts of the figure lay all around. Here was an arm and there a knee, a hand, the head, and a part of the trunk, all startling to the sight in their monstrous proportions. When, a year afterward, I saw the mighty statue reared on its pedestal, and gazed at it in all its greatness and beautiful proportions, I began to realize that it is thus we must view America. In detail it appears monstrous; but seen as a whole, it possesses an incomparable beauty and grandeur.'"

At these words Roland looked up with a bright, triumphant glance, and smiled to Erich.

They rose from the table. Lilian was soon put to bed, and as Doctor Fritz also took his leave to retire, Roland grasped his hand and exclaimed:

"Thank you for your beautiful eulogy on my country. I shall never forget it."

"Won't you regard Germany as your country?"

"No," Roland replied in a tone of decision.

"Stay with me awhile, I've something to say to you," said Weidmann in a low tone to Erich.

Roland walked with Knopf in the starlit night, and Knopf

had to promise that he would awaken him when Doctor Fritz and his child should take their departure. Then only did Roland retire to rest. It was some time before he fell asleep, for the events of the day, the murmuring of the brook, and the noise of the mill kept him awake. Fatigue and youth at last triumphed, and he fell asleep.

CHAPTER V.

THE TIDINGS OF A NIGHT, AND AN OVERSLEPT ADIEU.

ROLAND slept. He little suspected that over him and his destiny two men were watching in deep agitation.

Erich had followed his host into his cabinet.

"Do you know," asked Weidmann, "why you were sent here?"

"Why I was sent here?"

"Yes."

"Herr Sonnenkamp wished to be on friendly terms with you, and I myself have long been anxious to—"

"Very good. The best spy is often he who is ignorant of being such,—one whose observations are innocently made, and whose information is innocently given."

"I don't understand—"

"Believe me, Herr Sonnenkamp never thought for a moment of coming to see us, particularly as he does not yet know when Doctor Fritz leaves. The story about being called away, which he palmed off on you, was a very harmless one. If you send to him he will say that he regrets he cannot come himself, he will send the carriage. Ah, my young friend, there is no pleasure in following the secret paths of human beasts of prey. Yet, first of all, a question. Do you know what success Herr Sonnenkamp meets with in his efforts to gain a title?"

"No."

"Do you know that a thing or two about Sonnenkamp's deserts has reached me confidentially? Have you heard anything of the kind?"

Erich replied in the negative, and Weidmann continued:

"I told you that the hostler who blows the horn is a criminal. I have another criminal, too, on a distant farm; when he's with others he does not do well, though this proceeds from a spirit of braggadocio rather than from one of maliciousness. So you see I do not cast off those whose life has been one of crime, for our own pride of conscious virtue rests upon a very weak foundation. It is for the most part merely a piece of good fortune if, through instruction and example and an assured competency, we do not burden ourselves with much we can never remove.

True, a constant and calculating occupation is revolting to every feeling of humanity—but, as I said, I will place no stumbling-blocks in Herr Sonnenkamp's way, only I cannot understand how he can seek to obtain a patent of nobility, wantonly challenging, as he thus does, an inquiry into his past life. Our friend Wolfsgarten tells me that you have much influence over Herr Sonnenkamp. Advise him to give up the idea."

Erich pressed his hand on his eyes; his hand trembled, his eyes burned; he tried to speak, but did not utter a word.

Weidmann, who attributed this emotion to a different cause, said gently:

"I admire your power in being able, as Herr Knopf informs me, and as I myself see, to bring a sphere of generous feeling around that house, and to instil purity and every good quality into the heart of your pupil. When this young man learns—"

"What is it? What is it? Tell me, I beg you!" Erich at last found strength to utter.

"How? What?" replied Weidmann, raising both hands to his head. "Is it possible that you do not know?"

"I only know that Herr Sonnenkamp owned large plantations with a great many slaves; that he got tired of that life, and therefore returned to Germany."

"Herr Sonnenkamp, Herr Sonnenkamp!" said Weidmann. "Fine name! and yet it's fair; it was his mother's. Then you have never heard of a Herr Banfield?"

"Not really heard of him, though the head-gardener was telling me that on returning from the baths, Herr Sonnenkamp was very much vexed to find that name on the visitors' book. What about it? Tell me, I entreat you!"

"Herr Sonnenkamp, or properly speaking, Herr Banfield, to use his real name, is in short the most notorious slave-dealer known in the Southern States. More than that, my nephew, Doctor Fritz, could inform you of much else that he has done. He even went so far as to defend slavery in the public journals; and he had the audacity to mention his own case as a proof that there were Germans who had not become enervated into sentimental philanthropists, for that he, a representative of German ideas, defended slavery as a righteous system. He wears a ring on his thumb, and when he takes it off you can see the marks of the teeth of a slave whom he choked to death, and who bit him in the struggle."

A cry of horror was extorted from Erich's breast; he could only exclaim:

"Oh, Roland! Oh, Mother! Oh, Manna!"

"It pains me to be obliged to tell you this, but it is better that the intelligence should come through me than another. You cannot understand that this man, who has lived such a life

can assume the airs he does, and discuss subjects in such a way. Yes, he is a whited sepulchre. I have wasted many days over him. I could not understand how he could live. The slave-trade is pure murder, the destruction of a free existence for one's own benefit; a murderer from passion, a murderer from rapacity makes his way over corpses to find his enjoyment in an act he considers justifiable. The world to him is a scene of war and conflict, a destruction of others to make room for himself. But a slave-trader—a slave-trader!—and this man is now a fruit-raiser, a good and careful fruit-raiser, and a living refutation of the passage in Scripture, 'By their fruits shall ye know them.' Oh, the man worried my mind to distraction, until I succeeded in banishing him from my thoughts."

Weidmann went on thus interruptedly as if to silence sad thoughts.

"Tell me all," said Erich, raising his head.

"Yes, you shall know all. Ah, what is there to tell? Of course you have heard of the fate of Captain Brown at Harper's Ferry?"

"Certainly. Was Herr Sonnenkamp concerned in it?"

"He was a ringleader."

Erich said that Roland, in his delirium, had once cried out, "John Brown hangs on the gallows!"

The more he spoke of Roland, the more his voice trembled, and at last hot tears started from his eyes. He apologized to Weidmann for the weakness, but the latter replied:

"Your tears draw me to you by a tie which cannot be broken. In me you shall find a friend whom you can call upon at any hour, and in any situation in which you may be placed. All that I have to offer is at your disposal; your actions shall be mine. You are not weak, you are strong, and in occupying this position at the side of such a youth with such a destiny, your calling is a great one."

Erich rose and drew a long breath: the two men clasped each other's hands warmly, while Erich said, as he laid his left hand on his breast:

"I hope to show myself worthy of this proof of your esteem."

"I knew it; as I said, it is better that you have learned of this through me. Believe me, the matter is beyond a doubt."

For a long time not a word was spoken; with Roland's name and that of his mother, Erich had uttered Manna's. Now for the first time, and in the midst of the deepest pain, the thought came fully and clearly to his mind that he loved Manna, and it was with a feeling of relief that he remembered that he had never spoken a word of love to her.

Shocked at his selfishness, he started. How could he think of himself and not of her sad fate? His greatest grief was that she was the daughter of such a man.

How would she bear it? And might she not already know it? Was that the cause of her reserved manner, her anxiety to sacrifice herself and to take the veil?

"Do not lose yourself in worry and thought," said Weidmann.

Erich did not dare to speak of Manna; he merely inquired whether Weidmann thought he ought to tell his mother, for it was doubly terrible to think that he had brought her into these associations.

Weidmann said that he well knew what a horrible idea it was to eat this man's bread and drink his wine, and receive benefits at his hand. But he enjoined upon Erich to spare his mother as long as possible, for he stood in much need of her to support Frau Ceres and Manna. Yes, Weidmann considered it a very happy thing that they could call upon the support and aid of a woman of such noble qualities and such experience in life.

It was long past midnight when Erich parted from his host.

He went to his room and saw Roland asleep, and, as he gazed on the noble boy, calmly breathing there, a silent vow arose to his lips.

Unable to rest, Erich wandered through the house, and out into the forest; shooting-stars darted hither and thither; the waters of the Rhine shone in the distance, and the earth was covered with a dewy haze. Erich found no rest, and, indeed, he hardly had the power of thought. What should—what could he do?

Morning began to dawn, and he returned to the house.

Here all was life. On entering he met Knopf, who said to him:

"You've been the means of keeping me awake all night. Ah, your question! It can't be solved theoretically, for all the real relations of life consist, not of whole-numbers, but of fractions, and can only be expressed fragmentarily. Thus, too, the result cannot be indicated by a whole-number. I can't make it out clearly, and I'm really puzzled to know what I should do if I were the owner of several millions of money. It would not be enough to found charitable institutions—the whole world is not to be turned into one vast house of mercy, and made a well-furnished inn. I like gayety and beauty; people not only ought to be clothed and fed, but they ought to have their hearts gladdened too. I would see that the teacher of every village singing-club was well paid, and that every member of it had a pint of wine every Sunday, and I'd order every village to be provided with a music-hall and rooms with high ceilings for Summer use, which should be well warmed in Winter; and the walls should be ornamented with beautiful pictures, and there should hang all the prizes the club might win. And, too, I would found an

asylum for poor children, and be the superintendent ; and then I'd establish a home for deserving teachers. I've got a name for it already—'The Home of Rest.' Oh, wouldn't it be splendid to see the old school-teachers wrangling together, and each one insisting that his own method of instruction was the best ! Then, too, I've been thinking that I'd lay the principal carefully away and take a million to travel on. I'd take a dozen or more comrades with me, good, honest fellows—naturalists, painters, sculptors, business-men, politicians and teachers—in short, stanch men of every occupation. I'd fit them out with whatever they needed, and we'd stop wherever we wanted to, and as long as we wanted ; and I should thus learn the best mode of managing different affairs, and, on my return, I'd follow them out. I don't flatter myself that I know yet what would be best. Just fancy how fine it would be to travel with a dozen or more capital fellows : we'd have a ship of our own, and we'd take mules for mountain travel. In short, it would be splendid, and useful too. And when Roland got home he should turn farmer, for agriculture is the best and most natural employment. But, as I said, I don't fairly make it out after all."

Erich hardly heard what Knopf said, and he was only aroused from his reverie by Knopf inquiring :

"Where's Roland ? I promised to wake him up when Doctor Fritz and his child start."

"Let him sleep on."

"On your responsibility?"

"On my responsibility."

"All right," assented Knopf. "In point of fact I would rather he should sleep than not. It will give him a sweet sentimental touch of grief to have his little friend leave him without a farewell. I can't abide dawdling between children. Whether he took his leave overnight, or failed to do so, as long as he's asleep, his friends go, there's a sweet sentimental sorrow for him ! But to say farewell in the morning, standing shivering on the steamboat landing, or at the railroad-station, and the boat or cars to move off and leave one feeling as if he'd been robbed, and then to have to turn upon one's heel home again ! Bah ! the idea's disgusting. I have a chill all day long after bidding a friend good-bye. But now, when Roland wakes up, and the child has taken flight, a grand, beautiful, fragrant memory will be lodged in his soul, and you and I, Doctor, will be the giants of the story."

And now Herr and Frau Weidmann made their appearance, together with their sons, and the Banker, and all the family. All again and again shook hands with Doctor Fritz and his child ; and Lilian exclaimed :

"Herr Knopf, bid Roland good-bye for me—the sleepy-head !"

The carriage rolled away, the family returned to their couches,

but Erich and Knopf walked about in the early morning, and the latter expressed his pleasure at being able thus to view nature in its awakening moments.

"It is something," said he, "that one always neglects, unless some necessity forces one to get up early. Many of those poets who sing the praises of dewy morn so enthusiastically, are, in all probability, wofully late risers."

Erich listened to the good Knopf without comprehending how a man could indulge in such thoughts: at the moment, all thought and action, all feeling that life had much to offer, seemed to him like a shadowy dream.

Knopf, on the contrary, supposed Erich all attention, and he expressed his regret that the child had left: he had, it was true, the Russian Prince to instruct, but the child had made the whole house happy—she was a living, speaking flower transplanted from the New World. This was evidently a flourish of sentiment taken from some poem already begun, or else it was soon to embellish one.

Erich listened patiently.

He at last inquired of Knopf whether Doctor Fritz had not told him a great many things about Herr Sonnenkamp.

Knopf confirmed the truth of a part of Weidmann's statements. He did not seem to know all.

"You're a man worthy of great respect, Herr Dournay; I call up the holy morning as my witness," exclaimed Knopf. "Had I myself been acquainted with Herr Sonnenkamp's past life, I could never have felt so at ease in instructing Roland; I should always have felt as if I had a loaded pistol by me which might go off. Yes! you are a strong man; this is a new greatness. I know how it is that you treat and manage Roland as you do."

Knopf had seized Erich's hand, and in his excess of feeling kissed it.

Erich became more calm, Knopf seemed happy, and his countenance was wreathed in smiles. He considered that they both were fortunate in being able to labor together in the hardest and grandest work of the age; for Erich had Roland to educate, and it must be the boy's mission to deal with slavery, while Knopf himself had to instruct the Russian, who now had the emancipated serfs to care for.

He said that the Prince wished him to return home with him and establish a school for the emancipated peasantry; Doctor Fritz, on the other hand, wanted him to come to America and conduct a school for the children of the free blacks. He reproached himself with a preference in favor of the children of the negroes; but to be honest, he must confess that his reason for going to America was a desire to see Lilian again, watch her development, and see what destiny awaited her.

As Erich returned, he saw Weidmann and the Banker getting into a carriage; they were going to the city to attend to some business concerning the lands. Erich took his leave, expressing his determination to return at once to Villa Eden. The sound of the name made him start. Weidmann left the carriage, took Erich aside and enjoined upon him great caution; and even after re-entering the carriage, exclaimed:

"My dear Dournay, my house is always at the disposal of your mother and aunt, as well as yourself."

Erich went to waken Roland.

"What, day already?" he exclaimed on waking. "Are they here yet?"

"Whom do you mean?"

"Lilian and her father."

"No! they left long ago."

"And why didn't you wake me?"

"Because you needed sleep. In an hour, we too are going home."

Roland turned haughtily away, but when Erich spoke to him tenderly he looked up and his eyelashes were wet with tears.

"How many tears are yet in store for those eyes!" thought Erich.

The carriage which had borne away Doctor Fritz and his child, returned. Lilian had sent another good-bye to Roland by the coachman. The horses were not taken out, but were hastily fed; and soon Erich and Roland were on their way home.

CHAPTER VI.

"THE WORLD IS A MADHOUSE."

IF a sentimental touch of grief produces a pale face, perverseness, obstinacy, and hatred of one's best friend and of everything else, Roland's sorrow must have been sentimental to excess. He sat in the carriage beside Erich, with his eyes closed, to shut out all but the creations of his fancy: he compressed his lips, which were pale and trembling, to keep from uttering a word.

"Am I a child?" said he to himself, "to be sent hither and thither at will, to do as I am bidden without asking why? What's the reason Erich has not told me why he returns so soon? Why did Knopf tell me with such a triumphant smile, that he purposely neglected awaking me?" For when it came to the point, Knopf had himself shouldered the responsibility Erich had assumed. He thought it better that Roland should feel vexed at an absent friend than at one in whose charge he was placed. Occasionally, Roland would glance up at Erich to

see whether he were not on the point of making an explanation. But Erich did not speak: he, too, had closed his eyes.

The day was clear, and the landscape refreshing to view, as they rode on, each lost in his own meditations.

Wearied out, Erich sat half lost in slumber, and the rumbling of the carriage grated on his ears with a demoniacal sound. Many times, when going down-hill, the brakes creaked against the wheels. Once he looked up and gazed at the distant Rhine, and then closed his eyes again; and in his half-dreamy state the mountains and water again came before him, and everything seemed overflowed, and in the midst of the flood two men stood upon rocks, far apart, yet beckoning to each other. On one rock stood Clodwig talking about some old Roman relic which he held in his hand, while Weidmann was mounted on the other, speaking about life-insurance policies. Occasionally they would both refer to Erich and Roland. And on awaking, he still fancied he heard their voices calling to each other, "Erich and Roland have arrived all safe."

"Here they are!" they had exclaimed, and "Here they are!" cried a voice outside.

The horses stopped, and Fräulein Milch stood by the garden hedge: they had reached the Major's house. Erich saluted her, and as Fräulein Milch took it for granted that the visit was not for her, she exclaimed:

"The Major was sent for from the Villa an hour ago, and he left word that he would not be at home until afternoon."

Erich left the carriage; he asked Fräulein Milch after his mother, and whether she knew what was doing at the Villa. She told him something unusual must be going on there, for everything was in commotion; and to-day the betrothal of Prancken and Manna would probably be celebrated.

Erich sent Roland home alone. He had to compose himself anew.

"The whole world is a madhouse," said Fräulein Milch.

Erich, in spite of the esteem he felt for the good old lady, did not feel in a mood to enter upon general observations upon human nature; and when Fräulein Milch tried to find out what he had heard at Mattenheim, he was obliged to refuse her repeated inquiries even to the point of rudeness. He did not suspect that Fräulein Milch, who already knew the whole affair, wished to come to an understanding with him.

He had stopped here, as in a kind of antechamber, to gain composure and prepare himself for what lay before him, but now he went off as if affrighted. He saw the beautiful Villa shining in the sunlight, the sparkling of the glasshouse and cupola—he saw the Park and his mother's dwelling: and to think that all this was planted and reared by traffic in flesh and blood!

Did Francken know it? He should learn it, and then we should see whether he would yet seek the hand of Sonnenkamp's daughter. Hatred and bitterness that Manna should belong to this man completely overcame him; his hair stood on end and he clenched his fist. He wished to rend in pieces this whole tissue of falsehood. But Manna—how would she bear it? He stopped and reproached himself—how could he ever suppose himself capable of a noble thought! Then he stood and gazed at the rocks as if he would hurl them into the valley and crush everything beneath them. Physical suffering, and pain darting through his heart, hardly permitted him to breathe. He saw it clearly now; he loved Manna, and, unconsciously to himself, he laughed aloud.

"The daughter of this man your wife, the mother of your children! The world's a madhouse!"

He remembered Fräulein Milch's words, and as he uttered them he added:

"Nor is it my part to tear off the visors of these maskers!" And in a composed frame of mind he went to the Villa.

CHAPTER VII.

A MILLION TO OWN AND A RIBBON TO WEAR.

ROLAND, on reaching the Villa, was at once summoned to his father.

"My son! my son!" exclaimed his father, as Roland entered the room, "it's all for you. Your social position is now high and sure. It's all for your sake, my dear son!"

The strong man raised the youth aloft as if he had been a child, and exclaimed:

"It's done, Roland. Never forget this moment; it is the grand result and climax of a wandering life beset with dangers. Henceforward, my son, your name is Roland von Lichtenburg."

Roland now stood once more on his feet; he trembled, and involuntarily looked into the large mirror.

"Yes," laughed his father. "Look at yourself—that's the young Baron. Ah, my child! by and by you will learn what it means. But all this is only between us two. You must not and ought not let the world know that I consider the matter of so much importance. I shall pretend indifference, and so must you. And above all, don't let Herr Dournay suspect anything. You got here very soon. Where did my messenger reach you?"

Roland said he knew nothing of any message. His father now told him that he had sent a messenger to Mattenheim in the night, with orders for them to return at once; and the Privy-

councillor's son, who had become an ensign, in company with several comrades, was visiting at the country-house, and was coming that noon to see Roland.

"But where's Herr Dournay?" now asked Sonnenkamp.

Roland said he had left him at Fräulein Milch's. Sonnenkamp smiled, and bade his son behave as usual toward Erich; he must always feel grateful to him, and be modest, above all things. "You must learn, too, to treat our elevation to rank as unimportant before the world. Now go to your mother. No—stop! You shall have something more to make you strong, and proud, and self-reliant. Stay where you are. I will show you how highly I regard you—how fully I consider you a man."

He hastily searched his pockets, and at last drew out his keys; he went to the fire-proof safe in the wall, sprung back the rosettes, and suddenly threw open both wings of the door.

"Look here!" he said; "all this will be yours—yours and your sister's. Come nearer! hold your hands closer together—there!" He took a large package from the safe, and continued: "Listen! here I place a million pounds sterling in your hands; now—hold fast—do you know how much that is, a million pounds? More than six million thalers are represented by these papers, and I have some other savings in there besides. Does it make you dizzy? It should not; you are only to know what you hold. With this you are master of the world—of everything. There now, give it to me! Look! here it lies, in this place; beside it are the other papers, underneath is gold—a great deal of gold coin. I like gold coin, and uncoined gold—here's some here. I'm mortal, and often feel, lately, as if a sudden dizziness might seize me, and end my life. Above here—look—lies my will. It declares you of age whenever I die. Now, my grown-up son, you're a man. Give me your hand. How does your hand feel that just held millions as its own? It gives power, doesn't it? Don't be timorous; I trust you. You and I alone know this. Now, young son, be proud in yourself, and modest before the world. You are more, and have more, than all the nobility of this land; more, perhaps, than the Prince himself. There, my child, go. This moment makes me happy—very happy. When I die you will know—you know everything now. There, go, go—but come, let me kiss you once more—there, now go!"

Roland could not utter a word. He went out and stood before the door, staring at his hands—those hands that had held millions as their own. All that he had ever thought or heard about the joys and sorrows of wealth was jumbled together in his mind; but secretly he felt a pleasure, a proud satisfaction, that almost made him cry out with joy. If he could only tell Erich all! It seemed as if he could not keep it to himself. But

he must not tell. His father had trusted him, and he could not violate the trust.

He went to his mother. Frau Ceres, elegantly dressed, was walking up and down in the great hall. She nodded very condescendingly to Roland, looked at him silently for a long time, and then said:

"How should I be addressed? Only with 'Good-morning, Mamma?' You should say—'Good-morning, Frau Mamma—good-morning, Frau Baroness—You are very gracious, Frau Baroness—I commend myself to your favor, Frau Baroness—You look remarkably well, Frau Baroness'—ha! ha! ha!"

Roland was seized by a cold shudder. He thought his mother had suddenly become insane. But now she stopped before a mirror, and said: "Your father is right—quite right. We are all of us just born to-day—newly come into the world; and we are all handsome. Now, come kiss your Mamma, your gracious Frau Mamma."

She kissed Roland passionately, and continued: "If I only had them here—those venomous tongues—they would choke with vexation, to see what I have become."

"But where's Manna?" asked Roland.

"She's crazy; she's been spoilt in the convent, and will not listen to anything. She has locked herself up in her room, and won't let any one in. Go and try to speak to her, and bring her to her senses. We must all be very sensible now. Frau Dournay always told me that I was clever; and now I'm going to show it. That fat Frau von Endlich, and Countess Wolfsgarten, with her peacock pride—we'll be Counts, too, before long—will burst with rage! Go to your sister, my child, and bring her here. We'll enjoy this together, and put on all our splendid clothes. To-morrow you're going to town with your father and Herr von Prancken."

Roland went to Manna's room, where he knocked and called. Finally she answered that she would see him in an hour, but for the present they must leave her alone.

On the way to his room Roland met Prancken, who embraced him cordially, and called him Brother; then, with many congratulations, accompanied him to his chamber. Here they found the uniform that had been ordered for Roland, and Prancken at once persuaded him to put it on; but Roland did not wish to before passing examination.

"Pshaw!" laughed Prancken; "that's only a scare for a poor devil of a commoner, my young friend. Now you're a baron, and therewith the largest part of your examination is passed; all the rest is merely form."

It did not require much persuasion to induce Roland to put on his uniform: Prancken assisted him. It became him excel-

lently, and made him appear lithe, but yet vigorous. His shoulders were broad, and the suppleness of his figure was not deficient in manly strength.

"For my part, I'd rather enter the navy," said he; "only there is none."

Accompanied by Prancken, he went to Manna's door once more, and called to her to come and see him in his uniform; but Manna gave no answer at all.

Prancken now went with Roland to his father, and both presented him to his mother, who was in ecstasies at his appearance. Roland could scarcely contain himself with excitement. He went to the park and spoke to the trees, and showed the sky and the flowers his uniform. Then he showed himself to the servants, who all congratulated him. Just as he stood by the porter, his left hand on his sword, while the porter, as an old soldier, made a military salute, Erich came up. He did not recognize Roland, nor did he rouse himself until he addressed him. Roland's cheeks glowed, and he exclaimed aloud:

"Oh, if I could only tell you everything, Erich! I feel intoxicated, metamorphosed! Tell me, am I awake or do I dream? Oh, Erich! I can't think any more."

Roland followed Erich to his room, and asked over and over again if he had been so happy too, when he put on his uniform for the first time? Erich could not make any reply; he thought back how he had felt the first time he wore his uniform, but still more of the day when he took it off for the last time. Memories long forgotten came back to him.

The Doctor once remarked that Roland had never shown any pleasure in new clothes, and now he seemed full of joy at his gay regimentals. All ideals seemed either banished or concentrated in these clothes. Erich looked at him with saddened eyes. He had said to him once, that the two happiest moments of a soldier's existence, were the one in which he puts on his uniform, and the other in which he takes it off forever. But he could not repeat that now, for there are things that each one must experience for himself, because he cannot learn them from another. And how much might there be now in all this confusion!

Joseph came, and said that Herr Sonnenkamp wished to see Erich at once. As though the earth were heaving under his feet, and everything swaying to and fro, like one in a dream, Erich crossed the courtyard and mounted the stairs. In the ante-room he composed himself. Now is the decisive moment.

CHAPTER VIII.

"RETICENCE."

ERICH entered. He hardly dared to look at Sonnenkamp, and was afraid of every word he might speak, for every thought Sonnenkamp expressed to him—indeed, everything that had previously been in contact with his thoughts—seemed tainted. When he raised his eyes, however, Sonnenkamp appeared entirely altered; as though his mighty frame was lessened by magic—he looked so modest, so humble, and beamed with such a childlike smile. He informed Erich, in a most indifferent tone, that his Highness's favor had conferred a title upon him, and that the Prince intended to hand the Letters Patent to him personally.

Erich still breathed heavily and could not utter a word.

"You're surprised?" asked Sonnenkamp. "I know the Jew-banker was refused; and I even believe—those gentlemen are very sly—I even believe—But that is quite indifferent now, each one acts according to his mind. I know, too, that a certain Doctor Fritz called upon Herr Weidmann, the Philanthropist, and said a great many calumnious things about a man whom I have the misfortune to resemble, didn't he? I see it in your face. I hope you do not—no, be assured, my dear, my valued friend—rejoice with me, and for our Roland."

Erich looked up relieved. There must be a mistake here, for the man could not be so self-possessed if he had anything to fear. Sonnenkamp continued:

"You will remain our friend, you and your noble mother?" He gave him his hand, and the same feeling flashed through Erich's mind again.

That ring on the thumb, is that a mistake, a deception, too?

Sonnenkamp might have perceived something, for he withdrew his proffered hand as quickly as if a wild animal had snatched at it, but said with great composure: "I know you are opposed to conferred rank."

"No, more than that—I wished to say more than that," interposed Erich; but Sonnenkamp sternly interrupted him.

"Pardon me if I do not wish to hear more at present." Quickly assuming a cordial tone, he continued, and said that he hoped Erich would at least aid in leading and confirming Roland in a dignified view of his new title and position.

"It would be well if you were to accept the Professorship. In that case I would have Roland share your lodgings until we move to town, and perhaps even after that; and you will remain his friend and counsellor, and all will be well." With

great frankness he added, for he as a father could not regulate it, that he desired Roland to approach what is called vice with reason and moderation, which alone would keep him from excess.

Erich remained silent. He came with warnings and great anxieties, and now the whole thing was ended and nothing more to be done. Indeed, with Sonnenkamp's admission that he was mistaken for Banfield, every objection seemed removed. For the sake of saying something, Erich asked where the Major was. Sonnenkamp told him, with great self-satisfaction, that the work on the castle had progressed far enough for the opening to take place on their return from town, and the Major had driven to the castle at once to make the necessary arrangements.

"Have you seen your mother?"

"No."

"She has, I am sorry to say, sent me word that she is slightly indisposed, and cannot come to take part in our pleasure to-day."

Erich hastened to his mother: he had never seen her ailing before, and now she lay languidly on the sofa, and was pleased that her letter brought him back so soon. Erich knew nothing of the letter, and now learned that Sonnenkamp had sent a messenger, to whom his mother had intrusted a note.

His mother was feverish, and said that she feared a severe illness: it seemed to her as if the house in which she lived was borne along by waves, further and further toward the ocean: she must force herself to keep awake, because as soon as she closed her eyes, this feeling became more oppressive; but she raised herself up and said: "Now you are here it will soon pass away. I was only anxious because I felt lonely in this confused world."

Erich found it impossible to hint to his mother what he had heard from Weidmann. His mother said she hoped that he would never feel as she did. "The older I grow, the more incomprehensible and confused some things appear to me. You men are more fortunate; details do not trouble you so much, because you see the whole."

His mother looked round as if distracted. She gazed upon her son, and then lowered her eyes. She would have liked to tell him the dreadful secret, but why burden him with it, since it was useless? So she kept it back.

Erich told her about the delightful life at Mattenheim, and how he was fortunate enough to gain a fatherly friend there. The way in which he described the active intercourse of the house, seemed reviving as a fresh current of air through the room, and his mother remarked: "In trouble, we quite forget that there are still beautiful, harmonious lives about us."

But she resumed her complaints and bewailed the struggles life imposed on women and men; and just as she mentioned Manna's name a messenger came from her, with the request that Frau Dournay would come to her.

Erich was about to reply to the messenger, that as his mother was indisposed Fräulein Manna should have the goodness to come to her, but his mother hastily rose and said: "No, she needs my help: I must be well, and I am glad that a duty rouses me from giving way to this sickly feeling."

She rose quickly and told the messenger she would come; dressed herself, and set out for the Villa with her son.

CHAPTER IX.

"KNIGHT ROLAND'S MOTTO."

THE Professor's widow spoke her name at Manna's door, and Manna opened it. She stood before the Mother with pallid face, and languidly extended her hand.

"I have wrestled with myself," she said; "but I can't find my way. I will tell you all."

Manna then related how she had grown up in unconditional worship of her father, and often deeply regretted that her mother was so harsh and unfeeling toward him. Once—she never learned what had gone before—her mother said to her in her father's presence:

"Know, then, what your father is—your father is—"

"Do not look at me, I beg of you," Manna said; "let me whisper it in your ear." She whispered the words softly in the ear of the Professor's widow, who sat with her eyes closed, and her hands folded in her lap. Not a sound was heard in the room; it seemed as if the world were dead, and the two people sitting opposite to each other, corpses. Manna went on to relate that at first she did not know what it meant, but gradually she understood it, and persuaded them to let her go to the convent. On the way there the thought perpetually haunted her, how Iphigenia had once sacrificed herself in atonement, and she too would sacrifice herself freely and holily, to wipe out the guilt of her kindred.

"It seemed to me at that time as if something within me had given way—as if a vein had burst in my heart. I considered myself a doomed sacrifice. I had courage, and wished to act quickly before I lost it again, for I feared my despondency and wished to bind myself."

Then, after a pause, in which Frau Dournay did not interrupt her with a word, Manna said that she could not understand what her father was doing; and she, she herself should receive

a title, become Francken's equal-born fiancée! She honored and respected Francken. He was a man of the world, but at the same time with a noble and deeply religious bias. Sobbing, she flung herself on the Mother's neck and cried: "I cannot, I cannot be his wife! Oh! I am so weak! You told me I would have hard struggles to pass through, but I never dreamed, never could have believed this."

"What more?" asked the Widow.

Manna covered her face with both hands, then threw herself on the Mother's neck and wept. Frau Dournay urged her to continue her confessions, but Manna remained silent. At last she broke out: "No! I will take that into my grave with me—that is mine alone."

Frau Dournay urged her to be calm and comforted, and asked if what she had just related was spoken like a confession in a confessional. Manna said no, and now threw herself on her knees before the Mother and besought her to tell no one what she had said of her father; but started up as if bitten by a serpent when the Widow explained that she knew it long since; that it oppressed her mind, but it was the duty of those who know themselves to be free from guilt, not to withdraw from him who wishes to atone for an unfortunate past.

A strange quiver passed over Manna's face.

"Who else knows it—who? Tell me!"

"Wherefore, my child? Why do you torment your soul, and drive at pleading and suing for pardon from house to house, from heart to heart?"

"My prayer, my sacrifice is rejected. I am rejected. We are all rejected! No, I am free; the Saints have not accepted my atonement: it was to be made within myself in my crushed and stricken heart. I am free—free!"

"Your smile alarms me," said the Widow, who closely watched the play of Manna's features.

Manna replied that her misery was sevenfold. "Oh!" she cried, "I only spoke with my brother once about slavery, and I was overpowered as if some one had suddenly seized me and whirled me round and round when he said, 'Beings who are received into the Church are our equals.' He's right! Whoever enters upon the knowledge and recognition of God is a free child of God. And I shuddered when I first thought how it was possible to pray in church with beings kneeling beside us, separated from us by a partition, who are slaves! Does not every word of prayer, does not atonement and sacrifice become a lie? It was a terrible road upon which I entered, but a demoniac power urged me forward. How is it possible that a clergyman can receive the child of a man—how could he receive us into the Church, since our father—"

Manna pressed to her heart, as though it were very heavy. She could not go on speaking, and the Widow comforted her :

"My child," she said, "do not blame religion, nor cast a stone at those who cannot prevent and do away with all the sin there is in the world. The sanctuary of religion is vast, pure, and exalted, even if error, indifference, and sin have crept in."

The Widow tried, from the bottom of her heart, to keep Manna from losing her hold upon religion. She spoke with enthusiasm of those who dedicate their whole existence to God, even though it is not granted them to change the world into a perfect abode of virtue and love.

Manna looked in amazement at the woman who spoke to her thus. Her lips moved, but she could not utter the words to ask, Are you not a Huguenot? She kept back the words, for at once all distinctions of religious belief seemed wiped out—she recognized but a single, mild, tolerant, enduring heart, pointing only to good. Now she felt herself wholly drawn toward the noble woman, threw herself into her arms, and weeping, kissed her cheeks, her brow, and her hands, and begged she would lay her hands upon her head, that she might not die of grief.

In a close embrace the women sat silently side by side, when a knock was heard at the door. Sonnenkamp said that he must see his daughter.

"You must admit him," said Frau Dournay.

Manna rose and unlocked the door. Sonnenkamp entered.

"I'm glad you have recovered," he said in a cheerful voice to Frau Dournay, unconscious of the light in which he appeared to her and his child. "I thank you," he continued, with a gesture indicating that he wished to be alone with Manna.

Manna understood it. She could not express her fear, but urgently begged her father to allow Frau Dournay to be present at their interview, since she concealed nothing from the noble woman.

Sonnenkamp winced. Was it possible? No, it could not be—his own child could not betray him. He now asked particularly to see Manna alone, and Frau Dournay rose to go. Sonnenkamp begged her, in a cordial tone, to devote herself to his wife, that during his absence she might not want the considerate influence she needed to enter upon her new life with proper dignity and repose.

The Widow nodded and left the room. Manna was obliged to seat herself, for she felt her feet give way under her when Sonnenkamp said he hoped she had long since forgotten the bitter words her mother had spoken against him. She should go to her mother, who would confirm that what she said was uttered in anger.

Manna bowed silently. And now Sonnenkamp spoke of her

engagement to Prancken, and boasted of never having inflicted the least restraint upon his child. Manna besought him not to demand that of her now.

"Very well; then you need not decide until we return: but promise me to receive him kindly."

Manna felt she could promise that; and Sonnenkamp smiled to himself: he could keep Prancken in suspense until everything should be settled. If anything unavoidable should occur, it couldn't be helped.

"You are now a Freifräulein," he said to his daughter, with a forced smile. "You shall be free in everything. To-day we will leave things in suspense. I cannot be dishonest."

He ought to have said instead, that he had no scruples about deceiving Prancken. But in place of that, he added that it would be more proper to give consent or refusal after they had been longer in possession of their title. And so he parted from his child with pleasant words.

There was great mirth in the Villa at noon, for the Ensign arrived, with several comrades. They took a ride with Roland, who was received as one of their mess.

At Prancken's desire, they set out for town that same evening. When Roland took leave of Erich's mother, she gave him a paper containing these words: "On the band of Knight Roland's helmet stood, of old, in golden letters, and shall be written again: 'All the world's weapons shall leave me pure.'"

CHAPTER X.

BELOW-STAIRS.

AT the servant's table, in the basement, there was a large vacancy, and Bertram's place at the head remained unoccupied. Joseph and Lutz were also wanting, for they had gone to the capital with the old and the young master. The men and women around the table spoke in suppressed whispers: at last the head-gardener said that the thing was no longer a secret; he asserted having seen through the whole matter, even as long ago as when their princely highnesses had visited the house. With a sort of bashful condescension, which plainly revealed how much he regretted being obliged to produce his superior wisdom before these people, he gave his information; for these people couldn't, by any means, appreciate what he could tell them. Joseph alone, if he were present, could have awarded him the suitable praise. All the other servants, however, had a dislike for the aristocratic head-gardener, who affected such superior education. Nobody answered him. The fat cook, who but seldom sat down at table—for she persisted that, in fact, she

never ate anything—now ventured to occupy Bertram's place, in such a fashion that she could rise at any moment. She said that all her life long she had only served in noble families, and now here it was so again. Now the word was out: a load seemed taken from the minds of all, as they could now speak out openly. The second-coachman lifted the lappels of his long waistcoat, and studied them with a searching glance.

"Now there'll soon be buttons with a coat-of-arms here," he said at last; "and our carriages will be painted over, and the coach-door will get a fine coat-of-arms, and no more of your simple 'S.' Now I'd like Herr von Endlich's coachman to say again, that our 'S' looks like an interrogation mark turned round the wrong way, because no one really knows who Herr Sonnenkamp is."

A groom was very glad that above the name on the horse-blankets, a five-pointed coronet would now strike everybody's eyes.

The housekeeper bewailed the great trouble it would give her to embroider all the linen over again; and the silver-maid was rejoiced, because she'd now get new spoons and forks, as everything would have to be melted over, so as to be engraved anew.

"And there'll be new collars for the dogs," cried a screeching voice. Everybody laughed at the dog-keeper, who stared about with a bashful grin, because he had said something so funny.

Old Ursel, who sat persistently on her stool, holding her plate in her lap, called out to the second-cook:

"Now we'll soon hear of a Frau Lutz, for now I suppose the master will let folks get married."

"Did he give you permission?"

"No! but now he'll stay here forever, and not go away again: now you can all of you get married. The Lord be praised, I don't need it any more."

The assistant-gardener, Squirrel, remarked with unction:

"I don't want to say anything, but if I was such a rich man, I shouldn't have got myself ennobled. No, indeed! I'd rather be the richest commoner all the way up and down the river, than the newest nobleman. I shouldn't do the nobility the favor. If you've got money, you're plenty noble enough."

Everybody jeered at the pert fellow; and the head-gardener nodded at him patronizingly, and his expression said: "I shouldn't have given the simpleton credit for such a thought."

They now discussed, to and fro, what liveries the master would order, and whether he would get a "*von*" put before his old name, or receive an entirely new one. At last the conversation passed over to Pranken's betrothal. The fat cook reminded them that, at the time of Erich's entrance into the house, Ursel had prophesied that Erich would become the son

of the house. Now it was all over with her fame for prophesying, for the engagement was as sure as could be; they were only waiting till the young lady was ennobled too, to publish it. Ursel made a wry face, looked about and winked, pressed her spoon to her mouth, and nodded triumphantly. At last she condescended to explain.

"And I don't yet believe that she'll marry that twirled yellow moustache. Mark my words!"

The housekeeper told the fat cook, in confidence, that the valet Joseph—she had noticed it all winter long—was in love with the daughter of the host of the Victoria hotel.

The discussion in the basement lasted a good while; it was only interrupted when a voice came from above with the message that the horses were to be hitched up again—now, in the night—because her Ladyship intended to drive out.

Where to? No one knew.

CHAPTER XI.

THE FIRST NIGHT OF A BARONESS.

YES, he's well off. He goes travelling, amuses himself, and leaves me here alone! What shall I do now?"

Thus complained Frau Ceres to Miss Perini, when Sonnenkamp, Pranken, and Roland had gone away. With the hurry and restlessness of one in a fever she paced up and down the room, asking again and again whether something couldn't be done: Miss Perini should advise her what to do. The latter advised her to keep calm, and begged Frau Ceres to sit down near her, and do the filling at the other end of her embroidery.

"Yes," exclaimed Frau Ceres suddenly, "now I have it! I'll prepare him a pleasant surprise; I'll embroider a sofa-cushion with our coat-of-arms. And something else! I've noticed that people have praying-cushions in church, embroidered with their coats-of-arms. We'll have one too."

Miss Perini nodded. "And one thing more!" she observed.

"How? You know something else?" exclaimed Frau Ceres.

"Yes; it will entirely suit your pious disposition. You have surely thought of it, and have only forgotten it again."

"What is it? What have I forgotten?"

"You intended, as soon as the title had been conferred, to embroider an altar-cloth."

"Yes, we'll do that. Have I really spoken of it before? Ah, I forget everything! Ah, my dear young lady, stay with me always, always remind me of everything. Have you a large piece of canvas? We'll begin at once."

Miss Perini always had everything in readiness—silk worsted, gold thread, and silver thread, canvas, and patterns. Frau Ceres did a few stitches, then she said:

"My hand trembles to-day, but still I've commenced the cloth, and now we'll work at it all the time. You'll help me, won't you?"

Miss Perini expressed her willingness; she knew that she would have to work the whole altar-cloth by herself, but Frau Ceres had grown somewhat calmer.

"Will you have the Priest sent for, or shall we call on him?"

"As you wish."

"No, it'll be better after all if we remain alone. I wonder where Manna is? She shall come here; she ought to be with her mother."

She rang the bell, and sent for Manna. The servant came back, saying that Manna had already retired to rest; she begged her mother to excuse her, for she was very tired.

"What can Frau Dournay be doing? Oughtn't she to come here and congratulate me?"

"She has been with Fräulein Manna, and has returned home," replied Miss Perini.

"She has been in the house, and did not come to see me?" gasped Frau Ceres. "She shall come immediately—this moment! Send for her. I'm the mother; her respects are due to me first, then to the child. Send for her; she shall come at once!"

Miss Perini had to obey, but she admonished Frau Ceres very guardedly, to be extremely aristocratic and dignified in the presence of the learned Court-lady, who was not to imagine that one had to learn from her how to conduct one's self in a higher station.

"Pray be very calm and self-possessed, Baroness!"

"Baroness! I trust that Frau Dournay will also address me by that title?"

"Certainly, she has very polished manners."

Again Frau Ceres paced the room restlessly. Occasionally she stood still before the large mirror, and bowed to an invisible person. Her bow was a real success; she laid her left hand on her heart, the right hand fell negligently by her side, and she bent very low. At either side of the mirror four-armed candelabra were burning, and from time to time Frau Ceres touched her forehead.

"He has promised me a five-pointed diadem. It'll become me, won't it?"

She again bowed before the mirror, and her features wore a most gracious smile.

Miss Perini heard Frau Dournay arrive outside. She went

to meet her, and entreated her to be very lenient and indulgent with Frau Ceres, who was unusually excited, and to be very careful to address her always by her title of Baroness.

"Why did you send word to me that she was ill, and that for that reason you wanted me so late in the night?"

"Pardon me, but you know that there are invalids who do not lie abed."

Frau Dournay comprehended. When she entered, Frau Ceres, her face still directed to the glass, exclaimed without turning around:

"Ah, that's nice—very nice of you to come here, dear Frau Dournay,—very kind of you—very obliging, and I like you for it."

Now she looked around, and extended her hand to her visitor.

The Professor's widow did not congratulate her, and did not address her as Baroness.

Frau Ceres desired to know what her husband— but correcting herself quickly she said:

"I suppose I must now always say 'his lordship?' Well, then, what had his lordship to do in town? Had he to pass knightly ordeals, and will he be knighted in the presence of the assembled multitude?"

Frau Dournay explained that such ceremonies were no longer observed; he would simply receive a parchment diploma.

"Parchment—parchment?" repeated Frau Ceres, at intervals. "What is parchment?"

"Parchment is a dressed skin," explained the Professor's widow.

"Ah! a scalp—a scalp! I understand. And on that— Will the diploma be written in ink, like anything else that is written?"

She sat a long time looking fixedly before her; then, first closing her eyes and again opening them, she requested Frau Dournay to select one of her handsomest dresses.

Frightened, but proudly, the Professor's widow arose; but she quickly reseated herself, saying that she acknowledged Frau Sonnenkamp's kindness, but she no longer wore such handsome dresses.

"Neither does Frau Sonnenkamp. Frau Sonnenkamp— Frau Sonnenkamp!" repeated Frau Ceres. She meant to signify to Frau Dournay that she had not called her Baroness.

"Have you ever known of an American who was raised to the nobility?" she asked suddenly.

Frau Dournay had not. When it was mentioned that Herr Sonnenkamp would receive the name Baron von Lichtenburg, after the castle which was being restored, Frau Ceres exclaimed:

"Ah! that's it! that's it! Now I know what I want. This night—immediately, I will go to the castle—our castle. After that I'll sleep well. Both of you will accompany me!"

She instantly rang the bell to order the carriage to be got ready. The two ladies looked at each other dismayed. What will come of it all? Who knows whether this excitement might not, on the road, suddenly break out into an aberration of mind, insanity? Frau Dournay was sufficiently self-possessed to tell Frau Ceres that it would be much finer to visit the castle to-morrow, by daylight; if they were to do so to-night it would occasion much talk in the neighborhood.

"Why so? Is there, perhaps, a legend attached to our castle?"

There was one, indeed, but Frau Dournay took good care not to relate it now: but she declared herself ready to drive with Frau Ceres on the country-road for an hour, in the mild night; she hoped that this would calm her.

And so the three ladies rode out together in the balmy night. Frau Dournay had arranged to have a servant sit beside the coachman, and still another behind. She wanted to have assistance at hand for any emergency. But there was no need of assistance; for Frau Ceres grew very calm as soon as she sat in the carriage: she even began speaking of her childhood. She had early become an orphan, as she was the daughter of the captain of one of Sonnenkamp's vessels, which had made long and very dangerous cruises—"yes, very dangerous!" she repeated, more than once. After the death of her parents Herr Sonnenkamp had taken entire charge of her; and he had let her grow up in seclusion, guarded only by an old man and an old woman servant.

"He let me learn nothing—nothing at all!" she again complained. "He said to me—'You are best as you are.' And I wasn't fifteen years old when he married me!"

She wept; then again, clapping her hands childishly, she cried:

"It's all a fairy tale. It was another creature altogether that experienced all that—that lay whole days in the hammock, lost in dreams. And now in Europe—But it's well as it is—everything is well now, isn't it?" said she, cordially extending her hands to Frau Dournay and Miss Perini.

"Do you think," she asked the Professor's widow, with an air of secrecy—"do you think that our nobility is now quite a sure and settled thing?"

"After the patent has been issued, everything will be sure; but no one can say that a thing is sure before it is positively accomplished. Accidents may happen at the very last moment."

"What accidents? What do you mean? Of what kind? What do you know? Tell me everything!"

Frau Dournay shuddered. The restlessness and terror, the wilful, distracting, and morbid existence of Frau Ceres were now all clear to her. Why, this was the woman who intended to punish her husband, by revealing the father's past life to his child!

With prayers and commands Frau Ceres urged them to mention to her the possible causes of prevention; and she became calmer only when Frau Dournay assured her that she knew nothing definite to mention. In spite of the darkness, Miss Perini noticed what an effort it cost Frau Dournay to utter this falsehood; and she could utter it only because she imagined herself to be in the position of the physician, who dares not offer the bitter truth to his feverish patient.

Frau Ceres leaned back in her corner. She fell asleep, like a child which has exhausted itself with passion and tears. Miss Perini begged Frau Dournay, earnestly, to address Frau Ceres as Baroness, when she awoke. She ordered the coachman to turn; they drove back to the Villa.

Frau Ceres could hardly be awakened; they put her to bed. She thanked the ladies fervently, and smiled with rapture when Frau Dournay at last said:

"Now, good-night, Baroness."

CHAPTER XII.

"AN EMPTY NEST AND A HOME OF PEACE."

LABORIOUSLY, yet singing merrily, the bird builds its nest, untiringly it gathers everywhere, and nourishes its young—deprives itself, finding its joy in the growth of its offspring. Now it is fledged and flown, the nest is empty, deserted, and scattered.

Lost in such reflections, Erich stood that night by Roland's bed, and his heart trembled with fear for the beloved boy. He strolled out into the country, and felt as if he must go to some friend—some being against whose breast he might lean his heavy head. He wanted to seek Clodwig—the Doctor, and then Weidmann. Yet none of them could change what was unalterable; besides, he might be wanted here at any moment. He must not leave his mother nor the house; he must not think of himself.

Thus he wandered like a restless shadow through the night. He saw the carriage with the ladies coming toward him, and quickly concealed himself behind a hedge; he recognized his mother, Frau Ceres, and Miss Perini, and did not comprehend

what it meant. Where were they going?—or did he merely imagine that he saw them? He waited a long while: at last the carriage returned, and he too went home. Long he sat by the meadow-path, on a bench before the vine-clad cottage; he saw the lights put out, and at last returned to the Villa.

It seemed to him that Manna was looking out of her window, which was dark; he would have liked to speak to her, but did not venture; he had no right to disturb her undoubtedly sad thoughts. It seemed to him that a white hand reached toward him from the window. He passed on quickly.

Mutely he paced his room; it seemed so strange not to talk with Roland as he had done every evening before. He wished to find relief from his thoughts in a book, but he made a deprecatory gesture with the hand he had stretched out for it. Professor Einsiedel was right; he had divorced his mind from knowledge, and he could not at once resume the connection. He had wholly devoted himself to one human being, and now that that one had left him, he felt void and forlorn. But on the other hand, he said to himself: "Had I not given myself up to him so entirely, Roland would not have gone fortified as he is, and he will prove it amidst dangers and temptations. Is he thinking of me now and longing for me, as I do for him? Not now, perhaps, for the current of life has seized him; but there will be times when he will turn to me, and I will be ready."

Erich pondered over and over what would become of him; he found no solution, and comforted himself by the thought that the following day would surely bring its task. Now he suddenly remembered that he too possessed a tithe of the wealth that had been won in such a way. He resolved not to keep any of it. Where should he bestow it? to whom return it? He did not know; but a sense of freedom entered his soul, as he thought and said aloud to himself:

"Now you have nothing, you are poor again, you have only yourself."

How much he had lived through in this house, how active had been his heart and mind! And to-morrow—in a few days, this house will be forsaken, remote—a memory. And then? "Come day, come fate, you shall find me ready!"

Erich felt himself forsaken, deeply bereft; he longed for some one outside of himself, who would take him to his arms and say: "You are at home, you are with me." He started—as he thought: "If Bella were to see me!" Then his cheeks glowed as he thought: "No, Manna, only you; but you shall never know it, it is better for you and for me. What? I should call you mine, and with you the burden of this terrible wealth? Wealth!—that would never prevent me, I am proud enough.

No, it shall die before it is born! Never shall it cross these lips!"

Long he pressed his hand to his mouth. At last, closing his eyes, he said almost aloud:

"Good-night, Roland."

When he awoke, the church-bells were ringing, and his first thought was, "How is Roland's waking?" He left the house intending to go to his mother, but he feared to meet her, for the recollection of what Weidmann had told him revived within him as distinctly as though he had just heard it for the first time. He gazed up to the sky and thought: "Oh, sun, what will you reveal to-day!"

Oh, wonderful! in the midst of his sense of desertion, in the midst of his grief, it suddenly seemed to him as though he stood on the threshold of happiness ineffable; but sure, coming no one knew whence. The bells were still ringing. "There is something in the sound that appeals to all; if others choose to listen and follow it, why should not you?" He did not care to wander alone and aimless, merely to distract himself. The walk into the open air, as Knopf called it, now came to his mind.

He walked toward the church, and on the way there, Knopf's remark, "Our life is nothing but a walk in the open air," went with him. He entered the church just as the organ sounded. "Knopf is right," he continued in his train of thought. "There stand the sacred vessels, the candelabra, the kneeling-benches, waiting quietly for whoever may come. Who knows what is going on in his neighbor's soul? Yet, there is a unity pervading all, we find the other, and we find ourselves."

Silently collecting himself, Erich took a seat behind a pillar. As he looked up, he saw Manna kneeling near the altar. "She will kneel like that when she and Prancken are being married." Startled as though some one behind had suddenly seized him, Erich turned, but saw no one. He wanted to leave the church, but the repose and the silent service soothed him, and he scarcely knew what more he thought. The organ pealed. Manna passed by him: he heard the rustling of her dress, but did not stir. The lights on the altar were extinguished, and he left the church.

"So you have been to church?" a woman's voice said.

He looked up in surprise—Fräulein Milch stood before him. He saluted her politely, and said he did not know that she was a Catholic too.

"Nor am I, but there are times when I cannot pray alone; I must go to another house, one that is built for the Lord. I must be there with my fellow-beings, who, like myself, seek peace and consolation in the Most High, even if they address him in a

different way from mine. I do not pray the same prayer that the others do, but I pray with them." She looked confidently into Erich's face as if she wanted to say: "You could not bear to be alone either;" but as Erich did not answer, she inquired after his mother, and begged him to say to her that she had not called upon her yet because she feared to intrude; but that she herself was always to be found at home.

"You too, Captain, must visit us, whenever you feel inclined. We have not much to offer, but there is one thing you will always find, and that is rest. You have the privilege of not even saying 'good-day' when you come; you can do just as you happen to feel, and must make yourself entirely at home."

Then she asked how he bore Roland's absence. And she was the first to whom he expressed his deep longing for the boy.

"Roland has become dearer to me than the brother whom I lost!" he exclaimed; and just as he spoke these words, somewhat loudly with a quivering voice, Manna, who was just returning from the parsonage, passed them. She silently saluted them both, and pressed her prayer-book tightly to her breast.

"I should be glad, for her sake, if she were a happy nun; but she will never be a happy nun," said Fräulein Milch.

"Of course not!" jested Erich; "she will be Frau von Prancken!"

"Frau von Prancken? Never!"

"And you say that so decidedly?"

"Yes; because Herr von Prancken will marry the young widow, Herr von Endlich's daughter."

"I don't understand?"

"Remember what I have told you to-day, Captain. Baron Prancken has never spoken to me, except to inquire—'Where is the Major?' He never addressed me personally—for which I bear him no grudge—but I know him, nevertheless."

Erich's face beamed. He had no reason to believe the assertion Fräulein Milch had just made, yet he did believe it; and now he remembered that he had looked forward to something pleasant to-day, he did not know what, and now he had heard it. He escorted Fräulein Milch to her house. The Major was not at home; he had gone to the castle, as there was a great deal to be done in preparing for the grand opening which was to take place in a few days. Erich took leave and returned to his mother.

CHAPTER XIII.

"A KIND HAND FILLS THE GLASS."

ARE you melancholy and thoughtful too?" cried the Doctor to Erich, as he entered. "I find a whole colony of anxious ones here! What is there so very sad about this business? Herr Sonnenkamp orders a new suit and a new equipage. In old times—I remember them very well—a commoner was not allowed to drive in a coach-and-four. If he wished to, he was compelled to harness his horses with rope traces. I see nothing in all this. Frau Ceres is sick, Manna is sick, the Mother is sick, and the Captain looks sick. Miss Perini and the Aunt are the only well ones in the whole hospital. Seidlitz powders! Seidlitz powders shall be given out as the household-word and war-cry to-day."

The Doctor's cheery tone dispelled the vapors like a fresh breeze that has gathered fragrance by sweeping over mountain forests. Frau Dournay could not say why she felt so anxious: Erich could not, either.

The Doctor advised Erich to take part in a new mining enterprise, and keep his science as a private ornament for himself. A new brown-stone stratum had been discovered on the Mattenheim domain. He had seen his son-in-law, who made a flattering report of the favorable impression Erich had left on the family at Mattenheim. The Doctor took Erich back to the Villa with him; and just as they entered the garden, a telegram was brought to Erich. It was from Herr Sonnenkamp, with a request to inform Frau Ceres that he was just making his entrance at court. The Doctor took the responsibility upon himself of withholding this piece of information from Frau Ceres, who was already excited nearly to distraction, and for whom he had prescribed an opiate.

Erich, Miss Perini, and Manna appeared at table. After the first course, Miss Perini was summoned to Frau Ceres, and did not return. Manna and Erich remained alone.

"You were at church to-day?" said Manna.

"Yes."

"I must ask your forgiveness, for I have wronged you."

"You? Wronged me?"

"Yes. I considered you irreligious."

"So I am, according to orthodox ideas."

Manna did not reply, and returned to her plate the morsel which she was about to put into her mouth. For some time both sat silently opposite one another, seeking some congenial topic on which to resume the conversation.

"You had a younger brother, whom you lost. I heard you speak of him to-day," at length began Manna, blushing to the roots of her hair.

"Yes; he was of our Roland's age; and to this hour it is a subject of wonderment to me, why I never could be as much to my own brother as I was to Roland."

"As you *were*? You are so still. Roland told me a true remark of yours: 'Friends who desert one another have never been friends.'"

"Certainly, but what is all sympathy in thought, if we no longer break the daily bread of life together? I knew that this separation would come; I recognized it as necessary, and now I distinctly feel how long, with slight exceptions, I have not thought, felt, or experienced anything without in some way connecting it with Roland—indeed, experiencing it for him. Now this one direction of my thoughts is suddenly checked and severed, their aim and purpose changed and undermined, I feel so homeless, so empty."

"I understand that perfectly," said Manna, as Erich paused, and she sipped the wine that stood before her.

Erich continued:

"I have a practical friend, a peculiar fellow, who takes everything very hard. He is a man who entirely and exclusively devotes his whole soul to his calling, forgetting everything else. He complained to me once how empty, how isolated and bereft he seemed to himself when he had completed a work that went forth into the world to become at home everywhere, but would no longer remain with him alone. After he devotes all his thoughts, day and night, to the creatures of his imagination, they journey across the ocean, and no longer exist for him; he cannot withdraw his thoughts from them, and yet can do no more toward their completion and perfection. Yes, dear Fräulein Manna, these were only forms of the imagination that departed from the man and left him so lonely. How different it is when a human being leaves us whose whole existence has struck deep roots into our souls!"

Manna looked him full in the face; heavy tears clung to her long lashes, and she saw that Erich's eyes too were moist. She folded her hands on the table, and looked quietly into Erich's face.

He felt this look, and said with embarrassment:

"Pardon my egotism, in speaking only of myself. I did not wish to grieve a sister, and can at once give you the consolation I found for myself, which will also apply to you. We have no right to give our minds any one exclusive bias, and by this means to lose sight of the rest of the world; our minds must submit to the fact that there are other things besides that re-

quire our consideration. Only now, in our feeling of having something uprooted from us, now while the wound which we must unavoidably bear is still bleeding, we can do nothing but quietly wait, and collect our thoughts in contemplating the wealth of existing powers, and the wealth of joys and sorrows contained in the capacities that lie in us, to influence these various powers. My mother tells an anecdote, *Fräulein Manna*," he broke in upon himself, "about an old clergyman, who said to his congregation: 'My children, I do not preach for you alone, I preach for myself as well, for I need it.'"

A smile passed over Manna's face, and Erich smiled too.

"Thus it is," he continued, "we must not devote ourselves to separate, isolated, and finite things; it is the Infinite we must serve, the Spirit abiding in the universe, until we are called to fill another post. Whither or wherefore, who shall tell? We experience the severance of beautiful individual ties, only to take our place again in the community of the great Universal whole."

"You are not irreligious,—no, you must not say that of yourself; indeed you're not irreligious!" cried Manna.

"Some consider me as behind the age; others, as cowardly and yielding, because I believed in God, in a wise, consistent order, and an unerring development of events as unmistakably presented in the history of mankind, as well as in the lives of single individuals."

Manna's cheeks glowed. She unfolded her hands, and stretched one of them out as though she intended to give it to Erich, but midway she took the bottle of wine, and said:

"We are so serious! and I'm a negligent hostess, am I not?"

She filled his glass, and he emptied it at a draught; and as he drank, his eye rested on Manna. She saw that he looked at her, and cast down her eyes.

"I have still another confession to make to you," she said. She stopped as though taking breath, and then continued:

"While you were telling me how sad you were that you could do nothing more for Roland, it became clear to me anew what a happiness, what a faith I have lost."

She closed her eyes, drew a deep breath, then opening them again, continued:

"I once believed that we could pray for one who was absent, whoever and whatever he might be. I believed that we might sacrifice ourselves for another, and everything would be atoned. And now—oh! now, I don't believe it any more."

Erich did not reply. He knew with what difficulty this confession had come from Manna's lips. Mute they sat opposite to each other; and Erich trembled, for he knew now that Manna loved him, for only to the man she loved could she confide this.

Like a shadowy cloud, it wrapped him in joy and sorrow. This girl loves him, and he loves her—she so richly gifted, and with such a father!

Fortunately a servant entered and told Erich that his mother expected him, and he should come to her.

"I will go with you," said Manna, rising. She went to get her hat.

Erich stood in the dining-room. The plates, the glasses, the dishes danced before his eyes. Manna soon returned, and her face was more cheerful than ever before. She was a young girl once more, and had the clear voice and sprightly movement of youth, as she made a slight bow and invited Erich to join her. They were detained in the hall—a package for Manna had arrived.

"It's the silk dress from the Moravian," said she. "See, Captain! these people are not of our Church, and yet they gain their reliance only from religion. But perhaps you despise the Moravians?"

"'Despise' is not the right word, but I find them inconsistent. They constantly preach simplicity, self-denial, contempt for display and worldly pleasures, but they trade in silks and Havana cigars, depending on the sinfulness of other people; like the Mendicant Brothers, who say, 'Oh, we will not work and earn money;' but, of course, others must earn money, that they may beg."

"Take the package in," said Manna to the servant. And thoughtfully she went with Erich.

CHAPTER XIV.

FROM THE SIBYLLINE BOOKS.

ON the way Manna said: "Do you know that I had a horror of you when I came here?"

"Yes, indeed, I knew that."

"And why didn't you take pains to convert me?"

Erich was silent; and Manna asked again: "Are you so indifferent to what people think of you?"

"No; but I am employed by your family, and have no right to demand any particular consideration from you."

"You're very proud."

"I don't deny it."

"Don't you know that pride is a vice?"

"Certainly, when we are pretentious and seek to lessen the esteem in which others are held. I keep my pride for myself alone; or rather, I say with St. Simon: 'When I contemplate

myself, I am humble; when I contemplate my fellow-men, I am proud.' "

"You're too clever for me," said Manna, smilingly.

"I don't like to hear you say that, because it is a common place. No person is too clever for another, if each one can say to himself, 'I also have an advantage in my own way.' You should not use such an expression, because my esteem for you is based upon the fact that I have never heard you utter an empty phrase. What you say is not always logical truth, but it is truth to you."

"I thank you," said Manna quickly, and touched his hand with the tip of her finger, then repeated hastily, "I thank you."

"I do not know why, but it seems to me as if I was freed from melancholy, and as if a year had already passed since I was so depressed. We have the good fortune to understand one another in our highest thought; and thus thinking, we are oblivious of time."

"That's true," resumed Manna. "In the midst of all my sorrow to-day, the thought did not leave me that something would happen to give me pleasure. Now I know what it is: you were Roland's friend and teacher—take me in his stead, be my friend and teacher. Will you?"

She held out her hand to him, and both looked joyfully at one another.

"Ah, there's your mother," cried Manna, suddenly; and hastening to Frau Dournay, she kissed her vehemently.

Frau Dournay looked at her with surprise. Is this the same girl by whose bedside she sat the evening before, warming her cold, nervous hands, and cheering her saddened spirit? Youth is always a riddle.

Manna held her hand over her eyes for some time, and on opening them again, she said:

"If I were only that bird up there in the air!"

The Mother made no reply, and Manna continued:

"I see everything for the first time to-day. There's the Rhine, there's the hills, the houses, the people, a bird of passage—yes, born in Asia, he comes over to us, to you. I'm really sad and weary, but through it all, something is merry and sings within me, and keeps on singing, 'You are merry, do not try to resist it.' Oh, Mother, I'm very wicked as I am."

"No, Manna dear, you are yet a child; and a child, they say, carries tears and laughter in the same bag. You should be glad that you are still so young; perhaps no one can say when and why a part of your childhood was interrupted, and shows itself now. We take things far too seriously; they are really not as dreadful as they appear to us women. I feel so free and happy since the Doctor was here. We can accustom ourselves to look

at everything from the dark side; and it's good to have some one come and say to us, 'See! the world is not so black, after all. The world is neither so good nor so bad as we persuade ourselves that it is; and nothing either good or bad takes a logical course.' My dear husband often said that."

Manna did not seem to hear what the Widow said, and exclaimed in a jesting tone:

"Within this hour, then, we are all made nobles. I don't know how it is, but I don't perceive it in myself, and we certainly ought to have some realizing sense of it."

It was an unusually cheerful tone in which she spoke, and now continued:

"Tell me: how did you feel on the day you laid aside your title?"

"Not one trace of regret. I was only grieved because my companions assured me, over and over again, that I should be as dear to them as ever, while this very assurance was a confession that they had changed. They repeated again and again how dear I had been to them, as if I were no longer among the living. For, to many of them, indeed, I was dead; because to them, a human being who lays aside a title passes into the land of shadows."

The Professor's widow and Manna sat cheerfully talking together, and for a time all sorrow, care, and anxiety seemed forgotten.

Erich had left his mother and Manna alone, and stood near a rose-bush, watching a rose as it shed its leaves, one by one, so lightly and noiselessly, as if plucked by spirit hands. He stared at the leaves on the ground, heedless of his own thoughts. Roland, Manna, his mother, Sonnenkamp's dreadful past, all whirled through his mind, and he believed that he no longer saw the world as it really was. If some one would only call out to him! He felt his cheeks glow, and shudders pass over him. "You love and are loved in return by this girl—by the daughter of this man! What is a daughter? Each being exists for itself alone."

His father's library was on the ground-floor: the windows were open, and he went in. It seemed to him that he must find something among his father's manuscripts that would afford him consolation and strength. Perhaps the spirit of his father would speak through this joyful and woeful confusion. He searched among the papers: various things met his eye, but it was not what he wanted. He untied a package of manuscript bearing the superscription, "Sibylline Books:" he took out a leaf.

"This is it!" he cried.

He was leaning with his back toward the open window, and

heard how his mother urged Manna to cling firmly to her religious convictions. Though it contained forms and doctrines she did not recognize, still they embodied the spirit of the Holy Ghost, which alone gives us strength to endure sorrow and receive joy.

"Mother!" cried Erich, suddenly turning.

The women started.

"Mother! I have a continuation of your thought here!" He joined them, and showed his father's writing, saying he would read it to them.

"Oh, yes!" cried Manna. "It is good and kind of you to bring your father to us. How much I would like to have known him! Do you not think he sees us now?"

Erich looked at his mother; he did not know what to answer.

"Not in the common acceptance of the term seeing; that is not possible without eyes, and we have no idea how a spirit is organized: but there is not a day nor an hour in which I do not hold communion with the departed. He came hither with me, and will remain with me till I breathe my last. But let me see what you have got there, Erich?"

"It has a singular title," he replied. "It speaks of three things which I cannot fully express, and which, perhaps, can be fully expressed by no one."

"Pray read it!" said Manna; and Erich read:

"Two things endure while the human heart reels to and fro—defiant and desponding, overbearing and cowardly: they are Nature and the indwelling Ideal. The Church, too, is a fortress of the Ideal, sure and steadfast, although not a refuge for me and many like me. You say, 'Assuredly Nature gives us no aid. How does it help me when depressing thoughts of disunity, of the lost, of guilt, come over me?' Well, Nature does not speak; it merely indicates its meaning, giving back to us the echo of what we ourselves have spoken. The Church, on the other hand, speaks to us in personal sorrow; she bears us away into the universal: and this is the great doctrine of the sublime Passion of the Lord. We lay aside our sorrow in the thought of that great man, who bore within himself the greatest heart the world has ever known. And do you ask: 'What is the third thing?' The third represents Nature and the Ideal united, and takes us out of ourselves. We call it Art! We might call it Love, or the Beautiful made active. In this view, all philosophy and science belong to Art. That which a human mind constructs and represents from its own material, as a symbol of its being, its intuition and its will, appears in Art as a visible image, appears in marble, in color, is heard in speech and music, makes us dream and know that our broken, half-expressed life shall somewhere find fulness and consummation.

"Such are the creations, such the works of genius produced in consecrated hours. Art does not alleviate suffering—this is not its immediate end; but it appeals to the eye, it whispers to the ear. See, and listen! We bear about within us a life pure and perfect. Art is an image of power, of joy, of well-being, of endurance; it does not give the hand, but it renders our souls firm in the perception, the intuition, the conviction, that there is a perfect, self-sufficing life outside of and beyond us, of which we form an idea."

Erich interrupted himself and said:

"It says here, by way of illustration, 'I once knew a lady who, during her time of mourning, would neither make nor hear music, thus showing what Art was to her.'"

There was silence for a minute, and then Erich proceeded with his reading:

"In the most painful hours of my life, I have found comfort, peace, and respite only when wandering among the creations of ancient art. Others may find that music affects them in the same way in which the contemplation of antique forms affects me. It was not the thought of the great world which had here become bronze and stone, it was no recollection of the spirit which spoke from these monuments, which held me: it was something different. A joyous life, which had nothing in common with me and yet was with me, had here come to rest. A breath of eternity blew upon me, poured calmness into my perturbed heart, satisfied my eyes, conquered my emotion. In listening to music I could always keep on dreaming of my own life and thoughts; but I could not do so here.

"Had I but the power to tell whither all this led me—how I wandered in the Infinite, and then returned to the turmoil of life, as if led back by the mighty and restful forms of the gods, I would be—"

Erich stopped suddenly, and Manna begged:

"Do read on."

"There's nothing more. Unfortunately, my dear father left nothing but fragments."

"It is not a fragment, it is full and complete. No one could speak or write more," cried Manna; "all that is necessary is meditation. I have a favor to beg of you,—give me that leaf." Erich looked at his mother, who said she had never yet given one line of her husband's writing into strange hands.

"But you, my child, shall have it," she continued. "Erich shall copy it for us, that nothing may be wanting." She gave Manna the manuscript and pressed her to her heaving breast.

"Oh!" cried Manna, "I did not know there was such a world in the world!"

Every drop of blood had left her face. She begged the Widow

to be allowed to go into the house ; she would like to be alone, as she felt very tired.

The Mother went in with her, and Manna laid down on the sofa ; the curtains were drawn, and holding the writing in her hand, she soon fell asleep.

Erich and his mother now sat together, and Erich firmly resolved, now that no other duties interfered, at once to give the unfinished fragments his father had left, to the public : they might yet find their way to many souls, who would complete what was wanting out of themselves. Now of a sudden he felt strong and free ; here he had found something to do, a pious, filial duty, and a manly duty at the same time, because he could add much out of his own resources, and also from verbal communications of his father.

He returned to the library, and sat lost in the manuscripts, when Manna entered.

"You here ?" she asked. "I only wished to look at all the books on which your father's eye has rested. It's time for me to go home now ; but I have received much to-day—oh, so much !"

"May I go with you?"

Manna nodded, and both went across the meadow to the Villa.

CHAPTER XV.

EVERYTHING IN FLAMES.

WITH lagging steps the two walked side by side ; Manna often looked aside at the landscape, though she knew Erich was regarding her ; and Erich for his part looked the other way, when he knew her eye was resting on him.

"You're a happy man, thus to possess your father's thoughts," said Manna seriously.

Erich could not reply, he was oppressed with the thought : "How the poor rich girl will be crushed when she hears about *her* father !" He had no idea that Manna's very words arose from this grief.

"I cannot inherit my father's thoughts," he said at length ; "each child must think and live everything over again."

They went on, and yet it seemed to them at every step as though they must stand still and clasp one another.

"By this time Roland and father are on their way home," said Manna.

"And Herr von Prancken," Erich was about to say, but checked himself. Manna seemed to feel that he avoided mentioning Prancken's name, and asked :

"Were you not formerly a very intimate friend of Baron Prancken?"

"We were comrades, but never friends."

Again both were silent. There was so much that remained unspoken, that now forced itself upon them, that they hardly knew of what to speak first.

The vesper-bell tolled. Manna looked up at Erich, but he did not lift his hat. She trembled; everything stood between them, even the church separated them.

Concealed under her garments, Manna wore a thin hempen cord. This secret penance a nun had given her, that she might always remember her vow—openly to wear the hempen rope. Now it seemed to her as if the thin concealed cord were drawn tighter, and now again as if it were relaxed. With her left hand she supported herself by a tree near the path and breathed heavily.

"What's the matter with you?" asked Erich.

"Oh, nothing, and everything. I thank you for remaining with us. Do you see hovering yonder, over the castle tower, a pair of falcons—Oh, if one could only sail high in air above everything, and all here below be forgotten and lost! Oh, what has life been to me? Labor, nothing but labor upon my shroud. I wanted to live above the world and do penance for another, pray for another down from above—for another! Oh, I can do it no more, no more!"

She pressed her hand to her forehead; she spoke, she knew not what. She went on, and yet wanted to stand still.

A woman, who was mowing the third grass-crop in the meadow, called to Manna that her father was well again, and would be able to help get in the hay to-morrow.

"I wish I were that mower yonder," said Manna.

"Pardon me, if I cannot conceal my surprise at hearing you express such a wish."

"I?—why should I not?"

"You have proved yourself to be so clear in thought to-day, that I do not understand your making a remark which one hears everywhere. What does it mean, to say, 'I wish I were another? Were you another, it would still be the same, for if you retain the consciousness of what you were, you are not another. Such remarks are not only against reason, but from my standpoint they are irreligious.'"

Manna stood still, and Erich continued:

"We are what we are, not through ourselves but by an eternal ordinance, which we may call God. We must seek to be content, and happy as what we are, if rich or poor, if beautiful or plain."

"It is true, and I will never harbor nor utter another unrea-

sonable thought like that," rejoined Manna, giving Erich her hand. She trembled.

For awhile they walked on in silence. It was dark in the shady paths: neither spoke a word.

"I see my mother yonder," said Manna, taking a long breath and standing still. Did she not wish her mother to see her with Erich? Yet she had walked with him so often, he always seemed like a sort of brother; there was no harm in being alone with him. "I will bid you good-bye here," added Manna softly. What a day this has been! Was it only one day?

"And as the sun sets," interposed Erich, "and ever returns and remains faithful in good and evil days, so I say to you, you will find a faithful friend in me, whose eyes will watch over you as long as they can watch anything."

"I know it," cried Manna. "Oh, God, I know it! Leave me now, I beseech you."

Erich turned to go; but when he looked back, he saw Manna on her knees under a great fir-tree. Her face was lighted by the setting sun, and she stretched her clasped hands toward heaven. She rose, and he hastened toward her, and she toward him—they were one, they lay in each other's arms.

"Come! come!" she cried—"heaven, earth, everything!" They held each other closely clasped, their lips glued in a kiss as though one breath were to pervade them for evermore. "You are mine!" she cried—"my father, my hope, my world! Oh, Erich, don't forsake me—never again!"

"I forsake you?"

"No, you cannot. Heaven will forgive—no, bless us. I could not do otherwise, you could not. Look, Erich, everything is in flames—the trees, the grass, the Rhine is burning—the hills, the heavens, everything is in flames! Oh, Erich! and if the whole were on fire, I would hold you in my arms, and gladly die in yours. Take me, kill me, do with me what you will—I can no longer help myself."

"Come, let me look at you. Are you really here?" replied Erich. "You don't know how I have struggled for you. Now I have got you—now you are mine, mine!—Call me your own—oh, say it again!"

In broken words, interrupting each other, and continuing, each told the other how each had battled with everything, against the world; and each recognized anew the truth and purity in the other's soul. And as Manna had formerly been severely reserved toward Erich, so now the wealth of her heart bubbled and overflowed.

They stood holding each other's hands, and looking at one another, and Erich said:

"Oh, Manna, I only wish you had the happiness of seeing your own look now."

"And you, yours. Every one who sees you and knows you must love you. What can I do, who see you and know you as no one else can?"

They kissed each other, and closed their eyes, while over them the trees rustled softly in the breath of the evening breeze.

On the bench where he once sat with Bella, Erich now sat with Manna, and shuddered at the thought of the past, and tried to dispel the recollection.

With the quick instinct of love, Manna observed his passing emotion, and asked him:

"Did you fight and struggle so hard before you admitted and acknowledged to yourself that it must be?"

"Oh, don't let us speak of it; the struggle and care will come in time. There is a wedding now—the wedding of our souls; nothing else must echo in them, nothing else be thought. We are happy, perfectly happy. I know you are mine, as I am yours. It cannot be otherwise."

They embraced again, and when she exclaimed, "Oh, Erich! I could take you in my arms, and carry you away over the mountains!" he felt there was a latent force in her, such as Sonnenkamp's daughter must inherit—wild, untamed, and mighty. Whoever had seen the retiring, quiet, gentle, and humble child that morning, would not have believed that she could become so passionate by evening. Erich himself felt inspired with new power.

"Oh, yes," she cried, as though she read his soul; "I'm a very wild child, ain't I? You can't think how wild I am; but it will never come again, you may depend upon it."

She sat beside him, caressing his hand; and looking up at him with an unspeakably roguish look, she said:

"You don't know, Erich dear, what a simple child I am, —dreadfully simple; and you're so excessively learned and clever. Now tell me honestly, without reserve—you may say what you please, since you have me—say honestly, do you really think I'm worthy of you? I'm so ignorant, so insignificant beside you."

"Ignorant and insignificant! You can freely and boldly place yourself on an equality with every one, in honest endeavor, pure devotion, and disinterestedness. You are equal in this; all else is unimportant. Knowledge, beauty, wealth, all that does not bring love."

"I will learn a great deal of you," said Manna, stroking and kissing his hands. "Go on talking, Erich, say what you please; you'll not believe it, but it is like music to me to hear you

And do you know that I have heard you sing? Twice; once in a great assembly, and once here on the Rhine."

"And do you remember how I saw you at the convent, in the twilight?"

"Yes, and this is the way you looked at me."

She tried to imitate his expression.

"And when we returned from the musical festival a dozen of the girls were in love with you; but I was afraid of you—I can't yet make out why. Oh, what will they say in the convent? They'll take me for a hypocrite, in regard to you, and—Oh, Erich, what do I sacrifice! But I sacrifice it gladly; and how glad Roland will be!"

"But your parents?"

"Yes, my parents!" she repeated, "my parents!"

Her voice grew faint, and her face suddenly turned very pale, and as if shivering, she moved closer to Erich. He held his hand upon her head, and toyed with her curls, and she held his other hand to her lips. It was not necessary for them to speak the words; besides they could not have done it, for one wanted to ask the other, "Do you know that already?"

"Why do you tremble so suddenly?" asked Manna.

"Oh, I wish you were not rich!"

"I wish so too," she said dreamily. "There, now let us be quiet; only let me sleep here half a minute. Oh, I like to hear your heart beat!"

She leaned her head against his heart, and said, after the lapse of a few seconds:

"There now, a century has passed, a happy century. Now I'm fresh and strong again, and wide awake. Now forget everything I've said and done; only not this, that I am yours, and will love you while I have breath,—and you are mine."

"You wanted to become a nun; and I—I too wanted to retire from the world."

"Aren't you a Huguenot?"

"I did not mean it in your sense, my Manna. I desired to renounce that which we call the world, and live entirely in my own thoughts."

"And can't you do that when I am yours?"

"No; but of what use is that now? I'm no longer alone, I'm both myself and you."

"And I am you and I," repeated Manna. "Now I must go to my mother," she said, starting. "No one must know about us, not your mother nor mine, no one."

"Shall I see you again this evening, in the garden?"

"No; better to-morrow. I cannot, I must compose myself first. Oh, I'm denying myself! To-morrow morning early."

She untied a blue silk scarf that she wore about her neck, and tied it around Erich's.

Another kiss, and another, and then they parted.

CHAPTER XVI.

LIFE LET US CHERISH.

ERICH sat for a long time on the bench: the night came on. He saw lights in his mother's house, and knew that she was sitting there with his aunt, and almost thought he could catch the tones of the harp; but this was impossible at such a distance. But the air was full of music, and in the midst of it rose the question, "How will Manna bear it when she hears the fearful thing?" And dare you share in a good thus obtained? How Sonnenkamp will rage! What will Prancken do? The world will say it was shrewdly arranged—he had stolen the daughter of the house while her father and betrothed were absent, and done this with the help of his mother and aunt. Let the world say what it will! Love conquers all.

He saw a light in Manna's room; he heard the window opened, and stood gazing upward for a long time: then he went to the yard and ordered the groom to saddle him a horse. The groom said that there was none there except Sonnenkamp's black horse.

"Then saddle him!"

"I dare not! Herr Sonnenkamp doesn't allow anybody else to ride him."

"Do as I bid!"

The black horse was brought out. It looked askance at Erich, distended its nostrils, and neighed and tossed its mane.

"Good!" cried Erich. He mounted, and rode wildly away along the road. He felt perfectly safe on the horse, which seemed to rejoice in its rider's exultation.

Where should he go? Away—anywhere, so that he rode. He felt as free as if an actual burden had been lifted from his shoulders, and he could flee away into the wide world.

He rode first up the hill to the village where the Krischer lived. All that he had ever done and thought upon this road rushed back upon his mind; and he even looked once at his side to see if Roland was not there.

Roland! How strange! It seemed an immeasurably long time since Roland had forsaken him. It seemed like a far-off memory that he had once taught a youth growing toward manhood.

He looked at the fields and vineyards as if to ask them: How

is it, how will it be if I call you mine—one spot of earth my own! Trees, meadows, wine-hills, fields, and vineyards danced before his eyes.

He rode into the village. All was still. He reined in his horse at the Krischer's door, he knew not why. The blackbirds were singing in the silent night "Life let us cherish!" They could go no farther into the melody; and Erich hummed it to himself, keeping time to the horse's hoofs, as they rattled along the road. What an old-fashioned tune it was, and yet how good!

After leaving the village, he turned aside and rode toward the heights where he had sat with Knopf. He had asked Knopf: "What would you do if you should come into possession of millions?" And now it seemed to him as if a hundred weight had been laid on his shoulders. He cried out into the night:

"No; I shall not possess millions! Never!"

And then he thought of Weidmann's plans. Yonder on the heights dwell hundreds of farmers, suddenly brought into the possession of homesteads, and made free and happy by him.

The horse turned its head to look at its rider, who cried out: "That would be it! But with money gained in such a way? No!"

He rode silently down the hill, and was already in sight of the Villa, and the glass roof of the hothouse. But he turned his horse again. Yes; there was one man, one only, to whom this must be told. He rode toward the Major's house. Like one who has lost his way and sees a light in the distance, so he felt when he saw a light shining in the cottage.

The Major, who had heard his approach, and knew the black horse's pace, put his head out of the window and called out:

"Baron Lichtenburg, are you here already?"

"Till now, people have always called me Erich Dournay," answered the rider. He alighted, tied his horse to the garden-fence, and went up to his two friends, who gave him a hearty welcome.

"What's the matter? Surely all's well?" said the Major.

Erich reassured him, and the Major kept saying:

"Just look, Fräulein Milch! Don't be ashamed to put your spectacles on! See, our Herr Erich looks like a different man! You're in a fever. How red your lips are!"

Erich did not answer. He could only have said that they were yet burning with kisses.

The Major went to a closet, mixed a powder with half a glass of water, turned back to Erich and said, as he laid his hand on his friend's forehead:

"Now you may have a drink!" Then he shook another powder into the glass, the contents of which instantly foamed

up; and almost before Erich knew it, he had been forced to swallow the hissing draught. The Major then very considerably informed him that there was nothing in the world which would calm one's excitement more quickly than such an effervescing powder.

Fräulein Milch, who saw that Erich had something to say, was about to withdraw, when he cried out:

"You must hear it too—you and my friend here. Yes; I will commit the secret to your faithful breasts. I'm engaged to be married."

"To Manna," said Fräulein Milch.

Erich looked at her in amazement, and the Major said:

"Thank God she lives in this age; for in the old dark times they would have burnt her for a witch. She knows all things, and sees into the future. Nobody would believe it; but here you see it with your own eyes. As we were sitting together she said, 'Erich and Manna have become engaged to be married this evening.' And when I laughed she said, 'Don't laugh; I'll bet you a bottle of wine'— See, comrade, there it stands. And then she said: 'They'll come here together this evening!' Now, she can't prophesy exactly, for you've come alone. Comrade, come here! Let me kiss you, brother of my soul!"

The Major gave him a smack, that sounded like the report of a small pistol, and then continued:

"Your father is dead. I—I will lead you to the bridal altar; give me your hand: and then they say that the age of miracles is past! Wonders happen every day just as they did in ancient times; the only difference is that we know how to explain them now, and the ancients didn't."

Fräulein Milch had uncorked the bottle and filled the glasses.

"Drink, my son; drink, it's Johannisberger!"

They pledged each other, and the Major drained his glass. Again he kissed Erich, and as he did so, cried out:

"Pheu! You've learned how to kiss; give Fräulein Milch a buss. I give my full permission Fräulein Milch, so don't be bashful. Come here; now give her a kiss. She is a friend of yours; you've not a better one on earth, except your mother, and she's more than the world knows. You'll find that out some day—you deserve it."

Fräulein Milch was all in a tremble, and interrupted him with:

"For heaven's sake, Major—"

"Very well," said the Major, pacifying her, "I won't say any more; but now kiss each other!"

Erich and Fräulein Milch kissed each other, and when the lady showed her face it was as red as fire.

Then they sat together in a confidential chat, and the Major expressed his delight in knowing that Prancken was not to have the glorious girl and the millions; but what gave him peculiar satisfaction was the way in which the convent had been taken in.

It was late before Erich started for home, and he heard the blackbirds sing again "Life let us cherish!"

There was no longer a light in Manna's room, but Manna was standing at the window.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE SERPENT IN EDEN.

MANNA stood at the window and looked out into the night. She laid her hands on the stone window-sill and spoke alone to herself broken sentences in which hope, despair, anger and complainings were intermingled. Only the stars saw the face that was so sorrowfully and yet so blissfully moved; only night saw the kisses that went from her lips out into the empty air. She looked up at the stars, she knew them, and their light seemed to her the rays of Erich's beaming eyes resting upon her.

"Why am I alone again? Why should I be alone one instant of my life?" she asked the night.

A feeling of desolation came over her; she felt as if she was alone in the world, and suddenly thought of yesterday. There had been a nun at the railway-station who had kept her eyes steadily fixed on the ground; she went from convent to convent, from sick-bed to sick-bed; she desired nothing from the world. How would it be if a voice should be heard saying to her: "Thou art mine: turn thy eyes; remove from thy form that garment which but veils and disfigures it. Look around thee; view the world in which thou livest; greet thy friends with smiles; hope and despond, be joyful and sad; be not always forgetful of the world, serving only a great, painfully delightful idea!"

Manna seemed standing by a dizzy abyss, now snatched from it, and now driven to its brink; she looked around as if she felt the actual support of Erich's arm sustaining her and drawing her back into the world. Into the world—and what a world! She passed her hand over her face and almost thought that the hand was not hers: she turned back into her chamber and threw herself on her knees.

"Ah, woe is me—I love!" she cried. "No; I thank thee, O God, that thou hast put me to this proof. This proof? No; I know not what I say! Thou God who art that Love that thousands of tongues call thee, but which none comprehend,

forgive and help me—help him and us all. Let me live in him and in all that is great and holy, beautiful and pure. Here I lie—strike me dead if this is sin. Cricket, my sister, thou hast dropped from the world as a blossom falls from the tree—I, I must cling to the tree of life through storm and tempest. Oh, let me ripen to the fruit of good deeds, thou to whom I pray and whom he honors even though he does not pray; his thoughts are prayers, his life a prayer.”

She rose, and going to her window looked dreamily out again at the heavens studded with flaming stars. Something fluttered from the window and fell into a tree in the garden: it was Manna's girdle of penance.

As Erich sat alone in his room he heard something rustling; he started as if he saw a ghost. What is that? He opened the door and Manna stood before him. They silently embraced, and Manna said:

“I come to you, I'm with you in thought, always, everywhere. Oh, Erich, I'm so happy and yet so fearfully distressed! My father—Do you know?”

“I know all.”

“You know, and love me yet?”

She fell on her knees and clasped his feet. He raised her, and, sitting down together, they spoke of the horrible thing.

“Tell me,” said she, “how you bore it?”

“Ask me, rather, how Roland will bear it.”

“Do you think that he will hear of it?”

“Certainly. Who knows how soon the world—”

“The world! the world!” cried Manna. “No! no! the world is good—the world is beautiful! Oh, thanks, thanks to The Unsearchable, who has given me my Erich—my world! my whole world!”

Quietly and clearly, and with wonderful calmness, Manna learned what had happened; but, in the midst of the story, she suddenly threw herself on Erich's breast, and said, in a voice choked with tears:

“Oh, why am I, so early in life, forced to know all this—to undergo all this—to be what I am!”

Erich calmed her, and she went back to her room.

An eye had watched; an eye had seen. Neither knew that that eye had watched and seen them.

When Manna awoke next morning, she said:

“I am a bride—his bride! Is he awake yet?”

She opened the window. A young starling, who was building his nest so late in the Autumn, found Manna's little hempen girdle lying on the ground beneath the window—picked it up in his bill and flew away with it to build his little house. Erich

was standing below in the garden. Manna drew the folds of her night-dress around her and called to him :

"I'll be with you presently."

They stood together in the early morning, and kissed and embraced each other. Then they spoke encouragingly to each other, for a hard thing was to be undergone. They walked hand-in-hand to the cottage, and sat as they had sat on the previous day with Erich's mother. They waited till she awoke. In the midst of all the joy and pain of their clandestine and perilous love, they were anxious to learn what had taken place in the metropolis ; nor could they dream what it was.

At last Erich left Manna. He had told her of his visit to the Major on the preceding night, and he wished to see him again in order to enjoin him and Fräulein Milch not to reveal to any one the secret of his love.

As he walked along the road he heard his name called from a carriage : Bella alighted.

"I'm glad to meet you alone," she said. "Do you know that we never have any confidential talk of late? But I'm not coming to you to-day. Clodwig sends his compliments, and is very anxious to have you come to Wolfsgarten. He's lonesome, and so are you, and it will certainly be pleasant for you to spend the first days of the hubbub here at the Villa with us, and get used to your pupil's absence. Clodwig has important business with you. You can go to Wolfsgarten now in the carriage, and I'll stay here with my sister-in-law till everything is arranged. Where is the dear child?"

Erich accompanied Bella to the Villa. He could not speak a word. Fortunately they met Miss Perini, and he could give Bella into her charge and hasten back to Manna. He drew his breath quickly as he told her of Bella's arrival. She looked up, and said, half roguishly and half sympathetically :

"Is it true that you were once in love with her?"

"Yes and no. Are you jealous?"

"No ; for I know you have never loved—never ! You could love no one—no one but me. Erich, come, let us go to her hand-in-hand, and acknowledge at once what we are ; don't let us play the hypocrite before the world for a moment—let us conceal nothing. I have courage enough to confess all, and I'm happy in being permitted to confess all. What the world thinks shall not rob us of a single instant of happiness ; not one minute in which we can look into each other's eyes, and give each other our honest hands, and let the world know us to be *one*."

Erich had much trouble to make Manna see the necessity of circumspection and foresight. He wanted her to be subservient to his will, as the first sign that she was to be his wife.

Manna burst into tears, and said obstinately :

"Very well, I'll obey you; but I'll not let anybody see me."

Erich tried in every way to get Manna to go to Bella, but she refused, and kept saying:

"Can you, who are so good and true, wish me ever to be so false? How could I stand before her? What should I do when she calls me her sister-in-law?"

Erich said that Bella wished him to go to Wolfsgarten immediately, so that he might be with Clodwig during the troubled days that were to come. And as he spoke of the peculiar position in which one who serves is placed, Manna passed her hand tenderly over his face.

"You good man, you have been forced to serve. And now I know what that must be to you, whose soul is so pure and noble, and to whom all should be subject. You have been forced to take all this upon you. But I'm glad of it, for otherwise we should not have become each other's. Come—I will, I must be strong enough to do it."

So she went and welcomed Bella, and had sufficient self-control to do it with the utmost grace.

Erich soon left them, and Bella looked at Manna with amazement as she saw the look with which she followed Erich. Manna was in despair, and spoke much and with unusual liveliness, so that Bella was puzzled more than ever.

Then the Major came to congratulate Manna, and performed that ceremony in his own peculiar way, which was as awkward as it was heartfelt.

"But, Herr Major," said Bella, "we won't receive congratulations till this evening, when my brother is back."

Manna turned; but Bella had seen enough, and the thought instantly flashed through her mind, she loves Erich. But no, that cannot be! She attempted to embrace Manna, who turned from her caresses, begging her with tears to leave her at rest to-day.

Bella drew back haughtily, and cast a look—the old Medusa-look—at her friend; but Manna took it calmly. Without speaking another word, Bella turned from them and left the Villa. Who can tell what her thoughts and surmises were? She herself did not know, and no one at the Villa cared.

Manna stood motionless after Bella had gone. The Major approached her and said:

"My child, that was boldly and well done; you stood fire calmly. Good! I will stand by you, and so will Fräulein Milch, and if you are tormented here you can come to our house. Be calm—you shall never be forsaken. You'll be sure to beg her pardon, and come to understand her. And not only—but you have me to stand by you. And she told me to come here, and she would go to Erich's mother. She always knows when any

one is in trouble. I only wish that when you and Erich are sixty-nine years old, you'll live together as pleasantly as we do. You'll soon come to understand her, and the scales will fall from your eyes. Good! One can be strong in adversity—*she* is. Good! I didn't let on, did I?"

Manna smiled through her tears at the good Major's speech—singular and incomprehensible, to be sure, but well meant.

While Manna and the Major were talking together, Bella walked through the Park. Hatred, deep and deadly, stirred her heart, and her eyes wandered restlessly in search of something on which to vent her rage. What could she do now, here, to ruin them? how could she vex these people? Look at those flowers—pyramids of them, and all so carefully tended and cherished—would it not be well to pull them to pieces and scatter them to the winds? No, that would be a childish revenge. She sought for something to do, but could not find it. She was apt to be demonstrative, but unreliable, in her attachments. Above all, she hated Erich and his mother. A certain tone had been given to the neighborhood, which was not *hers*, but which was produced by these people. And who were they? Preaching pedagogues, nothing but everlasting peddlers of sublime ideas! And *she*, Bella, the brilliant and admired, whose very word or look could once render everybody happy—she must stand by and see all this! But she would quickly rid the neighborhood of these sponges. They should learn who they were, and that she could break as well as make them.

She thought of Erich, of his mother, of his aunt; could she not find some handle by which to seize and shatter them?

She walked restlessly hither and thither between the Villa and the cottage, and at last entered Frau Dournay's house. There she found Fräulein Milch. Good!—she would serve her purpose—she would use her as a hammer to pound the others!

Fräulein Milch rose as Bella entered, bowed politely, and ~~was~~ about to leave, when Frau Dournay said:

"Don't go! Surely you know the Countess von Wolfsgarten?"

"I have that honor."

Bella eyed the poor little woman whom she was about to crush, and said:

"Oh, yes; I recollect. If I'm not mistaken, she's the Major's housekeeper."

"Fräulein Milch is my friend," said Frau Dournay.

"Your friend? I did not know that. You are very kind."

"Fräulein Milch is my friend, and aids me nobly in works of benevolence."

"Oh, yes; you act as colporteurs of Herr Sonnenkamp's money."

It was impossible to say whether this "you" referred to both ladies, or only to Fräulein Milch.

Bella saw how Frau Dournay's face quivered, and her feelings rose. She had found it at last. This woman had mortified her through her son. No, not that precisely—she herself had mortified her; she had taken upon her a rôle to which she was not entitled; and so Bella went on:

"This absolute squandering of money, this throwing it away on notorious drunkards, will soon be stopped—"

Frau Dournay interrupted her by asking Fräulein Milch to leave her. She had never kissed her before, but now she embraced her tenderly. She wished to put the poor, mortified woman at ease, and, in a way, to apologize to her for this rudeness; at the same time she could show the Countess how highly she esteemed the friend who had been so mercilessly attacked, and who seemed to have no weapons, defensive or offensive, or else to be unwilling to use them. When Fräulein Milch had gone away, Bella said:

"I don't understand how you can be so intimate with that person. It's enough to prevent your being received in society."

"I believe that one whom I esteem and take into intimacy, is thereby placed in a position which entitles her to respect, and I have a right to expect others to accord it to her."

"Certainly, certainly—while you are here; but since you're about to leave the neighborhood—"

"Leave the neighborhood?"

"Your duties here are ended, and—"

Frau Dournay was obliged to seat herself. Bella's eyes glistered; she had accomplished her object. At last she had torn the tinsel from these people who were everlastingly parading their ideality, and putting on such lofty airs—and there they stood, naked and helpless. She said with extreme politeness:

"Pardon me; it would indeed grieve me if I had made an untimely disclosure of the determination to which Herr Sonnenkamp—"

The gentle manner in which Frau Dournay had hitherto undergone troubles, now for the first time deserted her. She had met many things in the course of her life, but never anything like this; she would not have believed it possible. Pure spitefulness—which has no other object than to be spiteful, to please itself and make others miserable—this she had never seen before. In the feeling that she must now experience it, and the attempt to reconcile it in her own mind, to consider it as veritable and actual, she lost all power of direct opposition. She looked at Bella with eyes that must have softened her, but Bella

did not wish to be softened; she needed something to destroy, and, as she could not get at Erich, she visited her wrath upon his mother. She went on talking very much and very violently. Frau Dournay hardly heard her, and scarcely noticed that she had finally gone.

Bella rustled triumphantly across the meadow-path to the Villa. She entered her carriage, which was still waiting in the courtyard, and drove back to Wolfsgarten. Her love of destruction was gratified. She felt free and happy.

BOOK TWELFTH.

CHAPTER I.

A NIGHT OF PREPARATION.

SONNENKAMP was irresolute, and glad that Prancken gave all directions. He no longer acted under the influence of his will; events must now take their own course. He frequently looked out of the carriage-window, and his hand twitched as though he must suddenly seize the door-handle, leap out, and escape.

What a bold game he was attempting! He was angry with himself for being timorous on the threshold of this crisis, and he could not help declaring to Prancken that he felt much agitated.

Prancken found this quite in order, for elevation to nobility is no trifle. In talking it over, Sonnenkamp found the cause of his timorousness. These Huguenots, this family, mother, son, and aunt, who were perpetually exhaling an intellectual atmosphere, had infused an effeminate element into his surroundings. It is time to get rid of them—courteously of course; but they must go,—unnecessary instruments now—paid-off laborers.

This sense of repelling something was an expression of force in which he recovered himself. He need not be merely acted upon, he is himself an active agent, and makes his puppets dance; for all men are puppets to him who knows how to deal with them. Smilingly he looked at Prancken; he, too, was his puppet now. Inaudibly he whistled in a merry strain.

It was late in the evening when they arrived in town. Roland soon retired, and Prancken took leave, saying he had an important call to make.

"Don't forget that you're betrothed," said Sonnenkamp laughing, when they parted.

For the first time in his life, Prancken was hurt at such a jest; hurt, because it came from Manna's father, and because Prancken was really bent on a very serious and moral errand, for he was going to the house of the Dean.

The house lay hidden from view in the garden behind the Cathedral, wrapped in a silence that never was broken by the noisy bustle of the town. Prancken rang the bell; a servant opened the door, and he was not a little surprised to hear himself at once addressed by his own name. The servant was the same soldier who had been his attendant for some time. He was commissioned personally to report the following warning at

the Hotel Victoria:—If the Dean would receive Prancken alone at eleven o'clock that day.

Prancken turned about, and in stopping before a house smiled, as the warning of his father-in-law came into his mind. He knew it well, that charming, quiet house which he had furnished himself some time before. The carpeted stairs, the banisters cushioned with velvet, and everything so snug; and the bell up stairs with its single stroke. The cool ante-room filled with fresh plants; the *salon*, so cozy, the hangings and furniture of the same silk damask, green ground and yellow garlands. Prancken loved to see the colors of the reigning House, even here. In one corner stands an alabaster angel, who daily holds in his hand a fresh bouquet of flowers; but sometimes the angel must carry, besides, a lady's dainty bonnet, sometimes a gentleman's hat. And then the curtained entrances—and what waits behind them? No, he passes by.

He stood before the show-window of a shop. Whenever he went to the cozy house, he had always bought some knick-knack, some quaint toy. There are many novelties displayed: he enters, and buys the newest. The young clerk looks at him inquiringly. Prancken nods and says, "You can show me everything." And now he is shown secrets, but he takes nothing with him; he says he will buy another time, and departs with his trifle.

It is nothing but a jest, only a leave-taking! He merely wishes to inquire of little Nellie what is being said of him; he is annoyed to find himself caring about it, but still there is a temptation to find out.

He rings the bell absently, mounts the stairs, and searches his pocket for the key, forgetting that he no longer has one. The door opens, and the maid looks at him in surprise. There is no one at home. A hanging-lamp is lighted in the back room, the little alabaster figure smiles. He will wait, and asks for a light. He looks about the apartments, recognizes the chairs, the lounges; everything is just as he had it arranged. A strange perfume pervades the rooms, it must be the present fashion—how one does deteriorate in the country!

The Cathedral clock strikes, the theatre must soon be out. There are photograph albums on the table. Prancken turns them over and looks for his picture: it is no longer there, but other ones that he does not know. There is also a book on the table, a selection of German poems, chosen by a lady for ladies. Prancken reads. They are strange people, these poets. He stood by the fireplace in which were glowing embers; but it was not a real fireplace nor real embers, for they never burnt out, and were always heaped in the same way; the fireplace and the embers were merely a pretty ornament.

The Cathedral clock strikes again. Still no one comes. At

last Prancken takes his card and puts it on the flowers held by the alabaster figure, and goes away. It is better so, you are good, and wanted to be—of course. He laughed at his virtue. "Pshaw! I might have laughed and joked once more without restraint; this constant morality begins to be stupid. But Manna—"

Prancken at this moment felt a pang in his heart, as though he had just wounded Manna. He shook his head, and laughed at the prudery into which he had fallen: he could not divest himself of a feeling that something was transpiring with Manna in this very hour; he does not know what, but he feels it.

He rapidly pursued his way. The Military Casino was still brilliantly lighted, but he passed by, and returned to the hotel. He retired to rest with great self-satisfaction, and without seeing Sonnenkamp again that night. He wanted to read awhile in the little book that was quite filled with the odor of pine, from a little twig that lay inside. The twig was bare, but the leaves had been pressed like relics. He was unable to endure the contents of this book; he felt a certain dread of it to-day.

While Prancken was making his tour of the city, Sonnenkamp began to be impatient of being alone; he wanted to see other and animated people, who would tell him something new. He sent for the Privy-councillor, who soon arrived. Sonnenkamp received him in the best of spirits, and asked him what it meant that the Prince did not send him his Letters Patent, but preferred to deliver them personally.

The Councillor proceeded, without much reverence, and with many equivocal expressions, to praise his august master, drawing, in fact, quite an ironical sketch of him. He declared that no regent was ever known who did not wish to perform all the functions of government himself, especially in matters not subject to legislative interference—such as giving decorations and titles.

Sonnenkamp heard with surprise that the Prince designated everything with "My,"—My Manufacturers, My University, My Freemason's Lodge, My Agriculturist, My Diet. The Prince had the best intentions, but lived in constant fear of the Democrats, Communists, and Liberals, all these terms being merged in one in his mind, he being convinced that every one who does not coincide with the Government is a perambulating barricade that can take position at any moment. He would like to see every one thrive, and illustrates his wish by a very fine sentence which a chamberlain once concocted for him: "If I knew that all men would be made happy by it, I would renounce the throne and its revenues." But since no one assures him that all men would be made happy by it, he quietly remains in undisputed

possession of both. He has two special hobbies. One is the theatre, and the other the wealth of his capital. He desires as many rich people as possible to settle there, to improve trade. He has introduced great innovations by modifying the rigid code of ceremonial. Strangers who were ordinarily not received at Court, will, if they live in style, and spend a great deal of money, and are proposed by their ambassador, be presented. The Prince has made this concession out of pure good-will, to benefit "his people;" for all the inhabitants of the city are "my people," the unyielding Democrats not excepted. They have disagreeable faults, but are nevertheless "my people." The Prince was said to have taken a heightened interest in Sonnenkamp, since he was told that Sonnenkamp intended to build a great palace in the city for a winter residence, which was to be so situated as to be an ornament to the royal park, as it would front an avenue that now ended in a common. The Prince was pleased that by this means money would be circulated among "his people." A particularly decisive turn, continued the Councillor, was given to Sonnenkamp's affair by an opinion expressed in Clodwig's written report—that, aside from the utility of creating new nobles, he doubted whether the smaller German potentates still possessed the right to do it on so large a scale. The Prince was beside himself at this remark of the old diplomat, whom he had always considered a Democrat in secret; so, partly in defiance of Clodwig, Sonnenkamp's affair was decided quickly, and without further opposition.

Sonnenkamp heard all this with pleasure; and the Councillor further particularly impressed upon him that the Prince was really very modest, and did not merely seem so. He liked to say that he was not a "gifted mind," which made it particularly hard to find the happy medium in conversing with him, because he was offended by flattery—if he was contradicted and praised. Yet it was impossible to acquiesce in his excessive modesty. He advised Sonnenkamp to speak as little as possible. It would be well for him to exaggerate his emotions: his Highness always looked favorably upon hesitation; for it secretly pleased him to think he made an imposing impression.

Sonnenkamp had quite recovered his equanimity again. When the Privy-councillor left, he rang for the newspaper. He read it quite through—even the advertisements—in order to turn his thoughts into another channel; and he succeeded. Repeatedly he read the official notices at the head of the paper. There were appointments to office, military promotions, special distinctions conferred; and so dribbling on through the whole year, after the great distribution of decorations was over. He pictured to himself how to-morrow he would find among the list a notice to this effect: "As an act of high favor, his Highness has

graciously deigned to elevate Herr James Sonnenkamp and his family to a rank of hereditary nobility, under the title of Baron von Lichtenberg." Professor Crutius's paper must publish it, too.

Proud and erect, he paced his room for some time. Suddenly he remembered that the Councillor had told him how the Prince liked certain formal observances; and that he would be obliged to raise his hand for the oath, ungloved.

He looked at his hands. What if the Prince should inquire about the ring on his thumb?

"That is a steel ring, your Highness, which I have worn since my eighteenth year," said Sonnenkamp aloud, as though he already stood in the presence of the Prince.

Again he asked why he should expose himself to this question? It must be possible to remove the ring. The scar could no longer be visible. With a glowing face he put his hand in water till it was almost numb; but the ring would not come off. He rang the bell. Lutz entered, and he ordered ice. He held his hand on the ice: at last the ring slipped. It was hard to get it over the joint, but he succeeded. Sonnenkamp regarded the scar the ring had concealed. "Does it show that it was from a bite?"

He was furious at himself for rousing these recollections to-day. "For what purpose?"

He rang the bell for Lutz, to ask him what he considered that mark on his thumb; but when Lutz came he suppressed the question, for it might arouse attention, so he gave him some orders for the next morning, and finally went to rest. It was long before he found it, for it seemed to him as if a stream of cold air moved around his bared finger. When he closed his hand it stopped; and at last he fell asleep with his fist tightly clenched.

CHAPTER II.

DRILL UNDER FIRE,

THE sparrows on the roof were busily twittering, but the hack-drivers at the stand before the Hotel Victoria chattered still more, when, on the following morning, Sonnenkamp's splendid horses and elegant carriage drove under the *portecochère* of the hotel. The little crooked driver, who always had the most to say, happened to be first in the row, and, of course, had the floor. He informed his comrades that to-day Sonnenkamp would be made a Count, perhaps even a Prince, because he had more money than a prince. Unfortunately, at this juncture the first cab was hired by a stranger, and the little crooked driver very much regretted that he could not be present

when Herr Sonnenkamp should make his appearance, and he impressed upon the rest to cheer the Count when he should get into his carriage.

It was a long while, however, before Herr Sonnenkamp came out of the hotel, for he was walking up and down in the great upper hall, dressed in black, with a white cravat, and the decoration in his buttonhole. Beside him walked the Privy-councillor, who said that he perfectly understood that Herr Sonnenkamp should be very much excited, but would be all the calmer by noon. Sonnenkamp continually bit his lips, and often changed color.

"I hope you are quite well?" asked the Councillor.

Sonnenkamp replied in the affirmative. He could not tell that his bared thumb pained so much.

When he was not looking at his hand, he constantly felt as if it were enormously swollen, and pulses beat in it like hot hammers. He therefore frequently looked at his hand, and saw to his satisfaction that he was mistaken.

Lutz came. Sonnenkamp took him aside, and Lutz reported that Professor Crutius regretted that he could not wait upon Herr Sonnenkamp, because he was busy with his evening edition.

"Have you brought the morning paper?"

"No, Sir; it does not appear before eleven."

"Why didn't you wait? It's almost eleven now."

"I thought, Sir, you might have some orders before driving to the palace."

"Very well; give me my overcoat."

Joseph stood ready with it, and Sonnenkamp took leave of Roland and Prancken, who were going to take a ride with some comrades, and he begged them to be back punctually at one o'clock. For the last time, the burgher Sonnenkamp descended the stairs, only to ascend them again a Baron. The Councillor walked by his side. When he reached his carriage, the hack-drivers wanted to cheer him as they had been told; but they could not, because the little crooked one was wanting to lead them on. They all stood in a group and stared at Sonnenkamp, and lifted their hats, which Sonnenkamp returned very politely.

The Councillor regretted that he could not drive with him, and directed the coachman to stop at the grand entrance of the Palace. Prancken left Roland alone, for the Ensign had promised to call for him when he should come back from drill.

Prancken took leave with unusually quiet and modest demeanor, wishing for all a pleasant reunion at table; for Sonnenkamp had ordered a choice dinner for four—for himself, his son, his future son-in-law, and the Privy-councillor.

Sonnenkamp drove off through the streets of the city. The

passers-by stood still. Some that knew him saluted; and so did many who did not know him, because in such a carriage there might be a foreign prince, to whom it was proper to show deference.

The horses trotted gayly, as though they knew of the honor that awaited their master. Sonnenkamp lay back in the carriage, and toyed awhile with the decoration on his breast. This token gave him the composure he sought. Why was he afraid to take this second step, since he had no fear of the first, and no danger had shown itself?

The carriage passed by a large house with many windows. Sonnenkamp knew it well: it was the newspaper office and printing establishment of Professor Crutius. Groups of people stood before the door. Some had papers, and, looking up, nodded to each other as the handsome carriage passed.

Sonnenkamp wanted to stop for a paper; he had the check-string in his hand, but did not pull it. Why should he? Why want this particular paper to-day? "Oh, it's far better in the lonely wilderness, where no human beings are to be seen, where there are no newspapers and nothing of the sort," thought Sonnenkamp, as he drove through the busy city to the Prince's palace.

A jerk suddenly jarred Sonnenkamp. The carriage stopped. A battalion of soldiers came round the corner with a full band: the carriage must wait till the soldiers had passed, and it cost some exertion to rein in the horses during the noise. Sonnenkamp looked at his watch: it would be dreadful to miss the appointed time at the very first audience, and be obliged to make excuses to the Prince.

"Are you so overawed—so abjectly bound to the moment?" He was half inclined to order the coachman to turn back; he would have nothing to do with the whole thing. Again he was vexed with himself for exciting himself so needlessly. He let down the carriage-window and took off his hat, glad to find that the fresh air soothed and cooled him.

Proudly Bertram brought up his horses before the grand entrance. The two sentries stood still, and waited to see if they should shoulder or present arms. The carriage-door was thrown open, but the sentries remained quiet, as only a man in a black suit with a single order alighted.

Joseph followed his master into the great vestibule, and Sonnenkamp signed to him to give an appropriate *douceur* to the lackey in attendance. He had furnished him with an uncounted handful of gold for this purpose. Joseph was to be trusted.

The porter, in grand livery, with the broad hat and the gold-headed wand, asked whom he should announce?

Sonnenkamp and Joseph looked at each other, somewhat embarrassed. Joseph had tact enough to allow his master to

speak, and Sonnenkamp did not know whether to say Baron von Lichtenberg or Herr Sonnenkamp.

Pshaw! what difference does it make to give this lackey the old name? This name seemed so disagreeable to him, so worn out, like an old shoe, that he could not understand how he could have borne it so long without being ashamed of it before the whole world.

At last Sonnenkamp replied, with great condescension:

"I have been commanded to wait upon his Highness."

He was almost sorry to use the word "commanded" in Joseph's presence; but he wished to show the lackey that he was familiar with Court usage.

The lackey touched a telegraphic bell; a valet, dressed in black, appeared at the head of the grand staircase and said:

"The Herr Baron has already been expected for two full minutes, and must be in great haste."

It almost sounded as if an avenging messenger had been sent from heaven to announce a shortcoming—a sin.

Sonnenkamp stumbled up the carpeted stair with trembling knees, obliged to put on his gloves on the way, besides saying to himself all the time, "Keep cool!"

At the head of the stairs appeared a second white-haired valet, in black, with knee-breeches and black gaiters, and said:

"You have plenty of time, Herr Sonnenkamp. His Highness has not yet returned from the parade-ground."

Sonnenkamp would have liked to knock the first valet down, for flattering him so; and he regretted his order to Joseph to give him some gold pieces. "I hope Joseph is a rogue, and will keep the money for himself, and not give the confounded fellow any."

The white-haired valet conversed quite confidentially with Herr Sonnenkamp, and said he also had been in America with Prince Bernhard; but he found it an ugly land, without titles and official positions, and thanked God when he got home again. Sonnenkamp did not know how to regard this familiarity, so he thought it best to let it pass. He listened with an assenting nod, thinking, at the same time, what a singular hubbub there was in the palace. It seemed as if no one walked on their feet—everything so mysterious, as if at any moment something might be expected, that had nothing whatever in common with the lives of other mortals.

The white-haired valet begged Sonnenkamp to take a seat; which Sonnenkamp did, and took off his right-hand glove in order to remove it without an effort when he must bare it to take the oath; and then he presented the white-haired valet with several gold pieces. The experienced servant bowed and withdrew; he knew the stage fright of those who are not used to be at Court, and he wanted to give the man time to rest.

Sonnenkamp sat still, and again the pulses beat wildly in his thumb. He asked for a glass of water: the white-haired man called to another, and he to a third; and the call for a glass of water travelled a great ways.

An antique clock on the mantelpiece struck a quarter. Sonnenkamp compared his watch with it; his was unpardonably slow, and he resolved for the future to regulate his watch by the palace clock.

Sonnenkamp was alone, and did not suspect that through the smooth borders of the ground panes of a glass-door a pair of eyes was fixed upon him, glaring fearfully.

Just as the glass of water was brought, it was announced that Herr Sonnenkamp was expected, and he had not even time to moisten his lips. He stepped into the grand hall, bright with the light of day; but he started back, for directly opposite him hung an engraving by Alfred Rethel. A strongly-built man, holding a murderous weapon, flees, crouching and stooping, over a heath. The bushes near the way are swept aside by the gale; above the fleeing man floats a figure holding a sword perpendicularly, with the point directly over the man's head.

Sonnenkamp rubbed his eyes. Why is this picture here? or is it all a fantasy? He had not time to collect himself, for at this moment the Prince entered. He bade Sonnenkamp welcome, and apologized for having kept him waiting. Sonnenkamp bowed profoundly without being able to utter a word.

CHAPTER III.

A BLOODY VEIN.

IS your son in the city with you?"

"Yes, your Highness."

"Is he still resolved to enter the army?"

"He is eager to do so."

"He's a fine-looking boy, and I've been much pleased with him. I shall take care that the ladies don't spoil him; they want to make him play page. Has he made his application yet?"

"Not yet, your Highness. I wanted him to apply under the new name which your Highness is graciously about to confer upon me."

"Very proper," replied the Prince. There were two telegraphic buttons on his writing-table, one white, the other black; he pressed on the white one—the old attendant entered. The Prince said:

"Let no one be admitted to the antechamber."

The servant retired. Sonnenkamp looked inquiringly at the Prince, and the latter said :

"I have had much trouble in regard to your ennoblement. It's natural that you should have many enemies."

Sonnenkamp blinked, as if some one were brandishing a dagger before his eyes; and then he stared at the picture—it was no creation of his fancy, there it hung behind the Prince. Why does the Prince have this in his cabinet?

"You are a man of noble character," resumed the Prince; you have made your own life. I appreciate that. Men like you merit the highest honors. I am happy in being able to offer them to you."

The Prince now recapitulated all of Sonnenkamp's good and charitable deeds. The latter listened with his eyes modestly lowered: he found it rather painful to hear all this in his present position; the Prince might recount it to him some other time, in an assembly, on the chase, or on any other suitable occasion. It was Sonnenkamp's opinion that the whole court looked at all this matter of rank and nobility, only as an agreeable and essential piece of humbug. He was surprised to find the Prince so solemn and impressive in a private interview. Or is this part of the humbug?

But the Prince managed everything quite methodically, as a man actuated by duty, no matter how unpleasant the duty might be; he evidently thought it the proper thing to make an exposition of his motives, in order to incite the man to still nobler deeds. At the moment, he was in his own eyes a priest, who, unseen by all the world, consecrates a novice in the temple's inner sanctuary: he was deeply moved. The first chamberlain had spoken the truth, the Prince had returned to the palace long before the appointed time, but he had prepared himself in private for this performance, this sacred function.

Since Herr von Endlich's elevation to the nobility, the Prince had retained a set phrase; no one had found out who had prepared it for him, but he often said, as if it were something he had committed to memory: "Yes, yes, it is a law, a wise law. The monumental does not suffer jesting. A joke must not be graven on stone and brass; for the time being it is meant to have the effect of an ornament, but as years advance it will become stiff and out of place." He did not explain his meaning more definitely, but every one was expected to perceive what he alluded to. He had not acted wisely in perpetrating a joke in the naming of Herr von Endlich, for what is there more monumental than a title of nobility. Therefore he would be quite solemn on this occasion.

Patiently, and like a child bending at confirmation, Sonnen-

kamp inclined his head. The Prince extended sometimes one hand, sometimes the other, occasionally even both hands, while he enlarged upon the blessedness which men of noble endowments who recognize the higher duties, diffuse about them. Sonnenkamp expected every moment that the Prince would lay both hands on his head and bless him; and although the Prince was younger than he, still he would take it modestly and humbly, for this man bore the consecration of the ages to confer this honor. At this moment, Sonnenkamp resolved to be truly loyal to the monarch; if it had been asked of him, he would have solemnly abjured, in any prescribed formula, republic and constitution, and everything else the power of law could frame.

While speaking, the Prince took up a scroll encased in blue velvet, which lay on his table; he raised the lid and drew forth a parchment-roll, which crackled and rustled, and on which a large seal glistened. Sonnenkamp drew off his right glove: now the moment when he must swear is at hand, and then he receives the parchment-scroll which makes a new man of him. He was ready to become a new man. He forced himself to be very deeply moved: he searched for the one thing in the world which could move and shake him deeply. And now standing in the Prince's cabinet, he saw before him a snow-covered churchyard in a Polish village, where his mother's grave was. He heard not what the Prince was saying while he held the parchment in his hand, but the words must have been very touching. But now—why, what does this man? The Prince lays the parchment on the table again, and seats himself, saying:

"I am glad to read in your eyes how deeply this moment impresses you. Now be seated."

Sonnenkamp sat down and the Prince continued:

"Let us calmly discuss a few points. You have owned many slaves; do you own any now?"

"No, your Highness."

"Was it for the love of Germany alone that you returned to the Old World, or was it partly because you found the state of things in the much-praised republic, insupportable?"

"The latter, your Highness, even if the first had its share of influence. Your Highness, I see a storm of dissension breaking over the United States, which—I may say it to your Highness—can only be assuaged again by the establishment of a monarchy in the New World."

"Very well, you will explain that to me some other time; I like to learn, like it very much. It is our duty to accept instruction from those who understand a particular subject thoroughly. What is your opinion of slavery in general?"

"Your Highness, that is a very wide theme. I have written down my views upon it; I shall have the honor—"

"No, tell me in a few words the main point, the leading principle—"

"Your Highness, the negroes are an inferior race; that's a physiological fact. It's pure theorizing—I am willing to believe a well-meant theorizing on the part of some people—but it decidedly leads to the destruction of the negroes themselves, to attempt to consider them as entitled to equal rights with other men."

"And would you—" asked the Prince. "No, I meant to ask you something else. What do you think of a man who trades in these beings of an inferior race?"

Sonnenkamp involuntarily rose from his chair, but he quickly sat down again, and said:

"Your Highness! creatures who cannot help themselves, and will never be able to do so, are provided for, if they are looked upon as property; that so-called liberality which has no regard for self-interest, no material consideration, whether for property or for honor, would be like imagining a soul without a body; you can conceive it, but it is not to be found, at least not in the world which is presented to our eyes."

"Very true, very good. You are a thinker; I, too, believe that the negroes are better off under a master. But how does it seem, when you see before your own eyes the child sold away from its mother, and every family tie torn asunder?"

"Your Highness," replied Sonnenkamp with much self-possession, "in the first place, that happens but seldom, scarcely ever, for it would be a great disadvantage, and would make the slaves more unfit for work. But if it were to occur, any sentimentalism on the subject would only be a transposition of sentiment from its legitimate sphere into a lower one. An animal grown beyond its parents' care, knows its parents no more; male and female know each other no more after the breeding-time is over. I do not mean to say—"

"What is it?" suddenly interrupted the Prince: the white-haired chamberlain entered. "Why am I disturbed?"

"His Excellency the Minister begs your Highness to open this at once."

The Prince opened the envelope: he took a printed paper out of it; a red line ran, like a bloody vein, along the margin. The Prince read; he looked from the paper to Sonnenkamp; he read on; the paper rustled and trembled in his hand; he laid it on the table, saying:

"Confounded impudence!"

Sonnenkamp stared at the table, and it seemed to him as if the two telegraphic buttons suddenly changed into two eyes—a

white one and a black one; and the green table grew into a monster of strange, fabulous form—a green monster with a white and a black eye; and the thing emerged from its waters, and moved lazily, and swayed to and fro. He sat as under a fever-spell: with a powerful effort he regained his self-possession. The Prince looked now at the paper—now at Sonnenkamp; he approached him; handed him the paper—the rustling of the paper sounded like knife-thrusts—and said:

“There! read it—read!”

In large type, underscored in red pencil, were these words:

“Respectfully submitted design for a coat-of-arms and escutcheon for the ennobled slave-dealer and slave-murderer, Heinrich Sonnenkamp, alias James Banfield of Louisiana.”

Sonnenkamp read only these words, then he stared at the Prince; a distorted smile was on his countenance.

“Give me your hand,” said the Prince; “give me your hand, and assure me, on your word of honor, that these words are a lie. Give me your hand, then we will crush this insolence.”

Sonnenkamp started back as if he had been struck by a shot. What were all the enjoyments this life had offered him contrasted with the torture of this moment! He extended his hand clenched, as though he would say: “I can break you like a switch!” But he opened his hand again, and held it up as if to take an oath. At this moment there suddenly appeared opposite him a tall, powerful negro, with glaring eyes and clenched teeth. With a howl, more like that of a wild beast than a human being, Sonnenkamp fell back on his chair. The figure before him yelled, and behind him yelled another. It was Adams who had rushed in.

“Prince! Master!” cried the negro. “It is he! He’s the man who cheated me; who led me away as a slave, and threw me into the water. Make him show you his finger, the bite of my teeth is still there. Give him to me, Prince! give him to me! I’ll suck his blood out! I’ll throttle him! Give him to me, only for one moment give him to me! then kill me.”

Adams seized Sonnenkamp’s hands from behind, and held them as if he would crush them. With all his might, Sonnenkamp wrestled against the strain, and flung himself to and fro with the negro who held him. Then—twofold torture!—he not only struggled, but in the pier-glass opposite he saw how he struggled. He saw two men—one himself—is it really he?—the other a demon, a fiend. Is all this only delirium, or is it reality?

All this while the Prince’s finger lay trembling on the telegraphic bell on his table; servants came trooping in, and the Prince cried:

“Take Adams away! I hold you responsible for his remaining quiet; and the rest of you escort this man from the palace.”

Adams was torn from Sonnenkamp; he moaned like a wounded bull, and foamed at the mouth.

The Prince took the parchment with the red seal from the table and turned away.

Then Sonnenkamp rose: he looked at the Prince with eyes that seemed starting from their sockets, and he screamed:

"What do you mean? What are you? Your ancestors sold their subjects to America, and had fixed prices paid them for every arm shot away, for every man happily killed. You traded with white men, and sent them across the sea. Pah! I bought my slaves of a sovereign; I paid for them honestly; but your ancestors—What did you do? You sold your own people; and those that remained behind had to say 'Amen' in church on Sunday, when, from the pulpit, the Lord of lords was called on for your welfare and success! And now—what are you now? Secret farmers of the gaming-tables! Perhaps you're ashamed of this ancestor? But I tell you he was a man; and was more worthy to govern than—"

He was not sure whether the Prince had heard these last words. The servants seized Sonnenkamp and told him to be quiet—it was not the custom for people to speak so loud here.

Sonnenkamp had fallen to the floor. They raised him, and led him down the stairs. He often looked about him, with some dumb feeling—"I shall never see these halls again."

Below, the carriage was waiting. Sonnenkamp supported himself on Joseph and said:

"Joseph, come sit with me in the carriage!"

He said no more.

When he reached the hotel and got out, the little fellow was among the cab-drivers; now they all had courage, and they all cried aloud:

"Three cheers for the Baron! Hip, hip, hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!"

Sonnenkamp could not utter a word. Is the world mocking him? He got up stairs he knew not how. He sat in the large armchair as if paralyzed. He stared fixedly at the mirror, as if from this mirror too the image of the negro must rush out to front him. Thus he sat, mute—his eyes fixed—dumb.

CHAPTER IV.

CUT UP.

SONNENKAMP lay back in the armchair, listlessly staring before him. He gazed at the chair, and touched the arms, as if to ask—"Does the chair on which I sit remain firm?"

Then he laid his hand on his heart, and started; he felt the decoration on his breast. He tore it off violently, and exclaimed: "Yes, that's it! I'm doomed to battle in two worlds! I must battle with the Old World as I did with the New! Very well! the new chase begins! I shall not let them put me down. I must either despise myself or despise you. We'll see who is the stronger—who deserves it more!"

It was almost a fresh stimulus to him, that the world detested him so strongly.

"Why, it's all well so! I do the same thing—I detest the whole of you!"

"But the children—the children!" something said within him. At the time when he faced the battle in America the children did not yet know anything. He rang the bell, and asked:

"Where is Roland?"

"The young gentleman has not yet returned. He was here asking for you at twelve o'clock, then he rode away again with his friends."

"He ought to have waited," cried Sonnenkamp. "Very well—it's better as it is!"

Again he sat alone, lost in thought. And now it was plain to him. This, then, was what the people were reading at the printing-office; and it was pure mockery when the poor devils had cheered him before the house.

He got up and looked out of the window. The cab-drivers stood together in a group, and the crooked little fellow was reading to them from a newspaper. Perhaps they became conscious down-stairs that Sonnenkamp was watching them; for their eyes were suddenly turned up at him, and, as if struck by a hundred balls, Sonnenkamp rushed back into the middle of the room. He sat down again, and held both hands, pressed flat against each other, between his knees. He had gazed into an abyss—he felt dizzy; but he regained his composure quickly and bravely. He knows how they speak of him now everywhere—in the carpeted parlor, and in the paved stable. Everybody is saying, "Not for all his millions would I be that man." Sonnenkamp deliberately pictured it all to himself, sparing nothing. And what will the newspapers say to-morrow?

For a long while he sat, cowering, speechless, when a letter with a large seal was brought to him. Sonnenkamp started. Can it be that the Prince has repented? Does he mean to enter into a league with me, and, like a truly great man, defy the world? He stared a long time at the large seal. But it was only the seal of the newspaper office; and the heavy letter contained several gold pieces. Crutius returned, with an expression of his thanks, what he had received when he visited the Villa,

explaining that he should have sent it sooner, if he had not intended to return it with interest.

"Fie! how mean!" cried Sonnenkamp.

For a long time he weighed upon his palm the gold which had returned to him as if discarded. "It has come to this then! Every one may scoff at you; and you must bear it quietly, unless you want every one to pity you."

He had a revolver with him. He sprang up, took the pistol, raised it, turned it. Yes; that's the thing! To the printing-office—to shoot down this Professor Crutius like a mad dog. But that won't pass unpunished in this country! And shall he, immediately after, shoot himself—or sit in prison, to be beheaded at last?

"No! that won't do! We must manage the matter differently," he repeated to himself. He put the revolver back into the case, and rang the bell. Joseph came: he trembled. Who knows what this man-eater will do to him now?

"Oh, my dear master!" said Joseph, "I'll stay with you. Bertram, the coachman, has taken a place in the house here! But I shan't ask double and triple wages, though the people do say you'll have to give it now."

"Very well. Who was your father? Is he living?"

"Of course! My father is janitor of the medical college, and when the bodies of suicides were brought to the dissecting-room, then my father used to say: 'Yes, yes; if any one does the worst, he's cut up into the bargain.' Pardon me, master, I'm quite confused. But Frau Dournay once said to me: 'Everybody has done something in his life that isn't right, so we must all stand by one another, like brothers.'"

A strange smile passed over Sonnenkamp's face; this poor rascal was playing the magnanimous, and pardoning him.

"Ah! Frau Dournay!" said he. All at once his thoughts were at the Villa,—in the park, in the conservatories, in the vine-covered cottage. He meant to ask Joseph whether Frau Dournay had entered into any details: whether everybody about him had known? But he suppressed any further questions, and only said that Lutz was to despatch messengers.

"And you do so too; let them look for Roland, and bring him here at once. And look for Herr von Prancken too!" he called after him.

It was hard to find Roland, but Prancken was not to be found at all, for he was at a place where one would never have supposed the pleasure-loving Baron to be.

The head-waiter entered, and announced that dinner was ready; he asked when it was to be served. Sonnenkamp stared at the questioner; the man must surely know that this is no time for play; he has evidently come only to spy; perhaps a

number of people are waiting below, who want to know how Herr Sonnenkamp deports himself now. Sonnenkamp drew himself up proudly, cast a disdainful glance at the head-waiter, and informed him that he had no business to ask anything; he would let him know when he wanted what had been ordered, and he wished it understood that hereafter nobody was to enter his room unannounced.

What Joseph had told him of the suicides who are cut up in the anatomical lecture-room, whirled curiously through his brain. Sonnenkamp looked at himself from head to foot, and then his lips opened, as if he must pronounce the thought which crossed his mind: "I am being cut up, not corporeally, but spiritually, by all sharp, malicious tongues."

CHAPTER V.

A WORLDLING'S CONFESSION.

ABOUT the same time that Sonnenkamp arrived at the palace, Prancken entered the Deanery. He was detained a few moments by the passing soldiers, to shake hands with many a dusty comrade, on foot and on horseback. At length he reached a quarter of the city where no military music ever penetrates; it was as silent there as though everything held its breath.

The organ still vibrated in the church. He went in, just as the Dean's tall, powerful form was seen entering the vestry. Prancken waited in a pew until he thought the Dean had reached his dwelling, and then left the church.

The servant stood in the open door, and said that his Reverence requested him to walk in. He was shown up-stairs,—it was the handsome wide staircase of the ancient college. Up-stairs a young clergyman came out of a door, and closed it very softly, almost reverentially. The young clergyman descended the left flight, while Prancken came up on the right.

Prancken was obliged to wait for some time in the large room. An open book lay on the table: he looked in; it was a work on schematism. He smiled. So it seems the clergy have a printed schedule of rank, as well as the military! This comparison gave him new courage.

The Dean entered with a book in his hand, holding his first finger as a mark between the leaves. He saluted Prancken by waving the book at him, requested him to be seated,—offering a seat on the sofa, while he himself took an easy-chair opposite.

"What do you bring, Herr Baron?"

Prancken replied, with a peculiar smile, that he did not bring anything, but, on the contrary, came to ask for something. The reverend gentleman nodded, looked once more into the book in which he had put his finger, then laid it aside and said:

"I am ready."

Prancken began by explaining that he had selected the Dean, among all others, as his confessor, in a matter in which only a man of noble birth could properly judge and advise. The Dean supported his chin firmly with his left hand, and replied with great emphasis, that, after consecration and regeneration, nobility no longer exists, and that he possessed no power other than the son of the meanest laborer would have.

Prancken believed that he had made a blunder to begin with; and so he stated very particularly that, though he regarded the clerical dignity as the highest, it was of the greatest importance for the reverend gentleman to appreciate the circumstance he was about to submit to him. He then gave a short account of his past life—it was the ordinary life of a young nobleman, up to the time of his acquaintance with Sonnenkamp. Here he became more explicit, and confessed that at first it was a jest, a pastime, to think of Manna, the daughter of the millionaire, as his wife. He related how Manna unexpectedly entered the convent, and warmly testified that it was Manna who first roused him to a higher life. He dwelt in detail on his sudden resolve to become a priest, but had changed his mind now, for he was too worldly; but he hoped, united with Manna, to lead a life devoted to the highest aims.

With quiet attention, sometimes closing his eyes, sometimes suddenly opening them again, the Dean listened to the recital. Prancken made a pause, and the reverend gentleman said:

"I suppose this was the introduction. I must now tell you that I know this Herr Sonnenkamp and his daughter. I was recently on a visit to a clerical brother in the village, to whose parish Villa Eden—that is the name I believe?—belongs. I saw the girl—it was rumored at that time that she intended to take the veil; I also saw the house, and the park; everything very fine, very enticing. And now I beg that you will continue and tell me without ceremony what I can do for you."

Prancken gathered fresh courage, and related that he and the Privy-councillor had been the means of securing a title of nobility to Sonnenkamp within this hour. Again he paused; the reverend gentleman no longer asked him questions, but merely looked at him inquiringly. With his eyes fixed on the green table-cover, Prancken now told what he knew of Sonnenkamp's past life. Hitherto he believed that he might regard it with indifference, but now, since yesterday, that Sonnenkamp was his own, and his family's equal, it left him no peace.

"I do not understand you," said the Dean. "Do you find yourself disturbed in your conscience, that, although knowing who the man was, you have been the means of having this unusual distinction conferred upon him,—in a word, that he was made a nobleman?"

"Yes and no," replied Prancken. "I'm not clear in my own mind about it. I might say that I am innocent, because my opinion was not asked, and yet—"

"Go on! I believe you are on the right path now."

"Well; and yet—"

Prancken appeared to himself like a schoolboy undergoing examination; and making an effort, he continued:

"Thank Heaven that human beings were put into the world to whom we can and must say what we dare not admit to ourselves. I must at last confess that this candid portrayal of my relation to Herr Sonnenkamp is, perhaps, more than a mere expression of sentiment."

"Right—quite right. You have come to me now at the eleventh hour, to hear what you must do?"

"To tell you frankly, no! I only wish that you would give me something, impose some penance by which I may rid myself of this constant fear and dread of discovery."

"Strange world!" replied the Priest: "strange world! You wish to enjoy and sin, and yet receive an absolving blessing."

Prancken's thoughts involuntarily strayed to Nellie's house near by, and he was obliged to compel them back to the subject.

Both were silent for awhile, till the Dean asked:

"Does this Herr Sonnenkamp know that you are familiar with his past life?"

"Oh, no! nor must he know it."

Again a longer pause ensued. It struck the hour of noon from the neighboring Cathedral, and the bells tolled. The Priest rose, and said a silent prayer; Prancken did the same: then both resumed their seats, but still, neither spoke a word. An indignant feeling arose in Prancken: he was almost angry with himself for having come here: no one can help him, and at last he said with suppressed anger:

"I have now confessed everything, your Reverence, and beg you will advise me."

"Shall I advise you to leave Herr Sonnenkamp and your betrothed?"

Prancken started. His Reverence rose, and continued, as he paced the room:

"Thus they are, these children of worldly pleasure! they want advice, but only such advice as imposes no self-denial upon them. They want to be told not only how they can do that

which they wish to, but also how to do it with the most satisfaction to themselves. You want mustard to aid the digestion of heavy food, do you not?" He turned suddenly, and his eyes flashed.

"If your Reverence commands me to leave Herr Sonnenkamp and Manna," said Prancken, trembling, "I will do it forthwith; but consider, Sir, what will become of the young lady; and shall not the wealth so won be used for higher—"

"Stop!" interrupted the Dean, stretching his hand almost menacingly toward him, with brows contracted and lips firmly compressed. "Do you think to tempt us by these millions? You, too, belong to those who, with all outward show of deference to us, still extend it with a mental reservation: 'The gentlemen of the Church want nothing but money, nothing but power.' No! we want nothing of your money so acquired; nothing so gained by marriage, or so inherited."

His Reverence walked to the window, and looked up at the sky, across which dark clouds were floating; he seemed to have quite forgotten the presence of Prancken, who at length said:

"Does your Reverence desire me to withdraw?"

The Priest turned quickly and said, with an authoritative gesture of his left hand:

"Be seated, be seated!"

Prancken obeyed.

"And now I will tell you. What you have done to the nobility—for you have not merely allowed it to happen, you have done it yourself—is your own affair and that of the nobles. To us your grades of rank are indifferent. But I tell you this—" The priest stopped, rested his left elbow in the palm of his right hand, supported his chin with his left, and seemed deliberately to measure his words—"This I tell you: You must be faithful; you must not forsake this man and his daughter; you must bear everything with them which their worldly honors may perhaps inflict upon them. You must consider yourself chained to them, and humbly think that you may yet lead yourself and your new family to purer resignation."

Prancken jumped up, kissed the Dean's hand, and cried:

"I will do so—I promise it. Keep your eye upon me. You will see that I carry out what you have imposed upon me."

"God be with you! You have a heavier burden to bear than you now think. God be with you!"

He placed his hand on Prancken's head, and Prancken departed.

Full of humility, he went down-stairs and shook hands with the soldier below in a most brotherly way. When he had gone, the soldier still looked at his hand, and then searched about on the floor. Nothing had clinked, so it must have

been a bill; but there was nothing to be found on the neat stone tiling.

As though Prancken had guessed the soldier's thoughts, he came back and really did give him a gold-piece, and then continued his way. He passed Nellie's house, where yesterday he had—it seems like a dream; no, it cannot be!—waited a whole hour. He glanced up, and thought he saw, reclining in the open window, some one whose eye was following him. He kept his eyes persistently on the ground, and passed on.

He came to the parade-ground, and heard the martial music; he saw the officers standing in a group, and—who can follow the intricate path of the mind?—he thought:—they are giving out the countersign; he too had a countersign that no one must know except he alone and the man behind the Cathedral, who had crushed him as though he could break every bone in his body.

A smile passed over Prancken's features.

"You have played your part well, but play it you did," he said, thinking of the Dean. "You shall see how well I can play. I know my part, and will play to you now."

His pride began to get the upper hand in him again. He could not understand how he, Otto von Prancken, had been obedience—humility itself. It was well for him that he had been so, and successful in it for once.

Half humble, half self-conscious, he arrived at the Hotel Victoria, and perceived that he was ravenously hungry. There is something good in this emotional excitement after all; it gives one an appetite. Prancken looked forward with pleasure to the choice dinner with the Baron, his father-in-law.

When he stood at Sonnenkamp's door, and was about to knock, he heard some one say inside, in a loud voice:

"Where's Prancken?"

"Here!" he cried, and entered.

CHAPTER VI.

HONOR LIES PROSTRATE.

SONNENKAMP'S decoration lay at Prancken's feet as he entered: his first movement was to stoop and pick it up. Joseph left the room.

Prancken weighed the order in his hand as though it were a heavy weight, while Sonnenkamp seemed to wait for Prancken to speak first, and when he said: "I congratulate you," he interrupted with: "No, no—don't! I thank you for coming to me once more, I thank you much—very much. You meant well toward me."

"What? meant well? I don't understand."

Sonnenkamp looked at him fixedly. The whole town, the hackmen on the street know it, and this man does not. Does he wish to deceive him?

"Have you read the paper?" asked Sonnenkamp.

"The paper? No, what of it?"

Sonnenkamp handed him the paper.

"Here—my patent of nobility," he said, as he turned away and looked out of the window, while Prancken read. Sonnenkamp would not turn round, he would not watch this man's countenance. Long and uninterrupted silence prevailed in the room; at length Sonnenkamp felt a hand on his shoulder. He turned sharply. What does this mean? will the proud Baron contend with him?

"Herr Sonnenkamp," said Prancken, "I am a nobleman."

"I know—I know. Take your hand off me—you'll defile it!"

"And I am your friend," continued Prancken quietly. "I cannot sanction what you have done to challenge such a demonstration."

"Be brief, I've heard sermons enough to-day already."

"Herr Sonnenkamp, I openly defy public opinion in this. I respect you in spite of this, and I love your daughter. I am almost glad to prove to you, by a sacrifice, that my sentiments—"

"Herr von Prancken, you don't know what you're doing. Your friends, your family—"

"Pshaw! I know all. These paragons of virtue will do well to drop the stones they're about to cast at us. Whoever ventures even a look, shall answer for it at the point of my sword."

"I admire your courage, but I cannot accept it."

"Not accept it? You have no right to decline. I am your son as much as Roland. I will stand by you; and now we will see who is truly noble-minded and courageous. I admire you; but let us drop that now. Has Roland returned yet?"

"No."

"Then he has gone to the dinner with the Ensign. I will go for him."

As Prancken drove away, Sonnenkamp looked after him in astonishment; he could not comprehend it. He was alone once more. In his mind, he followed the messenger through the whole town, out to the pleasure-ground. His thoughts sought Roland, but they did not find him; neither did the messengers find him, for, as Prancken rightly surmised, he had gone to the Military Casino with the Privy-councillor's son, where some of the officers of the garrison had ordered a banquet after their exhausting morning's drill. Jest and wine

flowed freely. They drank the young American's health, and Roland was among the gayest of the gay, when a straggler arrived and cried out through the general din: "Have you heard the news? The slave-trader has been caught in a paper lasso!"

"What is it?" every one asked.

The last-comer read from the newspaper: "'Humble proposition for a shield and coat-of-arms for the ennobled slave-trader and slave-murderer, Heinrich Sonnenkamp, formerly James Banfield, of Louisiana.'

"It ought to be a satisfaction to us, to testify to the unity of aristocratic principles in both hemispheres. 'Live by the labor of others,' is their motto, I am born to idleness, says the aristocrat of the Old, as well as of the New World. The American, in addition to other prejudices, cherishes the belief that it is an honor to be a nobleman. Not because we share this belief, but in order to strengthen it, we wrote to America for positive information concerning a certain Herr Sonnenkamp. We have been silent thus far, and would have been so forever, out of consideration and pity for the children of this outcast, who do not deserve to bear this burden of guilt. We are not in favor of nobility; we consider the institution in its decay, and fast becoming merely historical: yet the nobility are our German fellow-citizens—are a part of our people. We commoners have no means to exclude a man from our midst, and we would have been obliged to allow this man to go his way unmolested; but now—we are prepared to prove it, that the man who calls himself Sonnenkamp, and lives at Villa Eden, was one of the most unmerciful of slave-traders and slave-murderers. Go thy way, then, aristocratic Germany, and ennoble him, give him an escutcheon! Our heraldic editors propose as a coat-of-arms—"

"Stop!" cried the Ensign, for at this point Roland fell from his chair, senseless.

He was carried from the room, and revived. Fortunately, just then a carriage drove up from which Prancken alighted. Roland was conveyed to the carriage and they drove to the hotel.

Wrapped in a soldier's cloak, shivering as with an ague, Roland sat in a corner of the carriage; sometimes he would open his eyes, but quickly close them again.

Prancken sought to cheer him, and told him to look upon the whole world with contempt. But Roland remained silent; only once he sighed deeply, and exclaimed:

"Oh, Erich!"

They arrived at the hotel. Joseph was waiting at the door, and the first words that Roland spoke, were a request to be left alone, and he went up-stairs, followed by Joseph.

"Your father wishes to see you," said Joseph.

Roland nodded, but on arriving up stairs he hastened to his room and locked the door.

Joseph went to Sonnenkamp and informed him that Roland had returned.

"He shall come to me," he cried.

"He has locked himself in his room."

"Has he his pistols with him?"

"No, sir. I have them yet."

Sonnenkamp went to Roland's room. He knocked. No answer. He begged and besought Roland to reply, but Roland did not utter a sound.

"If you don't open at once, I will shoot myself before your door," cried Sonnenkamp; and Francken who stood beside him exclaimed:

"Roland, Roland! You would not be guilty of your father's death?"

"Open, open!" moaned Sonnenkamp outside.

The bolt slid back, Roland stood rigid, and looked at his father, who held out his arms to him; but Roland remained unmoved, his lips tightly closed, and his eyes wild.

"My son!" cried Sonnenkamp, "my only son! my darling son! my child, forgive me! forgive me!"

Roland rushed to his father, took his hand and wept over it.

"Oh, my child, your tears upon my hand—upon this hand!—Here, this wound—this scar—see!—these tears will heal it—only the tears of my child!"

He threw himself on Roland's neck, and cried:

"You, my son, will not despise your father."

He sobbed as he spoke; for the first time in his life Roland saw his father weep. He threw his arms around him and wept with him.

Speechless, father and son then sat opposite each other. At length Roland said:

"Father, there is a remedy, an only remedy!"

"I'm ready—speak, my son!"

"I know it, Father—I know it! That Holiest One said to the youth: 'Go, and give up all thou hast, and follow me.' Parker said, too: 'This shame must be wiped out;' and Benjamin Franklin would say: 'Thou art free—be not thine own slave!' Cast everything from you, Father, let us be poor—poor! will you?"

"I thank you, my son," replied Sonnenkamp: he was relieved to see Roland's mind working again. "You have a strong heart and a brave spirit,—you are very brave. Herr Erich has taught you well,—great—brave—I thank him, I thank you—that is well—it is right—it is best."

"Then you consent, Father?"

"My son, I will not call upon any one to witness this—upon no one—but I promise you, you shall be satisfied with what I do; only, nothing must be decided at this moment."

"Yes, now—at this moment—it is the highest, it is the only moment, and must be done now! After this comes night, death, condemnation, ruin and misery. Oh, Father, you must be strong! I will work for you, for mother, for Manna and for myself! And Erich will be with us. I don't know what may be—but it will . . . only cast everything from you!"

"My son, everything that can be called dishonest gain I will throw from me. Henceforth you are no longer an irresponsible child, a minor. You are more. You are my brother. You are master. You are judge of my actions, you shall command. Everything—everything with you, through you, from your pure, your happy heart—your unbroken—yes, your friend Erich—our friend Erich, shall advise us too, only do not let us decide upon anything now."

And again father and son sat silently opposite each other, until Roland began:

"Father, let us return home to-day."

"No, not to-day; we must first gather strength."

Prancken had withdrawn to the next room. He now sent Joseph to say that dinner was ready. Roland was shocked that he should be asked to eat now, but Sonnenkamp declared that he would not touch a morsel, though he was famished, unless Roland would come to the table and partake of at least of a trifle; so Roland consented. The Privy-councillor's place was empty. Prancken signed to Joseph, who understood him, and at once removed the plate. Sonnenkamp expressed the expectation that the Privy-councillor would now return to the Villa: and thus Roland learned how the bribery had been conducted and how corrupt and selfish men were. Sonnenkamp keenly watched the impression this made upon Roland, and triumph brightened up his countenance. It is good so Roland shall learn the utter worthlessness of mankind, that all are more or less infamous; then, that which his father has done will gradually be lessened, and appear in fainter colors.

A choice meal was served, but the three ate as though they were at a funeral feast. In the next room lay the corpse—their honor was dead before the world. None of the three expressed it, but each one felt it; yet they ate and drank, for their bodies required nourishment to bear the new heart-sickness.

Father and son slept in the same room; neither spoke a word, for neither wished to drive sleep and oblivion away from the other.

"Don't let them oppress you!" said Sonnenkamp at length to himself, and fell asleep. Roland too fell asleep, but awoke

an hour after, and tossed restlessly about. Night stood before him like a black wall. He sat up wildly.

Lose my reason—my recollection— Yes; lose them! It has suddenly left you, you do not know where nor when; you only know that it is no longer there, no more in your power. If I could only find it again! You have no longer power over your thoughts; they come and go, connect and separate, arbitrarily. And yet you feel within that it will not remain so—that it cannot. A time must come when you can control them all again.

“If it were only not night! If it were only not night!” Roland moaned to himself, when he awoke confused, after scarcely an hour’s sleep.

For the first time in his life he awoke at night in mental pain, and the whole world stood before him dark, sad, impenetrable!

“If it were only not night!” he said to himself again; and then he remembered that Frau Dournay had once said to him that everything is more dreadful at night; then day comes, and in the daytime, all pains, mental and bodily, are not so intense, for the eye sees the things of the outer world, and sunlight throws light and life upon them.

“It will be day again,” concluded Roland; and from his gloomy brooding fell asleep once more.

Early the following morning, they drove with Prancken to the Villa.

CHAPTER VII.

INJURED FEELINGS.

THE morning was fresh and chilly. The box of the carriage was no longer occupied by Bertram, but beside Lutz sat a driver who had been hastily hired. Roland, who knew the horses, asked to take the stranger's place; but Sonnenkamp said, in a hoarse voice :

"No, my child; don't leave me. Sit with me—stay near me!"

Roland obeyed, and took his seat in the close carriage with his father and Prancken. They drove silently through the city. Each one thought, "Will you ever come back here, and how?" They passed the pleasure-grounds, where they had received so much distinction the previous Summer—at the officers festival. Roland looked out; yellow leaves covered the tables; everything was bare and lonely.* Sighing, and with closed eyes, Roland lay back in his corner of the carriage. All the freshness of youth had vanished from his face, which had altered overnight; everything there was wilted, like a chilled flower.

For a long time they drove silently along. But soon he heard his father amusing himself by demonstrating that all men were thorough rogues, and that this one and that one, who had always been spoken of with deference, before whom people bowed low, were not worth being sent to the galleys. He began with the Privy-councillor—how skilfully he knew how to accept bribes, and yet conducted himself as though nothing happened! And in this strain he continued, tearing everybody's good name to tatters.

Prancken allowed Sonnenkamp to rage and rave—he even allowed him to approach Clodwig. What is the harm? It is the delight of an injured man, but above all of one who is tormented by actual guilt, to drag others down to his own level. A presentiment awoke in Roland that chilled him to his inmost heart, that he must now search and inquire into the dark sides of human nature, and place them before his eyes, for in this way alone it was possible to sustain one's self.

Gently and cautiously Prancken began to set forth how strength was only to be found in a firm, religious faith; and he openly waged war against those who withdraw this sole and highest reliance from one intrusted to them. Roland knew that Erich was meant, but he restrained himself. Prancken went further: he related how Erich's father, whom mother and son worshipped like a demigod, had been a man who could get no

listeners at the University, and at whom the learned shrugged their shoulders.

Crowding one another, gloomy thoughts floated like clouds through the youth's soul. One thing above all tossed restlessly within him—yesterday honor was everything: to-day it is nothing. What is honor? It is the salt upon all the food of life; without it, existence is flat.

Roland started as if frightened, as he thought this. Vividly he saw the clouds before him, for Sonnenkamp smoked incessantly; and suddenly, as if from the clouds, he cried in an animated voice that everybody in the neighborhood ought to thank him that now they were all snow-white angels, and wanted nothing but wings. That male and female could now say, "Lord, I thank thee that I am not as this Sonnenkamp." It is really a piece of good fortune: thank me, oh world!

Prancken laughed: this humor pleased him, and he said that next year, when everybody should be accustomed to it, no one would think of the sensation of to-day; he would therefore beg urgently that not a word should be said of moving, and selling the Villa.

Sonnenkamp nudged Prancken, but he had no idea that this communication surprised Roland far less, though it once more gave him a feeling of homelessness, than his father's exclamation, that the whole world owed him thanks: the latter remark impressed Roland's mind much more. Elements of thought and feeling were set free in the soul of the youth, and no one could foresee the changes which might be produced by the combined action of the new matter. The consciousness awoke in him afresh that he bore a life-long disgrace which nothing could wipe out.

The mist was dispelled, the day clear, and the sun shone warm; Sonnenkamp wrapped himself in his cloak, for he was cold.

He sat in the carriage staring on the ground; he saw nothing but the shadow of one of the horses cast on one side. This shadow moved, setting its feet backward and forward.

"Is everything merely a shadow like this? Are you only troubled by a shadow, and carried away by it?"

A carriage coming toward them raised a cloud of dust on the road. Sonnenkamp stared at it. "To look at this dust, one would think it must choke us to stand in it; but once in, you turn aside for awhile, and the matter is not half so bad. Perhaps everything that has just happened, is only a whirl of dust: so turn aside!" He saw the shepherds tending their flocks of sheep on the stubble-fields, and he asked himself, "Is this a better life?"

He wanted to sleep, so he threw away his cigar, and closed

his eyes. Then it seemed to him as if the carriage were constantly rolling down-hill. He opened his eyes and found the carriage on a level road. Again he closed his eyes, for it was the only way in which he could be alone; and now at last he fell asleep.

Roland looked silently out into the clear, glistening day. Alas! to view nature is good only for the happy, or for those recovering from grief; but to one sorrowing and heavily stricken, it is nothing: it almost offends him by its immobility and unsympathetic face.

Until now, Roland had stood in the twilight between two phases of his life; now he suddenly parted from his youth, his pride was changed to shame; but he was mature enough soon to forget himself, and look upon his father, who was doubly unhappy, for himself, and for bringing misery upon those nearest him.

Sonnenkamp slumbered; but through his dreamy doze, the rolling of the carriage sounded like the rattling chains on fettered slaves.

He awoke suddenly, and looked wildly about him. Where was he? What had happened?" He drew his cloak around him once more, and hid his face. Pranken leaned over to Roland, and said to him in a whisper:

"I know how wretched you must be in your mind; but there's a cure for you, by a great deed, a most exalted deed."

"What is it?"

"Speak lower, so as not to wake your father."

"The only remedy for you—and it's a great one, it's a lofty deed—you must enter the Papal guard."

"Yes!" cried Roland; "that's it! We'll give all our possessions into the hands of the Holy Father, and he will issue a bull of excommunication, and proclaim the abolition of slavery."

Sonnenkamp could no longer feign sleep. "Right, my boy!" he cried: "right! The Pope shall do that. But do you think he will now do for money, even if it were ten times as much, what he has not done of his own accord? It's a great thought, Herr von Pranken—very great, and very clever."

There was a little sarcasm in this praise, for he thought to himself, "You want the whole inheritance, and so deliver my son to the knife."

"But my dear, noble, aspiring young friend, tell me honestly, do you think the Pope will do what our Roland expects?"

"No!"

Again they drove on in silence. The Villa now became visible in the distance. The American flag waved from the tower, beside the green and yellow colors of the country.

They arrived at the vine-clad cottage. Roland begged leave

to light, which was granted him. He went into the garden, and a cheerful voice called out to him:

"Good wishes to you, and good wishes to us. We congratulate you, and you must congratulate us. We are engaged!"

Lina and the Architect came from the Villa across the meadow; they were walking hand-in-hand. Lina let go the hand of her betrothed, and came up to Roland, saying:

"We did not want to wait till the opening of the Castle—we wanted to have a festival for ourselves. Oh, Roland! how happy and beautiful everything is in the world! But why don't you speak? Why do you look so sad?"

Roland could only motion with his hand, and walked rapidly toward the cottage. The betrothed couple stood in the garden quite taken aback; and Lina said:

"Oh, Albert, it's dismal here! No one received us at the Villa: Manna will see no one, Herr Dournay is absent, and Roland runs away! Come! let's keep away from the whole household—and forgive me for bringing you here. I thought these were the very people to whom I must bring my happiness first. Let's go back to your castle! and for a whole day you shall be a sequestered knight, and I the lady of the castle. I thought there would be a betrothal here to-day, too; but it doesn't look much like it. Come!—there's something dreadful going on."

Lina and her lover went through the vineyards up to the castle; but they were detained at the Major's house, who stood by the garden-fence in despair.

Something had occurred to-day that had never been known to happen before. Fräulein Milch had locked herself up in her room; there must be something very unusual going on.

The Major was perfectly delighted to hear of the betrothal, and said:

"Down below at the Villa, it might be so, too, but I fear—I fear we shall live to hear something dreadful."

The Major insisted that Lina and her lover must sit in his arbor; he said Fräulein Milch would soon come.

For the first time Fräulein Milch sat alone in her room struggling with herself. The whole world had been indifferent to her, and derived importance only in so far as something could be found in it that was agreeable to the Major. She thought the surroundings very pretty, and was grateful to the soil, for here the Major could digest the vegetables, which elsewhere he could not digest at all. She was also grateful to the Rhine, for it sometimes offered a dainty fish; and she nodded to the hills round about, as if to say: That is right, bring forth good wine; the Major likes to drink it new, only he must not take too much.

Thus Fräulein Milch was well disposed toward man and beast, toward the waters and the trees of the field, and was quite indifferent whether any one paid her any attention. She had persistently declined all nearer intercourse, but had been drawn into the circle by Frau Dournay, and to-day had been so deeply wounded. She had known Bella for a long time, though only at a distance; and if only at a distance, had hated her for a long time, too. Yet what she experienced to-day was quite new, and it pained her deeply.

"Oh," she said to herself, "you are very virtuous, Countess—highly virtuous—adorably virtuous, and beautiful besides; but I was young and handsome too once, and no one ventured to approach me with an unseemly word, though I did cross the street without a footman behind me; I was my own footman, my own protection, my own reliance."

"Oh, you stand very high in the rank-list, Countess, very high. I really don't know but what you're called 'your Excellency!'"

"Oh, have a care, Countess, there's still another rank-list—the Major shall show it to you; no, not he, it would grieve him to death; but Herr Dournay must. No, nobody shall—I alone."

Just as she had gathered new strength within herself, the Major knocked at the door, and cried:

"Fräulein Milch"—"dear, good Rosa," he added softly, "Rosie—Rosalie!"

"What is it?" was heard from the inside, accompanied by a laugh.

"Dear me! you're laughing again; now it's all right. There are two people down-stairs, the Architect and the Justice's Lina; they're betrothed, and have come to us, that we may share their joy. Do come, come into the garden with us, and bring a bottle of wine with you, and four glasses."

Fräulein Milch opened the door. The Major asked: "May I not know now what has happened to you?"

"You shall most certainly know, but don't ask me any more. So the young people are engaged, and down-stairs? I must fix my dress a little, and will come directly."

"Oh, yes, that's right."

Fräulein Milch got quite rid of her grief, now that the opportunity offered to give pleasure to happy people. The young couple forgot the castle, and sat for hours in the arbor, with Fräulein Milch and the Major. The newspaper was brought and the Major apologized for reading in the presence of his guests, but he never got his paper until the Burgomaster, the schoolmaster, and the barber had read it; but after that he

was allowed to keep it, and since he had nothing more to do in the world, it did not matter if he learned what was going on a few hours sooner or later.

"Why there's a thick black mark!" cried Lina.

"That's the Burgomaster's mark," said the Major. "Will you read it to me, Fräulein Milch? It must be something special."

Fräulein Milch took the paper, but covered her face with her hand, after casting a look into it.

"What is it? You read it, dear Lina."

Lina read the sarcastic proposition of Professor Crutius: she wanted to break off after the first few lines, but the Major begged that she would read on. And she read to the end.

"Benign Architect of the Universe, what strange retributions hast thou put into the world! Dear me, there's something dreadful about a newspaper; now everybody knows this."

Fräulein Milch had already opened her mouth to say, that what had just been read was nothing new to her, but she had the doubly difficult self-control, for a woman, to suppress the disclosure of what she already knew. It was better she did so to avoid a long explanation with the Major, of why she had not told him long ago? Only when the Major requested her to go to Frau Dournay, who must be deeply affected by this news, she said:

"Frau Dournay knew it long ago, and so did I."

In his confusion, the Major forgot to ask how that had happened; he only looked at her with astonished eyes. He had certainly said many kind and sincere things to her, but now he paid her the highest tribute by exclaiming:

"You ought to belong to our league, for you have the strength to keep a secret!"

After awhile the Major continued:

"See, children, that exquisitely beautiful Villa below there, with its park and its gardens, and the millions—Oh, and Roland and Manna. Fräulein Milch, I beg you not to detain me, I must go down. No one knows what may be going on there, and I must help. Please don't make any objections, Fräulein Milch."

"I have not made any; on the contrary, I think, too, that you ought to go."

Before she had finished speaking, a messenger arrived from the Villa, requesting the Major to come down.

Lina wanted to join him; she thought she might be some comfort to Manna; but the Major said that Frau Dournay and Aunt Claudine were comfort enough, and that she must not sacrifice any of her happiness yet.

Just as the Major was about to go, a voice called out:

"Herr Major, wait a moment, I'm coming;" and Knopf arrived, with a red face, breathing very hard.

"Have you heard?" asked the Major.

"Of course I have, that's what I come for; perhaps I can be of some use at the Villa."

"Very well, I'm ready, come with me—No, stay here, stay with Fräulein Milch. I'll send for you as soon as you are needed!"

So the Major wended his way down the hill, and the four followed him with kindly eyes.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE TRIUMPH OF THE OPPRESSED.

ROLAND entered Frau Dournay's room; he found Manna, Erich, and the Mother, sitting together in serious discussion: they had imparted the heavy secret to each other, and their heaviest thought was now, how Roland would take it, when he should learn it. Now he entered and exclaimed:

"Manna! we are the children of shame!"

All three ran up to him, embraced and kissed him, and held him close and warm.

"Be strong, Brother!" said Erich, embracing him.

"I can blow you strong, my Brother!" The words of Hiawatha sounded in Roland's ears, and with a wandering gaze he looked about him. Speechless, he sat in a chair, and about him sat the three people, all so near and dear to him. No one spoke.

Meanwhile, Sonnenkamp had alighted at the entrance of the park; he went up the path to the house, and it seemed to him as if the ground were being drawn away from under him—the house, the trees staggered. "Are you ill?" he asked of himself. "You must not be sick!" He whistled softly to himself; his gigantic strength still held out.

"Everything is still in its place, and you yourself are still here," said he, raising himself to his full height, when he again stood on his own domain. There was a soldier's courage in him, as if he were besieged by a hostile world, and he were repelling the advancing enemies with heroic power. They shall not starve him out; they shall not cut off from him the source of influence and power; he felt himself strong enough. "Prancken is right; you must not yield your place, you must bid defiance to the world; then it will bow humbly, and next year—no, long before, they will all come and flatter you again."

He stood still on the staircase, he caught hold of the ban-

ister; all his strength seemed used up, but drawing a deep breath, as if to revive his courage, he at once straightened himself again. He looked about unconcernedly; he had so steadfastly cultivated hypocrisy, that he felt sure no one would perceive a trace of dismay about him. Summoning all his strength to keep his step firm, he ascended the staircase. He took Prancken's arm; and Sonnenkamp's tone was sincere when he told him how highly he esteemed him, how he admired his strength, and already felt some of it within himself. He went to his room with Prancken; he nodded to everything. What still stood firmly here should be kept so. He begged his son—so he called Prancken now—his son, of whom he was so proud—to tell Frau Ceres, immediately, what had happened; and to tell her in the easy, all-conquering manner which he had always admired in him.

"Don't answer her, if she raves—there's nothing to fear in raving."

This remark contained a certain reassurance, which Sonnenkamp felt. It is, after all, better to have the whole world opposed to him, than to be forever and ever in the power of this malignant woman, who was always menacing and oppressing him. Now she has no weapons left; the dagger which she had always held concealed is now exposed to all the world, and is in everybody's hands.

Prancken went to Frau Ceres. He had to wait long in the antechamber. At last Miss Perini appeared. In a few brief words Prancken told her that the secret which she had confided to him, and which he had till now guarded so faithfully, had become public.

"So soon?" said Miss Perini. And on Prancken's inquiring how Frau Ceres would be likely to take the frustration of the plan of ennoblement, and all the world's ugly noise, she replied, smiling, that she did not know; for Frau Ceres had another quite dreadful trouble. She could hardly tell it for laughing, but at last it came out. Yesterday morning, Frau Ceres, by an unguarded motion, had broken her handsomest finger-nail—a real masterpiece of the most careful training—and she was perfectly inconsolable. Prancken could not help joining in the laugh. He went in with Miss Perini.

Frau Ceres gave him her left hand to kiss. She kept the right one concealed. She asked whether Prancken had brought the design of the coat-of-arms. She pointed to an embroidery-frame, on which she intended working it at once. She also pointed to the altar-cloth, on which the border was completely worked.

With great caution and address, Prancken now informed her of all that had occurred.

"He always said I was stupid! I'm smarter than he is!" burst out Frau Ceres. "I always told him that Europe wasn't the place for us; we ought to have stayed over there. Now he's got it—hasn't he? He's ashamed of himself, so he sent you! He's ashamed because I, the silly woman who never learned anything, nevertheless knew more about things than he did!"

At this first moment malice seemed to gain the mastery over all other emotions in Frau Ceres. The man who had always treated her as a brittle, frail toy, must now see that she could think far beyond him.

She sat a long while moving her lips silently. Her face wore an expression of scornful triumph, as if she were hurling all the thoughts she was nursing into her husband's face. Prancken thought it advisable to add that in a short time the family would have regained its former standing.

"Do you think that we will be ennobled, then?"

Prancken was in doubt what to reply; it seemed after all as if the woman did not comprehend what had happened. He evaded giving a direct answer, saying only that he would keep faith with the family, and that he regarded himself as a son of the house.

"Yes, the wedding shall be to-morrow. In Europe they make so much fuss over things! The wedding shall be to-morrow. I'll drive to church with you. Where's Manna? She has neglected me shamefully. But it's all well, dear Baron: this close friendship with the *teacher*-family will have to stop, too; don't allow it, my dear Baron."

She asked Miss Perini to call Manna. Prancken did not understand how this woman, half-childish, half-shrewd, could be at one moment so ill-natured, so spiteful, and then so tender; but this was not the time to ponder over the riddle. He requested his mother—thus he now called Frau Ceres—to indulge Fräulein Manna yet a few days; he would speak with her alone, and then they would come to their mother together to ask her blessing.

"I bless you even now," said Frau Ceres, and forgot herself so far that she gave him both her hands. She told him that Bella had been in the house, but had scarcely showed herself to her; she had come and driven away again in a perfectly incomprehensible manner.

A shot resounded.

"He has shot himself! he has done it at last!" cried Frau Ceres, and uttered a peculiar cry. It was not grief, it was not laughter, it was a strange, unintelligible sound.

Prancken hurried away.

CHAPTER IX.

THE HANDWRITING ON THE WALL.

SONNENKAMP had been sitting in his room: before him lay the letter-bag unopened. What did he care what the world wanted? An impulse was raging in his soul—he must do something; something rebellious, something to make all the world a ruin. What? He could not think. He sat dumb in the midst of the lovely landscape; the luxurious apartment seemed to him like a cell.

“You must not hurt yourself; no, that will not do—you must not become weak,” said he to himself. “Why should you fear this old maid of a Europe with her namby-pambyism? What have you done? Worked hard, and kept at it. It’s a very good thing for you that you’ve nothing more to conceal, now that all is known.”

He rose and went into the park. An acacia-tree caught his eye. One of its principal branches had been snapped, and was hanging down, making the tree look like a bird with a broken wing. The gardener told him that a sudden storm of wind had passed through the park on the preceding night. Sonnenkamp nodded, and gave vent to his inaudible whistle as he looked at the tree. A tempest might break a tree like that, but not a man like him.

He passed on, and entered the orchard, where he surveyed glorious fruits. Under some of the choicest, glass-bells were hung filled with water, which, in evaporating, nourished the fruits.

All this can be done. It is possible to instruct Nature, and show her what should be done: then why not do the same with men? why not with fate? He looked at the fruits as if expecting an answer from them, but they were voiceless.

He stood a long time before a tree which he had trained into the form of a Count’s coronet, and stared into the branches. A fly was struggling in a spider’s web between two limbs. Ha! ha! what a struggle! Perhaps it’s crying, only we can’t hear it! There, my noble fly, you have a different fate from that of these human flies! Spiders—spiders everywhere! And yet you have the advantage, for you’ll soon be devoured. He clenched his fist and beat his forehead; he was enraged at his brains for making such a sniveller of him.

He returned to his room and said to himself: “It would be better to put an end to it at once: that would set your children free as well as yourself.” He took his revolver from the wall—just then a knocking was heard without.

"What's the matter? Who's there?"

A groom gave his name; Sonnenkamp opened the door and the groom said that the black horse was sick, and no one knew what ailed him.

"So!" cried Sonnenkamp; "Come, it won't take me long to cure him."

He went down to the stables and looked grimly at the horse; then he put the pistol to its head and sent the bullet through its brain: a gurgling noise was heard, and the poor beast dropped dead.

"So! You're done for," cried Sonnenkamp. "Now you are free!"

Just as he was leaving the stable Pranken met him.

"What have you done?"

"Pooh! shot a horse—and let every one who doesn't duck his head know what will happen to him," said he, loud enough for all the servants to hear.

He ordered the groom to saddle another horse for him.

Joseph came, having been sent by Frau Ceres to learn what had happened. Sonnenkamp told him to announce to his mistress that he had shot his black. Sonnenkamp smiled as Pranken told him of Frau Ceres' state; but nevertheless he declined going to her, thanking his stars that the house was large enough to allow each to live separately.

He went to Frau Dournay: it was hard for him to encounter her eyes and Erich's, but nevertheless it must be done: he must arm himself and look every one boldly in the face. Was he a boy? Had not he bidden defiance to the world, and should he tremble before this schoolmaster's family?

He entered the cottage, but did not offer his hand either to Erich or his mother; he only asked where the children were.

He learned that they had locked themselves alone in the library, and then he said easily that he only wished that they knew all, so that he might see who was faithful. Then turning to Erich, he added:

"I have shot the horse you rode last night: my property is mine yet."

He went away quietly and stood for awhile at the library-door listening to Manna and Roland, but he could not make out what they said.

He returned to the Villa and mounted his horse; then he rode to the Privy-councillor's villa, wishing to tell these people exactly what he thought. And as he rode along it occurred to him that the groom behind him suddenly drew up, and then it seemed to him that two persons were following him. Who was the other one? He conquered himself so far as not to look around. His horse trembled under the pressure of his thighs.

He drew up at the door of the villa and asked for its mistress. The gardener told him that she was not there, and moreover, never would be there again—What was the meaning of this. He gave a boisterous laugh when he heard that since yesterday the villa with all its contents had been sold to the American Consul at the Capital. He had been over-reached. These people had left the neighborhood, and coolly disposed of what they had bought for a merely nominal sum—and he could never reclaim it. And yet, after the anger which he felt at first, he had his peculiar pleasure in thinking how many shrewd mortals there are in the world; for it is a real pleasure to find out what foxes and lynxes everywhere exist, in their several disguises.

A court-lackey came riding along the road, and Sonnenkamp stopped his horse. Could it be possible that they had repented and sent a courier after him?

"Where are you going?" said he stopping the lackey.

"To Villa Eden."

"To whom?"

"To Frau Professorin Dournay."

"May I ask who sends you, and what you want?"

"I should think so."

"Well, what is it, then?"

"The Professor's wife was once companion to the gracious Princess's mother, and the gracious Princess liked her very much."

"Very good. And now?"

"Yes, and now would it be right to have the Professor's lady live with such an awful man, who has lied to everybody and is a slave-dealer? Why, at his house, one wouldn't be sure of his life a single minute, and consequently the gracious Princess sends me to tell the Professor's lady of her wish, and, if she is willing, to take her right back with me, so that she can get away from this monster."

The lackey looked up in bewilderment, when the man who had been so very particular in his inquiries, rode away without saying another word.

So Sonnenkamp was forced to cook his spleen for awhile, but at last burst out laughing. Very good! The whole world feared him! That would give him a power which he could never gain from that trumpety position of honor where one always must be playing the fine gentleman. And deeply did he despise the aristocracy. They would take up this forsaken woman now—now? Why not before?

He rode up to the castle. There were laborers at work on a wing of the building, and they saluted him, although with evident reluctance—the master of their bread. Sonnenkamp

smiled: they *had* to salute him. He would willingly have collected the whole world there at once, and looked it defiantly in the face.

Then he rode to the Major's. Fräulein Milch was standing at the window, and cried, even before he had asked her anything:

"The Major is not at home."

So now he rode homeward. As he neared the garden-wall, he saw something written on it in large letters. He went nearer and saw scrawled all over the wall: "Slave-dealer! Slave-murderer." Some artist, of not very distinguished merit, had added his quota by drawing a gallows, with a figure hanging by the neck, the tongue protruding from the mouth, and the word "Slave-dealer" written on the tongue. He ordered the castellan to take better care of the premises, and shoot down any impertinent person who should write such things on his walls. The castellan said: "I don't shoot; and, besides, I'm going to leave your service next Martinmas."

Sonnenkamp rode back to the cottage. He wished to take his children away, and also, to tell Frau Dournay not to give any more money to the rabble who dared to write such words on his white garden-wall. But he turned back again; it would be best to take no notice of the affair.

He entered his room panting with rage; the thought came in his mind almost with the force of truth, that this house was no longer his own. Everybody in the neighborhood seemed intruding on his property and into his very house, jeeringly bepitying him; he lived as openly as if his house were public; everybody was talking about him, and he could not help himself.

He stamped with fury. "Yes, here it is! You wanted honor; you wanted to be talked about, and your wish is accomplished—but in what a way!"

"I despise the whole of you!" he cried. He thought and thought how he might prevent the world from triumphing, but what should he do. He sought but found not.

CHAPTER X.

ROLAND'S LAMENT.

MANNA and Roland sat side-by-side in the library, holding each other's hands. They were like two children, who, being overtaken by a storm, find refuge in a stranger's cabin. For a long time neither could speak. Manna first regained her self-possession, and said in a violently agitated manner:

"Do you know the story of the Little Brother and Sister?"

They were lost in the woods and yet found their way home again. *We* are two poor children in the wild forest, but we are children no longer—you are great and strong, and must show yourself to be so."

"Oh, don't speak," cried Roland; "every word, even the words spoken by my own sister, goes through me like a knife. Oh, Sister! No, no! There are hundreds and hundreds of books here, and do you think that any one of them contains the story of a fate like ours? No! not one."

Manna waited awhile and then continued:

"Now I can tell you what I meant when I said, that I wished to be Iphigenia. I wanted to immolate myself for you all—to take from you all the expiation of that crime."

"Oh, don't talk so! What have we to do with the children in the forest—with Orestes and Iphigenia? Orestes was fortunate—Orestes could consult the gods at Delphos. Then the gods could be offended and propitiated—they were forced to answer—but we? Where now is the mouth that gives responses in the name of the gods? The Greeks had slaves, too, and we—? And yet they say that love has come into the world, and all men are the children of God. What good does that do? And the Priests bless the marriage of a man who holds slaves! Children of God, slaves? And then they baptize these children, and they yet let them remain slaves! Oh, I shall go mad! Oh, my youth, my youth! I am yet young and must endure a long life—must endure all this! There is blackness before my eyes, it rests on everything—all is black—black! At the time when the Krischer was arrested—Children are not punished when their father commits a crime—they are not to blame, and yet they suffer all their lives for it. Where is justice? Help me, Sister! Help me!"

"I can't; I don't understand it. Oh, it was surely that that drove me from the sanctuary. I don't understand it."

Again they sat quietly; but suddenly Roland threw himself on Manna's breast, and spoke to her heart, as he laid his face against it.

"Manna, I thought of killing myself, for I could not bear it. How beautiful the world was yesterday! But now! I tell you I must live. I know not what I will and must do, but I must live. If children were driven to suicide by their parents' crime, that crime would only be made greater and more deadly."

Again Roland leaned his head against the sofa; he closed his eyes and then opened them; he lay in a sort of melancholy stupor, crushed and shattered.

Manna saw this, and kneeled down before him, and said:

"Roland, I have something great to tell you. Erich and I—"

"What?" cried Roland, starting up.

"Erich and I are engaged to be married."

"You? He?"

He sprang up, caught her in his arms, and cried again:

"You? He? Engaged?"

"Yes, Roland, and he knew all long ago."

"He knew all, and did not despise you—and he has taught me so faithfully. Oh!"

For a long time Roland and Manna held each other in a close embrace. Some one knocked at the door. They sprang apart, and trembled, and looked at each other. Each knew that it was their father who knocked, but neither said so. Again there came a knock, and yet they did not speak. They heard footsteps retreating from the door, and knew their father's tread. They felt what they were doing—what it was not to open at a father's knocking, but avoided any exhibition of emotion.

Roland's thoughts must have associated persons, for he said presently:

"Herr von Prancken advised me to enter the Papal army. I wish I knew the field where the battle that is to make all men brothers is being fought; I would like to die in such a cause. But that cause will never be gained on the battle-field. Oh, Sister, I hardly know what I think or say; Hiawatha fasted, and so must we."

"Let us go home," Manna said at last.

"Home! home! What is our home now? What have we that is ours?"

Roland rose, and taking Manna's hand walked with her across the meadow to the Villa.

The sun shone brightly; the hay was sweet; boats were moving up and down the river; and a jolly procession was passing along the road, celebrating what is called the *Herbstumck*. On a cask sat the Krischer's second son, dressed as Bacchus, and crowned with leaves; girls dressed in white, and with loosened hair, stood round him on the car, swinging garlands and singing sweetly. Figures covered with moss rode on horseback. Every one was singing, and shouting, and shooting firearms.

The brother and sister stood and watched the frolicsome procession disappear behind the trees, and each knew what the other thought: "All can enjoy themselves, and we—" Again they went on, and Roland said at last:

"I don't understand how it is, but it seems as though I had not experienced all this, but had dreamed it, or seen it in the spirit. It is all so far off, so inaccessible, so mournful and shadowy. When I see you I almost think that we can never come to each other—there seems to be a fearful distance between us. And father! mother!"

He looked around, confused and motionless, as if he saw

ghosts everywhere. Manna clasped his hand more closely, and he became calmer, and smiled as he returned the pressure.

Grip came bounding up to them, and seemed quite happy to see his young master again; he sprang round Roland, who said, as he stroked him:

"Yes, dear Grip, when I had lost and forgotten you, you found your way home again. Ah, old boy, don't you know any way to get home now? I'm not your master. I'm nobody at all."

The dog seemed to understand his master's mournful mood, and looked at him with an honest expression in his eyes, as if he would like to say, "Don't waste your young life in repining."

They stood together on the bank of the Rhine, and Roland said:

"I see my picture in the water. Oh, Sister, there is no brand on my forehead—no brand, and yet—"

And for the first time he burst into tears.

"Come, let us go farther," said Manna.

"Farther, farther! Yes, my way is far, immeasurably far," said Roland, as she led him forward.

They entered the courtyard of the Villa. The horses were being walked, and were covered with long blankets. Roland felt like calling to the grooms, and saying, "Take the blankets off! Take the blankets off, and cover our disgrace with them! Let the horses go free: we have no right to control them—they are not ours!" but he did not. He stared at the glass-houses and at the trees as if to ask them if they knew to whom they belonged. He asked Manna to go into the stables with him. He looked into the faces of the servants like a beggar—a beggar for respect; and thanked them for saluting him, and asking what his orders were. The servants saluted him yet, and were willing to obey him.

He stroked his pony and cried on its neck:

"Oh, Puck! when will you carry such a happy fellow as I used to be!"

The dogs jumped round him: he nodded to them, and said sorrowfully to Manna:

"Beasts are the happiest creatures in the world: they inherit nothing from their parents but life—no house, no garden, no money, no clothes. Ah, my good Puck, what a fine name you have!"

There was something very closely akin to craziness in Roland's thoughts and expressions; and as he pulled the beast's long mane, he said:

"If slaves could not speak and pray, they would be happy, too, like you and the dogs."

Manna was alarmed to see how Roland perverted everything to make it suit his own humor, and said:

"You ought to stay with our friend Erich, now, and not leave him a minute."

"No, not now! not now! There are no shafts of Apollo to be kept off by a demagogue!"

Manna didn't understand what Roland said: she thought his mind was wandering: he did not tell her that he had suddenly thought of the Niobe group. Some time passed before he said:

"Yes: the girl hides herself in the bosom of her mother, but the boy holds up his hands to protect himself from the deadly arrow. That night when I wandered off in search of Erich, I heard the story of the laughing ghost. He waits long till a tree grows from the acorn, a cradle is made from the tree, and the child who lies in the cradle opens the door. Don't you hear how he laughs? He's condemned to wander!"

Manna begged him to be calm; paused awhile, and then said:

"I must go to mother."

"And I to father."

They met Prancken on the steps: he offered his hand to Manna, who said to him:

"I am inexpressibly grateful for your faithfulness to my father."

"Will you stay with me for awhile?"

"No! I cannot, now—never, any more."

The brother and sister parted; and, as Roland entered his mother's room, she said to him:

"Don't trouble yourself about this Old World; we will go back to the New, your real home."

Roland heard these words as if they came from a great distance, and he said:

"That's it! that's it This is the Delphic Oracle!"

"What are you saying? I am no scholar."

Roland did not reply: a form seemed to rise from chaos, but it quickly vanished again.

"Wait a minute: it's time to go to dinner," said his mother.

She threw a shawl over her shoulders, and went with Roland to the dining-room, where they found Prancken and Miss Perini engaged in conversation. Roland went to fetch Erich.

"Isn't it horrible to be obliged to eat again?" said he. "We are eating slaves! Oh, Erich! put your hand on my forehead: so—so! That's right!"

They were obliged to wait some time for Sonnenkamp, and Manna did not come till quite awhile after her father. Her cheeks were glowing.

How close together they sat at table, and yet how far from each other! Erich and Manna cast but one glance at each

other : a glance full of mutual understanding. Roland said softly to Erich :

“When the Krischer came home from court that day, there were only potatoes on his table.”

Erich placed his hand on Roland's shoulder to quiet him : he knew all that this memory was awakening in the young man's mind. The Krischer was innocent, and now—

Prancken displayed all his address in starting topics of conversation which were likely to put the company at ease. The building of the castle furnished him large material for doing so.

They rose from the table and separated. Roland asked Erich to let him be alone to-day.

CHAPTER XI.

THE RIBBON OF HONOR.

IT was evening. Roland went through the village. The lanes were filled with the fragrance of young wine ; everybody was cheerful and busy. The wine-vaults were filled with noise and bustle ; men walked slowly through the streets with heavy tubs, filled almost to overflowing, on their backs.

Roland looked anxiously in their faces and almost wished to say : “Here is a beggar ; he begs for a little love, a little kindness and sympathy for himself and his father. Ah, 'tis but a little thing to ask.”

He saw the houses to which he had taken presents on his birth-day ; the people returned his nod, but not with such delight and respect as they used to. He left the village.

He sat down behind a hedge by the river's bank, as he had done before he went in search of Erich. Now he sat by the river in ineffable grief, which was drying up the sap of his life. A plover started up near him. With childish curiosity he pushed the twigs aside and saw a nest with five young birds in it, all opening their bills. How happy such a discovery would have made him once ! He stood and regarded them, and something within him said in complaining tones : “Ah, *you* are at home !”

He heard a wagon rumbling along the road, and his thoughts went back to that night when the poor wagoner had told him that he would rather go hungry or beg than enjoy wealth wrongfully gained.

Not far from him on the shore a boat was being loosened from its moorings : he heard the clanking of the chain, and it cut him to the heart : he seemed to hear slaves chained together and dragging themselves along, and this thought soon became a vision. He saw Grubworm and the groom manacled as he

had once seen them ; they walked along the street, and behind them stalked the officers with loaded guns that glistened in the sun. He looked up and really saw an officer. Had he come to arrest his father? No; there was no decree for that! What was it, then? And as he fixed his eyes on the bush behind which the officer disappeared, his thoughts changed. He thought of Clodwig, the Doctor, the Major, the Krischer. What do they all say? Deep within him rose the words: "Man does not live for himself alone. There is an impalpable but indestructible bond of union—the bond of respect, honor." He could bear these distracting thoughts no longer, and said, almost audibly: "To the Krischer!"

He went with hasty steps up the hill, and his heart beat painfully as if he was to meet there something which he could not foresee. Just before he reached the village he met the Krischer's second son, who was walking slowly, and bearing on his shoulders a tub of new wine. The lad was about as old as Roland, and cried out, as he saw him coming:

"Father said you were coming: go in; he's expecting you."

Roland thanked him and proceeded. As he entered the house, the Krischer said:

"Expected you'd come! Have something to ease you. Needn't say anything—knew it all long ago. Can give you something."

"What?"

"Youngster, there are two things in the world that help a man—praying and drinking. If you can't pray, drink all you want to. Come! here's what'll do you most good!"

"Shame on you!" Roland replied, "Shame on you! there's yet another thing."

"What? Come now!"

"Well—thinking. I can't do it rightly yet, and don't know all that will come of it, but I know that it must come from there."

"Bully!" roared out the Krischer. "You're a splendid fellow. Say, have you thought out yet what you will do with all your money, when you get it in your fist?"

"No."

"All right, then. You'll learn soon enough. Now let me tell you—don't you go and worry the young life all out of you. Have pity on your father; he's a poor man for all his millions. Show that you're a chap worth having the sun shine on you! Hurrah! Just listen!" said he, suddenly interrupting himself, as the blackbird began to sing "Life let us cherish." Roland and the Krischer looked at each other, and Roland smiled.

"That's right," cried the Krischer. "Learn that by heart! 'Life let us cherish!' Everything else is stupid humbug."

The bird knows what he's about ! You did your part first-rate !" said he, nodding to the blackbird, who looked knowingly at the man and boy as if it knew what it had done, and expected applause. The Krischer turned to Roland and proceeded in high spirits :

"Good—that's the way—good ! Hold your head up, and when you want anybody, just call on me. You got me out of jail, and I won't forget that. Now come and be jolly, like your dogs."

He gave Roland a loaf of bread for the dogs, but Roland ate some of it himself, and enjoyed it immensely.

"Got it at last ! It's won !" screamed the Krischer at the top of his voice—"If you're hungry the fight is won ! Now let the world wag as it will, to-morrow's as good as to-day."

Erich, who thought that Roland would be with the Krischer, came after him, and was delighted to find him in such a quiet frame of mind. They went home together, and Roland said :

"While I was at the Krischer's I thought, all at once, 'What would Benjamin Franklin say if he should see me in such a humor.' Do you know what he'd say, Erich ?"

"Not precisely ; but I think he would say that a man who only suffers, is on a level with the brutes who do not know how to make use of a misfortune. True manliness begins at the point where one comprehends, grasps, and masters what distresses him, and uses it for his own purposes. If you let yourself sink listlessly into sorrow, you yourself are to blame for your own distress. Rouse yourself. If you have or are anything for which you have a right to love yourself, you can expect that others will love you."

"Thank you," said Roland ; "I also have thought of what Franklin would say. I saw him before me with his placid face and long snow-white hair, and he said : 'Remember, the bitter thing is not that disgrace lowers you in the eyes of the world, but that disgrace can force you to misconstrue others and look at all men as mean and worthless.'"

What Roland heard during this walk became a picture hung on the walls of memory.

Erich could not express the exultation of his soul, in having educated the boy to what he had become. He wanted to say, "You have become a man," but controlled himself. It must not be said, and with a quietness wrung from pain, they returned to the Villa.

As they approached the garden-wall, they saw the castellan erasing something from it.

"It is written there !" cried Roland, "I have read it !"

The castellan was scratching off the mortar with a sharp piece of iron, and the sound grated on Roland's ears : he almost felt

as if his naked soul was being torn by the iron. All his peace and self-possession were gone.

"It's there!" he cried. "It will have to be effaced to-morrow, and the next day, and forever. Oh, Erjch, why are men so wicked! What good does it do them to insult us?"

Erich tried to comfort him by saying that after all men were not so wicked, only they liked to irritate and sneer.

He went with Roland to his room, and the boy sat still, pressing his hand to his lips and biting into the flesh. For a long time he did not speak. Then he looked at the stuffed bird, and "Hiawatha" again rose to his lips.

He stood at the window and looked down at the park, and up into the sky, where the swallows were collecting in vast numbers, before migrating to warmer lands. "Everything—everything has its home! Plants that cannot move are tenderly cared for, and swallows fly away to happier lands! Oh, that some one could tell us where happiness can be found!"

He drew back hastily from the window, for he saw the Russian Prince entering the courtyard, followed by the Doctor in his carriage. Roland asked Erich to leave him alone, and bring no one to him. When Erich had gone away, Roland locked the door of his room.

CHAPTER XII.

SONNENKAMP FINDS A KINDRED SPIRIT.

SONNENKAMP sat alone in his room, looking toward the castle, which was almost finished. Who will live there? He turned from the window and stood for a long time regarding Roland's picture.

"One ought not to have children, or know anything about them," he said to himself, and started at the sound of his own voice.

He opened the safe, and stared at his well-arranged papers, at the drawers which held his gold, coined and uncoined.

"What good are you? And yet—"

He heard a knocking at his door.

"Who's there?" he asked. Joseph answered:

"His Highness the Prince is here, and wishes—"

His Highness the Prince? Could it be possible? Was it not all a dream? Had the Prince come to beg his pardon? Does he know—?

He went to the door and opened it; and there stood the Russian Prince. He said in a friendly tone that he had come to offer his assistance—perhaps he could be of service, and Herr Weidmann too—

"I need no assistance! Need nobody!" said Sonnenkamp, breaking in upon him. He abruptly shut the door and bolted it.

"I have no sympathy, and don't want any," said he to himself, as he held his clenched fists against his breast. Another knock was heard.

"What's the matter? Why can't you leave me alone?"

A tender voice stole through the keyhole:

"It is I—Countess Bella."

Sonnenkamp gave a start. Was this a trap? Was some one trying to speak with him, and assuming the Countess's name and voice. Good! at all events it must be some very clever person who has taken this way of getting at him. He would go and see who it was.

He opened the door, and stood motionless with astonishment; for it was really Bella.

"Give me your hand!" she cried. "Your hand! You're a hero—I never saw one before! What are all these puppets and popinjays? Stuffing for uniforms, and nothing else! Cowardly professors and quill-driving journalists! They have a bugbear which they call humanity, and cringe to it, and sneak away like children scared by a wolf. You alone are a man!"

In the midst of his astonishment, Sonnenkamp at last found breath to ask Bella to be seated. He did not yet understand what all this meant. And Bella began again:

"I knew that you were a conqueror, but did not know how strong you are!"

Sonnenkamp could not yet understand. What is she after? Is this a way of jeering at me? But as she went on he came to a more comfortable conclusion.

"Weaklings, cowards, they all are—the aristocratic world especially! They would have been forced to call you Count—the common title of Baron is far too small for you. They have all done what they could—no, not all; there are a few left who have the mark of nobility on them. But they are ashamed of him who does what they have not force enough, courage enough, or daring enough to do. They have swords—dress-swords—but they tremble before the birch of the schoolmaster, who raps them over the knuckles and says: 'Don't you know that we live in the epoch—or age, or *sæculum*, or whatever they call it—of humanity?' By rights, all these nobles ought to be forced to come here and congratulate you! See here; if I were young—if you had come to me in my youth I would have followed you through the world. You have a Napoleonic vein in you! Give me your hand!"

She took his hand in both of hers, and pressed it warmly.

"You don't remember, but I do," she said, in a triumphant tone, "that time when you and the Prince dined with us, you

said, 'There is a priestcraft of humanity!' So there is. They all—these strong, free men—are afraid of the humanity of the saintly Jean Jacques Rousseau. They believe in a book—the "*Contrat Social*" is their bible. I am not afraid of Jean Jacques Rousseau!"

With a beaming face Sonnenkamp broke in: "A case is never lost—no; it is victorious—if noble-minded women are inspired for it!"

"Thanks! thanks!" Bella went on, as she held his hand and stroked his thumb with her delicate fingers:

"And did one of the schoolmaster's darlings bite you there? Be proud; for it is a greater badge of honor than any won on the battle-field. For the sake of everything in the world, don't yield now! Rejoice that you have no longer anything to deny; and show that you are the only one not afraid of these schoolmasters. The brave man accepts what he finds inevitable in the world, and uses it!"

Bella had risen. Her eyes were flaming, and her cheeks glowing. Her face wore an expression wondrously deadly, enchainng, and fascinating. So must Medusa have fastened her eyes, so panted and trembled. And Bella knew that in her excitement she was beautiful. These are the great accents that make her thoughts commands; this is the majesty of Passion. As this thought passed through her mind she suddenly stood still, as in a living picture, and her eyes sought the mirror in which she might see herself. She shook her head, and turned again, as if stepping on to the stage.

"Will you tell me how you became so great and bold—so free—the only free man whom I have ever known?"

Sonnenkamp, who had stood motionless, thrilled with pleasure. A confession was on his lips, but he dared not make it. He laughed a ghostly laugh as Bella proceeded:

"One thing alone you must not do. Never speak to me of love, that *fable covenue*—it is nothing; nothing to you or to me. And another thing—you will learn it now if you don't know it already—the greatest tyranny in the world is the family. Do not care for your family. A hero has no family; and it is only a sentimental story that great heroes ever play with their children. You must be alone—think of yourself alone, for you are strong!"

Even the mighty Sonnenkamp was too deeply affected by what he had undergone not to feel a shudder run through him as he looked at this woman, who seemed almost an apparition from the land of fable. He said that there was only one thing to which he had given much thought; and that thing was now settled. He was determined to conduct the battle openly—that is, secretly, and keep his own counsel. He would give these

virtuous country-folks something else to talk about. This was his next task. He had a plan, not yet fully settled, indeed, but which would soon become so.

Bella said that she had not wished to see any one in the house except him, and would immediately return to Wolfsgarten. But she bade him be strong, to govern himself; for hitherto she had despised all men, but now *his* force of character had won her respect.

Sonnenkamp opened the seed-room, conducted Bella through it, and opened the door leading to the covered stairs. Here he bade her adieu, and kissed her hand. Bella turned on the stairs and said to him:

"Another thing! It must be your first object to free yourself from slavery. You must send this pedagogue's family away."

She made a scornful motion with her hand, and continued:

"Let them set up their spirit-distillery in the little University-town again."

Then Bella departed.

As Sonnenkamp re-entered his room, it seemed to him as if all this had been a dream; and yet he felt the fragrance of the delicate perfumes which Bella had left. There was the chair on which she had sat—yes, Bella had been there.

But Bella did not leave the Villa without being seen, for she met her brother in the park. She told him, unreservedly, that she had been with Sonnenkamp to give him encouragement, and she praised Otto for standing by his friend, without regard to what all this miserable world of weaklings might say.

"I could love that man," she cried. "He's a conqueror! He has gained a portion of the world for himself! Pooh! They dig for relics of the Roman world, for the Romans were great and strong, and scorned any one who spoke of a slave's rights—and then, what are they themselves?"

"My charming Sister," said Prancken, "you are far too young and beautiful yet to deal in these enthusiastic bizarreries. You have no need of such cosmetics."

Bella stepped away from him, and then said:

"No. I had something to tell you; but I won't speak of it now. Only persevere, and accomplish your object with Manna as soon as possible. How does the little convent-flower behave herself?"

"Bella, I beg—"

"Good, good! I'm going. I can't help all of you."

She went away at once, and returned to Wolfsgarten.

Prancken looked after her in astonishment. He was glad to see the Priest approaching. He gave him his hand with great

show of humility, and was deeply sensible of the ghostly father's goodness in coming voluntarily to comfort that house of sorrow.

CHAPTER XIII.

AN ANTIDOTE.

PRINCE VALERIAN, having been so roughly dismissed by Sonnenkamp, went to Erich. Roland, sitting in the next room, heard him enter, saying as he did so:

"Where's Roland?"

"He wants to be alone," Erich replied.

The Prince confessed that Erich knew best what would be beneficial to Roland; but, for his part, he believed that intercourse with sympathetic minds would benefit the boy rather than injure him.

Roland rose from his chair. Would not that be better for him than to stay here, brooding over his sorrow? He kept still, and heard the Prince ask how Manna and Frau Ceres had borne the revelation of the fearful secret.

The Prince spoke loudly; but Erich answered in a low voice, so that Roland did not catch his reply. The Prince continued in the same loud tone. Herr Weidmann had been deeply offended by the way in which Professor Crutius had published the affair; and the assertion that Doctor Fritz had had a hand in this publication was undoubtedly false. Doctor Fritz, when he took his child away, had said very explicitly that he wished the whole affair to be kept concealed for the sake of Sonnenkamp's children.

Roland shuddered. Did Lilian, who was far over the sea, know of this? When would she learn it? How would she bear it? Would she be sorry for him? She had told him, when they were in the garden together, that he must visit her home. He stretched forth his arms, and wanted to be gone: something must be done immediately.

And still the Prince talked in the next room. Herr Weidmann had been more than half-inclined to come to the Villa and offer his services, but had finally concluded that this was impracticable, and had asked him to come in his stead.

"Ah," cried he; "now, for the first time in years, has the high social position to which I may justly lay claim, afforded me pleasure. Perhaps, though, pleasure is not the right word. I thought that by means of it I could be of more service here than any one else, and especially to your pupil Roland, whom I love so well, and whose trouble has hardly allowed me to enjoy a moment's peace."

Roland folded his hands and thought: "Ah, the world is good. No, it is not so bad as you tried to make me believe on the journey. There is a man who carries my fate in his heart."

The Prince continued:

"Ah, my dear Captain, who are we who place ourselves so high? We live the same life that others live, only our life has become traditional, and overgrown with the moss of years. While coming here I saw everything in a new light. Our serfs are sold with the soil. This is as bad, nay worse, than selling negroes, for our serfs are of the same race as we. And, Captain, while I was riding hither, I became a fearful heretic. I asked myself, 'What has been done by those men who were placed in the world to preach love and brotherhood, and never to forget this great duty?' They have looked quietly on, while there were thousands and thousands of slaves—thousands and thousands of serfs; and I thought, 'Who frees slave and serf?' It is simply pure humanity."

Again Roland shuddered. Was not this the very thing that he, and even Manna, had thought? The boy's eyes expanded as he heard Erich's reply:

"I don't care for the abstraction which is called the Church; but Christ's teaching is a root from which has grown humanity, which is now ripening to maturity."

"You are like Herr Weidmann, who—," cried the Prince, stopped before the conclusion of his sentence by the Doctor's entrance.

"Where's Roland?" he asked, after the first salutation. He, too, received the answer that Roland wished to be alone, and said:

"I approve of his doing so. Is he much excited? Mark my words, there will be days in which he will be sunk in stupor and apathy; let him be, and have the greatest patience with him. Stupor is the noblest gift of Nature: it is the sleep of the mind. Silly people and brutes are always in a stupor, which prevents them from ever getting into that state of exaltation in which the whole universe is brought in question; and Nature has pity on bright men even, and sends them a friendly stupor. As soon as this state begins to disappear, but not before, make the boy understand that this affair is not so terrible as it seems. It reveals, to be sure, a great deal of baseness; but show me where there is no depravity. Do you remember my asking you when you first came here, how long you had believed in baseness?"

Erich remembered it very distinctly, and the Doctor continued:

"Now, since there's such a thing as baseness, you mustn't lose courage. You worked honestly while you believed in the

purity of mankind, and I hope that, after having been converted to a new faith, you will work equally well. Yes, Captain, we think we are teachers, and we are only scholars. Do you know what vexes me most in bringing the affair to light?"

"How can I know?"

"It makes me angry to think that now this self-satisfied, complacent entity called Society, which plumes itself on its appearance, like an old hag covered with rouge, can say *bene* to itself. Everybody will be patting himself on the back, and saying, 'Ah, I'm a glorious fellow, after all, compared with this monster.' And yet the only difference between the slave-trade and many a thing that they themselves do, is that it is more notorious. The *jeunesse dorée* of the Jockey Club raises the devil about this monster of a Sonnenkamp, but what better are they than he? Hundreds of businesses just escape being criminal; and what is your stock-gambling, which is so quietly reported every day in the papers? Nothing but laziness and noonday milking of the public cow. Yes, the old theology in me says that Sodom would once have been saved if there had been a certain number of righteous men in it; and the case is the same now-a-days. The sun shines only on account of a few righteous persons; and there is a complete Sodom in every man; but there is also a little righteous in him, on account of which he is allowed to live."

Erich and the Prince looked curiously at the Doctor, for they had never known him before; and Roland, in the next room, pressed his hand to his forehead, wondering whether he understood to what all this would lead.

The Doctor appeared to enjoy his triumph, or rather the perplexity which he had brought about, and he sang out, even louder than before:

"Notwithstanding all that has come to light, I have the most profound respect for this Herr Sonnenkamp." He paused an instant, and then proceeded: "This Herr Sonnenkamp or Banfield—as you like—has kept himself bolt-upright; he hasn't bowed before the hierarchy; if he *had*, we should never have heard of this. His not bowing before it, shows force of character; and as to the rest, I think that I have not been touched by the sentimental epidemic. These niggers are not men and brothers to me: black men have no higher destiny; their whole construction shows that they belong in the heat of the sun, and were made for the lower forms of labor. The slave-trade is not so very wicked: if *we* had slaves for servants it wouldn't be wicked at all. When folks realize that they were born for the express purpose of being servants, and can't play the fine gentlemen, they work more faithfully and can be better cared for. I've often thought how it would seem if my servants

should suddenly be changed into negroes; it would surprise them, but they'd have to make the best of it. If these blackamoors are my brothers, I'm sorry for the relationship. Can you think of a nigger painter? Why, a nigger can't even see himself in a looking-glass. And just think of a nigger statesman or professor!"

Erich was greatly provoked at being forced to listen to this tirade, but still the Doctor went on:

"Don't let Roland become a sentimentalist; he mustn't continue the slave business, that won't do; it's always ugly and dirty work; but he mustn't let his life be spoiled by what has happened; he must know that he's the honest receiver, and must not ask where the money came from—the *honest receiver!*" he cried, repeating his words.

Erich began to notice that the Doctor was speaking neither to him nor the Prince. The Doctor knew that Roland was in the next room, and directed his remarks to him. Erich queried whether he should interrupt the Doctor and destroy the effect of the antidote administered to counteract the poison already taken?

"Good! I'm glad you've come," cried the Doctor to the Priest, who was just entering the room. "I've forestalled you in your office, and now you must help put things to rights."

Then he repeated to the Priest what he had said, but to his surprise received as an answer:

"I do not agree with you—you gentlemen who believe in philosophy and self-glorification. You will remember, Herr Captain, that I made a similar remark to you at our first meeting. You have nothing but arrogance or humility, and have not the slightest idea of equanimity, because you have not the firm rock of a positive belief."

Erich, who had opposed the Doctor, was about to give a sharp answer to the Priest, when the door was thrown open, and Roland entered:

"No, Herr Doctor, you have not converted me; and yet I know—I know—and you, Herr Priest, it does not become me to contend with you, but I will not allow any one to attack my friend here, my brother, my Erich. He has given me something positive—a belief in duty, in energy, in unceasing self-devotion. I will show what I am capable of, and do him honor as well as myself."

The Prince embraced Roland: the Doctor took the Priest away with him, and said:

"Don't disturb the young man; this is a good crisis in his case—Come!" and he almost dragged the Priest out of the room.

Erich, Roland, and the Prince sat together for a long time;

then they had their horses saddled, and the two friends accompanied the Prince part of the way home.

As they rode along they saw a singular figure approaching, and Roland suddenly cried out:

"Here comes something—I think—I think—No; I'm not mistaken; there's our friend Knopf."

And indeed it was he, walking silently through the night, and wondering why he could not understand the world; it ought to give him an explanation, for he *did* like the world so much! Why was it so cold and mysterious? What was to become of Roland? And in the midst of these reflections, Herr Knopf felt a gentle, a very little anger at the Major for forgetting him so entirely. Knopf did not lay it up as a grudge—not in the least; for, good-heavens! who could think of everything in such a hurly-burly as had lately swept over the neighborhood? He told himself modestly that he couldn't have been of the least service, for he was so awkward. Herr Dournay and Prancken are there—he knew nothing of the Prince; and so he walked along through the night, troubling himself about many things, and looking up at the stars.

"Herr Knopf! Herr Knopf! Herr Magister!"

He stood still. Roland sprang lightly from his horse and cried, as he embraced the old teacher:

Oh! pardon me—pardon me for what I did! I've wanted to beg your pardon for such a long time!"

"You have done it already—long ago; but how did you—how did you all come here?"

It was soon explained.

Knopf kept his hand on Roland's shoulder as if to borrow strength from contact with the boy, and pressed his spectacles closer to his eyes as he heard and saw how manfully Roland was learning to bear his misfortune. He pressed Erich's hand, and that pressure said: You have reason to be satisfied; you have filled the youth with the right kind of strength.

As they were about to separate, Roland begged Knopf to ride home on the pony. Knopf assured him again and again that it was a real pleasure to him to wander on foot through the night; but Roland told him that Puck was as gentle and quiet as a lamb, and would obey the slightest word, and talked perfectly wildly about the horse.

"Come; be good, and make amends for my having plagued my old master so badly!"

Knopf steadily objected; and at last whimpered out that he had no straps on his trousers. They all laughed at this, and even Roland, in the midst of his remorse, joined them. Knopf was extravagantly glad to see that the boy could laugh, and at

last consented. Roland helped him mount, patted the arm of his old teacher, and caressed the pony. Knopf rode away with Prince Valerian.

Erich did not mount again, but led his horse by the bridle, and the two friends walked arm-in-arm to the Villa.

And now in the silent night, as Erich mused over the Doctor's words, the thought gushed from his soul: What a conflict there is in the whole modern world! The life of man, as the citizen of a state, nay, even in many private callings, cannot be brought under strict ethical laws. Not in the way in which the Doctor wished—for Roland could never be affected in that way—would the young man find tranquillity and strength, but in perceiving that, in his own way, each man must struggle lest the moral law become a far-off abstraction, utterly separated from active life.

Roland listened without speaking, but often pressed his friend's hand more closely.

As they arrived at the Villa, Roland heaved a deep sigh, and said:

"Ah, Erich, the house has been robbed, but not as when we were at Wolfsgarten."

What the Doctor and Erich had said, had as yet worked no change in Roland's sorrowful heart; it had only resulted in making him speak freely what was in his mind.

CHAPTER XIV.

A NEW PILLORY AT THE CHURCH-DOOR.

THE swallows gathered twittering above the Villa; they gathered over the prison-tower, not far from the house of the Justice of the peace; they gathered over the Military Casino in the capital; and everywhere the gossip was about Sonnenkamp, what had happened to him, and what was still to happen.

In a large room in the basement, next the kitchen, Sonnenkamp's servants were sitting at table. Bertram's chair remained unoccupied. They told how the castellan would have to scratch off the writing on the wall: he had given the master notice already. The *chef*, who could always, when he was angry, speak German with great volubility, railed against the insolence of servants in leaving their master, when they had no other cause of complaint than that they had received their regular wages. The cooper, the Krischer's son, disputed this. "The honor of the master is certainly the honor of the servants," he said; "but they ought to stay with Sonnenkamp. If there is much that's bad about him, there's something good as well."

Joseph, who was the especial confidant of Sonnenkamp, and

whose personal opinion for that reason was held in little value, rejoiced that the cooper had struck the right idea.

The second coachman, the Englishman, who had also intended to give notice, said now that he would not do it, but he should certainly after this have to be always ready for boxing.

The Squirrel expressed his apprehension that the place might be set on fire ; the whole region seemed as if possessed by the devil.

Old Ursel mourned over the innocent children ; but, for all that, she ate with a huge appetite, and even uttered her worst lamentations with her mouth full.

The stuttering gardener made the proposition that they should all stay, but should jointly demand larger wages. With the exception of Joseph and the cooper, all determined on this course, only they did not yet know how to make the proposition.

The down-stairs company, meantime, sang Francken's praises loudly. Here is a nobleman who has no equal, who does not leave the master one minute ; he has been out riding with him in full day, and does not trouble himself with what his great relatives may say about him.

"Here underground they rejoiced too over the wickedness and ingratitude of the world. It was known even here that Sonnenkamp had made the Privy-councillor a present of the villa, for what he had paid for it was but a mere song ; and now the gardener from the Privy-councillor's country-house reported that the place had been sold, just to spite Sonnenkamp, to the American Consul, for the family of the Privy-councillor wished to have no further intercourse with Villa Eden.

In quite the same fashion, though by people of very different condition, was Sonnenkamp's situation discussed in the Military Casino at the capital, and in the ale-houses as well. Here, as there, the Prince's negro was the main topic of conversation. All sorts of strange stories were told ; how five men had scarcely been able to hold the raving man ; how he was determined to strangle Sonnenkamp, and they had only with the greatest trouble been able to remove him from the capital and take him to a hunting-seat.

Then the conversation passed over to Sonnenkamp himself. They wondered what he would do ; they could not comprehend how Francken still stuck to him, and that Francken's family allowed it.

The kitchen-maid Ursel was not wanting either, in the Military Casino ; only she appeared here as a high-pensioned functionary, who ate just as ravenously, and spoke, while stuffing herself, with the greatest compassion of the poor children of the millionaire.

But the conversation took a truly strange turn in the house of

Doctor Richard, where they were giving to-day a great reception in honor of Frau Weidmann, who had come to visit them. The party had been arranged several days before, and the Professor's widow, Aunt Claudine, Frau Ceres, and Manna had also been invited, only now they naturally did not come. It was much discussed, this way and that, how they should deport themselves toward the family of Sonnenkamp, if these should have the audacity not to quit the country immediately.

Lina, who had now returned from the excursion with her betrothed, said she should go as before to the house of Sonnenkamp, and never cease to be the friend of Manna, for where Frau Dournay remained any one might keep up social intercourse without hurting his respectability.

The general mind became kindly disposed when Frau Weidmann agreed perfectly with Lina: she spoke of the magnificent bearing of Roland, who had been to visit them, and of the rare powers of Erich, whom her husband esteemed very highly.

So everything in the house, as well as in the neighborhood, seemed to settle itself, and pass over into a moderate, gentle tone of feeling. Only in the vine-covered cottage, before church on Sunday morning, the bitter, hateful consequences of the event appeared.

During the hour before Mass, the needy inhabitants were in the habit of coming to receive their regular weekly gift. To-day only a single woman came, in most untidy array. She was the wife of a drunkard, and always had much to complain of and lament over. She also fretted continually about her two children, of whom she had, generally, one in her arms and one tagging at her apron. Frau Dournay had only reluctantly consented to help this woman; because she feared that by this very means she should render the drunken husband still more neglectful. At the entreaty of Fräulein Milch she had yielded, but usually cut the talkative woman short. To-day she was forced to listen patiently while the creature told her how she had come alone, and not the rest. Frau Dournay shuddered when the woman said:

"Yes, yes; that's the way in the world. Everything's turned upside down. My husband makes wife and children wretched because he spends everything, and Herr Sonnenkamp makes wife and children wretched because he has made too much. Yes—so it goes—the world's turned upside down!"

She protested that she would never touch a bit of a slave-dealer's money if she knew how to get along any other way.

"And must my son grow rich upon this money?" said the Professor's widow to herself, groaning inwardly, when, soon after, she sat alone listening to the church-bells. She sat quiet a long time; then Erich came and cried:

"Oh, Mother, another horrible thing has happened!"

"A new one—still a new horror? What can it be?"

"He was bold and defiant—he was at church with Francken."

"Who was?"

"Herr Sonnenkamp; and as he came out of church, there stood all the people in long rows, and stared at him. He went up to a poor man and reached him a piece of gold. The man stretched out his hand, struck the coin away, and cried, 'I want nothing from you!' and all cried, 'We want nothing from you! Clear out of the country!' Sonnenkamp walked away from them. The piece of money still lies before the church-door, and no one will pick it up. Oh, Mother! these people are great and terrible at the same time."

"Did you see that, too? How did you know all this? Were you at church, too?"

"No! Manna and Roland have just told me about it; and now they are sitting together in the garden, and weeping. I have hurried to you: you alone can help us—comfort them! encourage them!"

"I can do nothing more," said his mother; "I am too weak, and I fear I am going to be sick."

Erich called his aunt, that she might remain with his mother, and then returned to Roland and Manna. By afternoon, the Doctor had to be called in. Frau Dournay was ill.

CHAPTER XV.

THE HEALING SICK ONE.

THE one on whom all were relying, to whom all turned, secure of protection and tender care, was now suddenly herself in sore need of help, and very dangerously ill.

The great occurrences and changes of the preceding days had bound them together—some in youthful strength, others in defiance, and others, again, in indifference. She alone felt a continual gnawing at her heart day and night.

It had already struck Erich some days before, that his mother, when he came to her hand-in-hand with Manna, had received it all most kindly and tenderly to be sure, but with a peculiar dulness and appearance of depression: he accounted for it, however, by the shock of the surprise. His mother had never been accustomed to ask assistance from any one; she always had strength to give to others, and yet in doing for others she found herself always strengthened again.

Since the day when Fräulein Milch communicated that intelligence to her, it had been otherwise. The daily duties, before

cheerfully performed, were now gone through with almost mechanically: from that day forth she had resolved to withdraw herself, in a discreetly guarded manner, from any sharing in the luxury which this splendor-loving man freely spread before her; from that day forth she considered herself as a stranger on a journey—the home-feeling was all gone. Hourly she was prepared, and all the things that she possessed and had so tranquilly arranged around her here, seemed ready to be packed up again and transported to some other place with her.

Never in her life had she tormented herself with regrets. She had never done anything for which she must bitterly repent—which, as a stain upon her character, she must long to have blotted out. Now she could not get rid of a continual self-reproach. Why had she so inconsiderately attached herself to a mysterious and divided family? Joy and sorrow came to her like the fantasies of one in the delirium of a fever.

Erich's great bliss, that he so tenderly loved Manna, and that she loved him, in which she would previously have taken such an active pleasure, she now heard and saw as if with an almost forced sympathy; and when Bella wounded her so deeply, she had hardly any power of resistance, for it seemed to her as if it were directed against some one else and did not concern her: so she lived estranged, as it were, from herself. She complained to no one; she hoped to overcome this within herself, and regain her usual composure. She did not suspect that a hidden disorder was consuming her, which only needed an occasion to break out. Now, when the needy refused the gifts from her hand, what she had so long shut up within herself broke forth—an unspeakable, anxious sorrow. It was unintelligible to her that her only child, her all in this world, should have grown to be a part of this family.

The Doctor had found the Mother feverishly excited. He gave her quieting remedies; but the effect of his opinion, expressed in the presence of Erich, Manna, and Roland, was still more quieting. The Mother complained that she had never realized how at war with themselves and each other mankind might be.

The Doctor laughingly replied to her, that all people did not possess such a delicate internal economy as she; and he said, alluding to Sonnenkamp, that there was a climate of the soul, or whatever one chose to call it, which created for us frames of mind entirely strange to us, but which have their natural condition, not less than our every-day ones.

This constant lonely pondering and thinking, this continual recalling to herself the life with her husband, this whole inner dejection of the noble woman, showed itself as an intensified sensitiveness and susceptibility; and in such a degree, that

her life was in great danger: there might come a cause which would suddenly extinguish this restless flame of life.

Erich, Manna, and Roland hung over the Mother with constant care, fearing and trembling; and in this care for another lay a great cure for themselves; indeed, the Doctor said once in the library to Erich:

"If your mother had become sick on purpose, it would have been the wisest thing she could do; you are all, by this means alone, coming to yourselves again."

Sonnenkamp also professed great sympathy, but he was furious. "It's no time now to be sick. Now everybody must keep up their spirits, in order to stand firm in the storm." But after some days he found the lady's sickness very convenient, for it seemed to pass away the time in which they were becoming accustomed to the new condition of things. Yes, he fairly confessed to himself, he should not be very sorry if the Widow were to die; that would work a lasting change of feeling, and in the mean time everything would settle itself much better.

Fräulein Milch could not endure that Manna, who insisted on devoting herself wholly to Erich's mother, carried her point and was the best nurse.

The Major went about like one who has lost his last friend. Of all people, perhaps the children not excepted, the news of Sonnenkamp's past life fall most heavily on him.

"The world is in the right, that is, Fräulein Milch is right," he kept all the while saying: "she has always been telling me that I'm no judge of men, and she's right."

He found in the mean while a good retreat. He went for a couple of days to Mattenheim, to stay with Weidmann.

CHAPTER XVI.

A BLACK WAVE.

IT was Sunday evening; a crowd of people were streaming up and down the wide street, and here and there between the vineyards. All seemed to have but one aim. Wrapped in his cloak, Sonnenkamp sat on the flat roof of his house. He was dizzy: he looked around on the landscape, and once he stepped on to the parapet; his head swam, he wanted to throw himself down. Then it would all be over, all the terrible thinking—everything—everything past. Nevertheless, he stepped back again, and remained sitting on the roof till night closed in.

Now rang out a fearful howling and yelling, a piping, a rattling and clattering, as if all hell had broken loose. He rose up. Is that only in himself? Is all this only imagination? He hears it distinctly; it comes from below, up from the street, and

by the torchlight he sees strange figures with black faces. Is this also imagination? Do these creatures in human shape come from the far-off world?"

"Out of the country with him!"

"Let him go back to his niggers!"

"Let's fetch him and blacken him too!"

"And tie him onto his black horse, parade him through the land, and cry, 'This is the fellow!'"

Piping, howling, roaring, clashing, and a shrill, discordant rattling together of pots and kettles. It was an infernal din.

A picture out of the past rose in Sonnenkamp's memory—how a man accused of having incited insurrection among the slaves, naked, tarred and feathered, was driven through the streets, pelted with rotten apples and cabbage-stalks. The picture changed, and on the gallows hung *John Brown*.

Now a shot split the air. Prancken's voice was heard:

"On my responsibility, shoot the dogs down!"

But one shot sounded. Then there was a rushing and crashing. The door was burst open, and in pressed a wild rabble, all with blackened faces. And the cries resounded:

"Let them be strangled together!"

"Where is he?"

"Give him up, or we'll dash everything in pieces."

Sonnenkamp hastened down from the roof, through the house, and stood upon the open balcony. Then he heard Erich's voice, who was appealing to the crowd in thundering tones:

"Are you men? Are you Germans? Who has made you judges? Speak! I will answer you! You are bringing yourselves to misery. You have blackened your faces; but you will yet be discovered and recognized. To-morrow the legal judge will come. We are in a law-abiding land, and you will all be punished."

"The Captain's safe from harm," cried a voice out of the crowd.

Erich continued:

"If there is one among you who can say what he wishes, let him step forward!"

A man with a blackened visage, whom Erich did not recognize, advanced and said:

"Captain, it's me! Krischer! Let me speak. The new wine's got among the people there below. I'm as sober as a cat," added he with thick utterance.

"Well, what do the men want?"

"They want Herr Sonnenkamp, or whatever his name is, to clear out of this region, and go back again to the place he came from."

"He must go 'way from here!"

"And he must give me back my meadow!"

"And me my vineyard!"

"And me my house!"

was shrieked out from among the rabble.

The Krischer quickly placed himself beside Erich on the other steps, and cried out to the assembled mass:

"If you call out such crack-brained things, and in such a stupid, higgledy-piggledy way, then I'll be the first to strangle anybody who tries to get in."

"Off with him!"

"Clear out!"

"Hiss! hiss!" cried all.

Just as this was heard, Sonnenkamp stepped out on the piazza. Howling, shrieking, rattling of pots and kettles began again. Stones flew crashing through the great windows.

The Krischer ran up the steps, placed himself in front of Sonnenkamp, and said:

"Be calm, I will protect you;" then shrieked with a hoarse voice:

"If another word is spoken, if every one doesn't hold his neighbor so that he can't stir an arm, I'll be the first to fire among you."

"You men, what have I done to you?" cried Sonnenkamp.

"Cannibal!"

"Slave-dealer!"

"Kidnapper!" yelled the raging crowd.

"And if I were this," cried Sonnenkamp, "who gives you the right to judge me?"

"Away with you! away!" was shouted from below.

"Herr Sonnenkamp, and Captain," said the Krischer hurriedly to both, "I've joined this crazy rabble because they were no longer to be held back; but I'll soon get them by the bridle: only leave everything to me, we'll turn the whole thing into a mere carnival frolic."

"Speak first, Captain, I beseech. Herr Sonnenkamp, you must not speak."

"Men," began Erich, "let those stones alone. Do you know that great saying—'Let him that is without sin among you cast the first stone?' Has not each one among you done something thus?"

"We have never sold men!"

"Cannibal!" was heard from below.

Erich did not get any further. At this instant Manna appeared; she held in her hand a candlestick with two lighted candles. A cry of amazement ran through the crowd; all was still for a second, for all eyes were fastened upon the young girl,

who stood there with streaming hair, pallid face, and flashing eyes.

Roland placed himself beside Erich, and with a voice which was heard far around, he cried :

"Stone us, tear us to pieces ! Come here, we are unarmed !"

"No harm shall be done to the children !"

"But the man-seller must clear out."

"Yes, he must be off !"

"Out with him !"

And the tumult seemed to grow more violent again ; the groups below swayed hither and thither, each seeming to crowd the other, as if striving to make them go forward.

Those who were on the outer piazza now drew back.

Suddenly there appeared at the great door a snow-white figure with gray hair. The raging mob in the courtyard was struck dumb, and looked up amazed. Those gathered on the steps turned and saw Erich's mother standing like an apparition that had come back from another world. She stepped tranquilly forward to the balustrade ; she, the minister of their charities, whom all had learned to reverence, raised both hands, then let them sink again, as if in blessing, as if to calm the surging waves.

Not a sound broke the stillness, and her voice was heard distinctly far around.

"He who has committed a crime, does not atone for it by a new crime. Do not bring destruction upon yourselves. Stop, lest to-morrow you weep over to-day."

Her voice grew stronger, and she cried :

"Control yourselves."

She laid her hand on the shoulder of Sonnenkamp, and in a powerful voice cried :

"And this man here, who has done good as well as evil, will do a great atoning deed, that shall satisfy you all, I promise you. Do you believe me ?"

"Yes ; we believe Frau Dournay."

"Long live Frau Dournay ! Hurrah ! Hurrah !"

"Come along home ; that's enough !"

A man who had a drum with him began to drum a march, and just as the wild crew were ready to troop off, something came thundering along—helmets glittered, the fire-engine came up, and suddenly whizzed down a stream of water upon them all. From the other side, too, came the same deluge ; for Joseph had rushed to the upper-gardener, and the garden-engine was now at work too. High spirited the streams on both sides, and, growling, laughing, and cursing, all made off.

The family still stayed on the balcony, and Erich was the first to recover himself, and said :

"Mother, you here? You, from your sick-bed? This may be your death."

"No, my son! this is my life, and your life, and the life of all; and the salvation of all. I'm sick no longer; a great, a beautiful, a blessed deed has saved me."

Sonnenkamp took off his cloak and wrapped her in it; they carried the old lady, whose eyes were strangely bright, into the great hall, and seated her there. All stood about her, as if she were a saint.

Manna kneeled down before her, seized her hand, and wept bitter tears over it.

"Now, nothing but quiet, I beg you," said the Widow. "I am calm; do not excite me any more now."

"I know not how I heard it. I know not how I came. Something called—impelled me, and it has been for good! Oh, believe all will yet be well. Herr Sonnenkamp, give me your hand; I have something to ask from you."

"Whatever it is, I will perform it."

"I do not yet know what; but you must do something to appease the agitated feelings of these people."

"I will do it. I will call together a jury of men, whom they shall help me select. To them will I give account of my life, and leave it in their hands to decide what I shall do."

"That is a good idea. To-morrow we will settle it further: Now it is enough." With these words Frau Dournay quieted the others and herself. "Now, Manna, go to your mother," said she.

Manna left them.

Those who had assembled in the Villa did not disperse till very late.

Sonnenkamp insisted that Erich's mother must betake herself to rest in his house. He had the best room prepared for her, and Erich sat by his mother's bed until she fell asleep.

But outside, by the Rhine, stood a crowd of people, and washed their blackened visages, and grew sober again after the new wine.

A black wave rolled by the Villa in the night, down the river to the sea. If only the black deed could be thus washed away, and sunk in the everlasting waters!

BOOK THIRTEENTH.

CHAPTER I.

OBLITERATED TRACES.

THE gardeners raked up the earth of the footpaths, bound up the bushes which had been trodden down, and entirely removed those which were broken. Even the stable-boys helped in the garden to-day, and glaziers were already busy in the house, setting new panes in the windows. When the household awoke, they were to see as little as possible to remind them of last night's tumult.

That morning every one in the house slept late, and even Manna was not visible. This was probably the first time she had missed church. She had much to bear in all that she had undergone, for when she had gone to her mother after the tumult, her mother had repeated again and again:

"They'll pluck his feathers for him! They'll pluck his feathers! Why did he come among our enemies?"

Frau Ceres would listen to nothing; and when Manna asked her to hear how the Professor's widow had appeared as a guardian angel to all of them, she laughed loud, and said:

"Yes, yes; these Europeans let old women lead them!"

Manna was silent, and covered her face with her hands. In spirit she had heard the tumult long before, and as she stood on the steps, had felt that it was all a dream and would vanish soon. Now, thinking of her love, she felt that one cannot give one's own life in expiation of another's guilt; but, nevertheless, can use it to elevate another's life. Again the horror passed through her soul: she heard the voices of hell, and a hell arose within her. Had she committed a crime by becoming apostate? Would all have been better—would this fearful thing not have come, if she had remained faithful? Who could tell if some mysterious power had not disclosed all at the capital at the very hour in which she had become faithless?

She would fain have placed herself in the situation of a martyr, who lets himself be stoned, and bows his head under the blows. But in the midst of these mighty throes of her soul, she again saw the picture of Erich, and drew herself up as if he had called her: she felt as if he had laid his hand upon her head.

In this state of mind Manna had returned to her room, filled with fears, and yet as if strengthened by a piece of good fortune; and so she slept far into the morning, unmindful of the tones

of the bell which called her, and not dreaming of what was at that very hour being said of her; for Prancken was standing with Miss Perini not far from the church.

Ever since his return from the capital Prancken had experienced a new vein of ill-humor, which always related to Erich, and when Prince Valerian arrived, he was provoked beyond measure to see everybody go to Erich's room, as if he was the chief point of attraction in the house. "This shall not continue," said he to himself: "the pedagogue must learn his place." And now this family of pedagogues had again been rendered important by the occurrence of the riot. The miserable canaille had let itself be calmed by an old woman.

Prancken had strode wrathfully through the park, and at last taken the road to the church. This very morning, on this very road, he would make Manna decide. Then he would have the house under his thumb, and discharge the schoolmaster and his household. He waited and waited, but Manna did not come. At last he saw Miss Perini—she was alone; he saluted her, and asked where Manna was, and how she was.

"Why do you ask me how she is?" replied Miss Perini, pointedly. "I have something of importance to tell you; but you don't seem to find it worth while to trouble yourself about me lately."

"Oh, now—now! but consider—"

"I do consider, that you ought to consider that I exist too! Yet I have something of great importance to tell you."

"Do now, you were always so good—"

"Yes, only too good; but you forget me too soon. Now, what would you say if some one should tell you that our high-flown tutor aspires to your bride?"

Miss Perini laughed, and Prancken was startled—doubly startled. He had never heard Miss Perini laugh in such a way, and now she laughed in the self-same tone, and made the same inclination of the neck as little Nelly. Ridiculous, unaccountable, that she should now all at once recur to him!

"This mob has put you in excellent humor," said he, essaying a jest. "You must tell me about it after church: the bell is striking for the third time."

"Oh, no; this business is important enough to warrant my neglecting church this morning. A work of pity dispenses—"

"A work of pity!"

"Yes."

Then Miss Perini told him how she had seen Manna come out of Erich's room, and how openly everything had been done at the cottage, and how happy they all were there. The maid at the cottage had even said that Manna had agreed to the marriage contract, which had been drawn up in the library.

Prancken shook his head incredulously. But Miss Perini gave him another stab: she wanted to know if Prancken would bind himself to turn the Villa into a convent after he had obtained possession of Manna and her property. Prancken shrugged his shoulders, and the look with which Miss Perini had regarded Bella, again came into her eyes. She cut and tormented Prancken, for she saw that he had lost much of his regard for her, and she wished to destroy him. He must promise her that, if the affair could be settled in no other way, he would challenge this Herr Dournay, and shoot him down.

Prancken was puzzled: and again a remembrance of past days rose before him. While riding to Wolfsgarten with Erich he had seen *that* in a vision. Was that vision to become a reality? He evaded the subject, declined the proposal, and even said that in that case he would certainly lose Manna. If he should fall, Manna would naturally marry Erich; if he should kill Erich, Manna would never marry a man who had killed another for her sake.

Miss Perini looked at the ground to hide an evil smile. That would be the very thing she wished for: Manna was to lose both, and then turn to the convent as her only refuge.

They had talked so long that the church was out, and the Priest appeared. Miss Perini walked with him, and Prancken returned to the Villa. He met the Doctor and Erich, who were strolling about, engaged in earnest conversation.

The Doctor was in good spirits, as usual, and was explaining to Erich that new, unfermented wine, which goes down so agreeably and tastes so exquisite, is, according to the old folks, a true panacea, which builds up the entire body; and so people drink it with an eye not only to pleasure, but also to health, and the crisis produced by getting drunk from its use is, in reality, beneficial. Thus it was with this tumult: it had done much good in many ways. The anger of the neighbors had overstepped the line of justice, and had lost all grounds of right. Nothing more was to be feared in this direction, but in the house itself there would evidently be a fresher life from this day forward: that everybody was yet asleep was a good sign.

They met the Cooper, and the Doctor had him relate again the occurrences of the previous day, and was immensely delighted by his account of the effects of the fire-engine, and the water-works in the park. The Cooper said that the fire-engine had been prepared beforehand, for Sonnenkamp had given it a new hose of the best make.

Presently they met a group of men, delegates from several parishes, who were to assure Herr Sonnenkamp that they were ready to guard him, only he was not to make any legal complaint in regard to what had occurred.

The Doctor told the men to come again on Sunday. In the mean time he would speak to Herr Sonnenkamp.

He returned to the Villa with Erich, and they were not a little surprised to find Frau Dournay already on the terrace with Manna. The Doctor joked about the genius of accident, which was more powerful than all the resources of science. He said that Frau Dournay was entirely cured.

She was in her best condition—had recovered her coolness, courage, and steadiness of character, and said that the ability to share her feeling with others, possessed a wondrous healing power. What all men knew was no longer hard and fearful: the hardest thing for a criminal must surely be, that he feels in prison, even in the midst of society, that he feels separated and shut out from ordinary men; for he had something locked up in his breast which he must conceal, which no one but himself might know.

As soon as the Professor's widow could place an event and its consequences in an ordinary light, she seemed freed from its difficulties. Above all things, she warned her son against believing that, as soon as an event had taken place, the first requisite was to remain silent in regard to it.

The Doctor asked if Countess Bella had not been there. He learned that she had had an interview with Herr Sonnenkamp, and with no one else at the Villa.

"I must be greatly mistaken," said the Doctor, "if Countess Bella has not henceforward a peculiar sympathy with the valiant Herr Sonnenkamp: that would be perfectly in keeping with her world-defying and singularity-loving nature."

Frau Dournay, notwithstanding her deep anger at Bella, sought to correct the Doctor's opinion of her.

Erich was silent; and only wondered at the pertinacity and skill with which the Doctor studied and proclaimed the peculiar disposition of the Countess.

The Doctor sent word to Sonnenkamp to know whether he would like to see him. Sonnenkamp replied that he should prefer him to visit Frau Ceres first.

"How do I look?" Sonnenkamp had asked Joseph the valet, as soon as he awoke in the morning.

"How do I look?"

"As usual, Sir."

Sonnenkamp took a hand-glass from the valet, looked in it, gave it back, put his head again among the pillows, and closed his eyes. He must have had some sort of impression that his face told what he had undergone during the night. It was late before he left his room. He had told Joseph that he wished to be alone. He heard through the windows the noise of rakes on the paths, and men walking about. He would wait till all

traces of the destruction were obliterated as much as possible, and also till the traces of what he had undergone should disappear from his mind. He sat alone for a long time; only his favorite dog was with him. Sonnenkamp felt as if his head was a strange ball placed upon his shoulders, and yet he said to himself again that he must control himself, for no one could help him but himself alone.

"I alone?" he asked himself again; and his thoughts went back to Bella. He had never before known such a woman. There was courage, strength, genius. But how could she help him. She could not. Nobody could.

Laying his hand on the dog's head, he thought:

"Two bugbears are our greatest enemies in the world—fear of action, and regret following action. Life is thrown away between these two quacks. He who fears no future and regrets no past is free."

"I will be free," he cried to himself. "I am free in myself. But where will they let me be free. I must go back to America. No! To Italy—to Paris—to new surroundings. But my children—my children! they are filled with ideas that make them homeless and orphaned. It is better to remain and despise these men, whose hatred will die out. And perhaps there is something that will appear like remorse to win their minds. Was it the Professor's widow, or was it I, who yesterday spoke of a jury? Yes, that is the thing! Now then, world, I am myself again, and nothing else."

Above all which had happened, hatred toward Crutius again rose in his heart. How he was now rubbing his hands again in the sanctum where the little gas-jet was burning! How he will rejoice that his signal had so aroused the people! And what a glowing account of the tumult there will be in his paper!

He rang the bell and had Erich called, and reminded him how he had once written an account of the gratitude of the people, and their noble nature. Now—Sonnenkamp laughed as he spoke—he should represent their evil nature, and forestall any other account, and naturally refer to the whole affair as the result of drinking too much new wine. In conclusion, he should add that Herr Sonnenkamp—for that was his right name by his mother's side—would do something that would set public opinion right and satisfy it.

Sonnenkamp found Erich pedantic, inasmuch as he wished to know immediately what was to be done.

"Why?"

One must pay some attention to public opinion, but it is not necessary that one should *do* everything. People certainly forget what is promised them. He wished to say so to Erich,

but he held back, and only said that Erich might let the whole affair drop.

Just as Erich was going away, the keeper of the dogs entered and said :

"Oh, Sir; she's poisoned!"

"Who's poisoned?"

"Nora, the good beast. Last night, when all that was going on, those miserable fellows gave her something—most like some sort of fungus roasted with suet. She's dying now."

"Where is she?"

"Before the kennel."

Sonnenkamp went with the keeper to the enclosure where the dogs were kept. There lay Nora, with her loosened chain beside her.

"Nora!" cried Sonnenkamp.

The dog wagged its tail, raised its head, blinked, dropped its head and died.

There was a mournful look in the dog's eyes. Sonnenkamp seemed to like to torment himself with it, he looked so steadily at it.

"Bury the dog before Roland notices it," he said, at last.

"Where shall we bury it?"

"By the ash. Skin her, though; her skin is worth money."

"No, Sir; I can't do that. I loved the dog too much to skin her."

"Very well; then bury her with her skin on."

He went away, and for a long time wandered about in the garden; and at last could not withstand the temptation of going to the spot where the dog was buried.

"Yes," he said to himself, aloud; "so it is. The fungus roasted in fat represents the world. The world is a fungus roasted in fat. It tastes good, but it poisons!"

He returned to the house.

The dogs were howling dolefully, as if they knew that a comrade had departed this life.

CHAPTER II.

TWELVE MEN.

PRANCKEN, who remained faithful to Sonnenkamp, was often restless, and looked at him strangely, but said nothing about what was passing in his mind.

Sonnenkamp knew one thing. He knew through Lutz that Prancken had received several letters with large seals: one bearing the seal of the Prince's Marshal; another that of the Minister of War. He would willingly have asked Prancken

if negotiations were going on in regard to his coveted dignity. He looked at Prancken with questioning eyes, but received no answer. Once he pressed him directly not to withdraw his aid, for he was shrewd in many things, even though he had just worked unskilfully. Prancken said there were things which he must work out alone: he hoped to bring them to a successful issue. He said, moreover, that the world was made up of various sorts of people, even the little world of the capital.

Prancken would not be drawn out, and Sonnenkamp was on the point of resorting to an old, and by no means difficult process, namely, to have Lutz steal the letters which Prancken had received. However, he finally rejected this plan. But once, when Prancken had ridden hastily away to the railway-station, just after receiving a large letter, Sonnenkamp went to his room—he would have no one do that business for him—he himself would obtain the letters; and, certainly, Prancken was unsuspecting enough to render any breaking open of his traps, or use of false keys, unnecessary.

But, just at the door, Sonnenkamp had an attack of honesty, and did not enter.

Prancken returned, and said that he himself was in danger, but begged to be excused from making any further explanation.

Sonnenkamp pitied the young man, seeing him so greatly moved, and obtained from him a promise never to engage in any duel without first letting him know about it.

Prancken reluctantly gave him his hand on it, and then went away.

While Erich was yet at his mother's, Sonnenkamp came, bringing a letter. He expressed his joy at finding Frau Dournay so far recovered, and then said that he had a letter from her friend.

He handed her a letter from Professor Einsiedel, and added, smiling:

"Scholars have very good memories: I had entirely forgotten that I had invited the gentleman."

Frau Dournay read the Professor's letter, which said that he was not to lecture during the following Winter, and that he would accept Sonnenkamp's invitation, and spend a short time at Villa Eden.

Frau Dournay smiled, as she returned the letter, and there was a lurking triumph expressed on Sonnenkamp's face. Then this new sort of mortals—even this lady-puritan of unbelief, had her own little secret affinities.

Frau Dournay may have felt the malignity of his expression, for she said firmly:

"It would give me great pleasure if that noble man should visit us. He would do me much good, and probably others

also; and for Roland, I can imagine nothing better—for you, Erich, have become too much a matter of course to him, and do not now afford him the support which it is probable he has long needed."

Sonnenkamp's features relaxed. Surely his suspicions were at fault: this lady appeared noble and pure indeed, for surely she could not be so wily—no one could—as to be forever putting on such a mask of virtue. But he was not a little surprised, when Erich, with all sorts of excuses and apologies, said that he doubted the propriety of placing so delicately an organized a nature as that of the Professor, in such a stormy atmosphere as that which then existed in the Villa.

The earnestness with which Erich stated his objections, made it yet more plain to Sonnenkamp that the tutor did not consider it advisable to place another person on terms of intimacy with the house. Inwardly vexed, but externally smiling, he said that he should invite the Professor, and make it optional with him whether he would live at the cottage or the Villa.

Frau Dournay was in favor of the former.

Sonnenkamp nodded his approval. He summoned a servant, and gave orders that no one should be allowed to disturb him. He then said to Erich and his mother that he wished to discuss with them a matter of great and pressing importance, on which his deliverance from his present difficulties largely depended.

Erich and his mother began to tremble. Did Sonnenkamp already know? In the mean time he seated himself quietly and began:

"My dear Madam, you have been a great help to me, and I now place in your power my fate and that of my family."

He paused, and then continued:

"One thing, from the disturbance which lately took place, has remained on my mind; it suddenly occurred to me, and now needs to be accomplished. As long ago as Sunday, as I was going to church, when the beggar insulted me, it was my intention—"

"Pray do not lose sight of what you were about to say," said Frau Dournay, interrupting him; "but first allow me to ask you a question."

"Certainly: I am ready."

"Does all your wealth come from that—?"

"No; not a sixth part of it, as my enemies well know."

"Now, pray continue. You were saying, 'as you were going to church—'"

"Yes; in spite of my disbelief, it was my intention to confess to a priest. I assure you Herr von Francken had nothing to do with this determination; it originated solely with myself. For

the confessional in our church is a great contrivance. Errors, which no earthly judge can punish, for which there is no law written in the books, are washed away and obliterated by one who is vouchsafed the holy power; by a feeling, thinking man, who does not know the penitent, who does not see him, and yet feels the breath of his trembling confession—who is 'so far and yet so near.'"

Frau Dournay looked at the ground.

It was new and wonderful to her to hear this man speak of such things in such a tone.

Sonnenkamp saw what she thought of him, and cried:

"Look me in the face; yes, dear Madam, you hindered me from the fulfilment of my intention."

"I?"

"Yes, you; for I thought it would be better to tell you all, and that you had power to absolve me, and obliterate the past—but no, you have not!"

Frau Dournay breathed more freely.

Sonnenkamp continued:

"You made use of an expression—I know not whether it was you or I, but the expression was used to the effect that, in the New World, where the laws are not so fixed, a jury of one's neighbors is called. I wish to summon a jury of unbiased men. I will stand openly before them; they shall judge me fairly. I will combine confessional and jury, and what these men lay upon me as penalty, I will engage to perform. I have returned to Europe—I owe the European world an expiation, or else it is my duty to change its opinion of me. Do you catch my meaning?"

"Perfectly. It is to some extent an expiation to place the verdict in the hands of twelve unbiased men."

"I see that you understand me fully," said Sonnenkamp, with great composure; "and now advise me. Whom would you suggest for this, what might be termed, moral jury? I must beforehand decline Herr von Prancken; he is my son, and cannot be my judge."

"I can think of no one at present. I beg your pardon. I am so weak yet that this reflecting, this mental wandering about the world in quest of something, does me physical harm."

"Pray, do not distress yourself. Herr Dournay, you have heard all—have you not?" he asked, suddenly seeing Erich's distracted appearance.

"Yes, yes—all!"

"And now whom would you propose?"

"First of all, the best man has announced himself to-day—it is my teacher."

"Good, good; agreed! And then—?"

"Herr Weidmann."

"Weidmann? He is the uncle of my bitterest enemy."

"Nevertheless, he will be just."

"He had a hand in Herr Crutius' newspaper article."

"No: he had nothing to do with it. He earnestly requested Prince Valerian to tell you that he utterly disapproved of Herr Crutius' conduct in regard to the affair."

"And even were he your enemy," said Frau Dournay, "you must even endeavor to reconcile your enemies."

"You're a wonderful woman; you're right—you shall see how earnest I am in the matter. And now, who else?"

"Count Wolfsgarten."

"Certainly: accepted. Go on!"

"The Justice."

"Accepted also."

"Then I should like a man whom you, perhaps—"

"Don't make too many words about it! Who is he?" cried Sonnenkamp, impatiently.

"The Krischer."

"The Krischer?" laughed Sonnenkamp. "With all my heart! and I will add the Doctor. But now, Herr Dournay, hurry up; the business must soon be set about."

Erich would liked to ask, who will remain with Roland in the mean while? but did not, for a look from his mother told him that she had divined his question, and made answer: "You may leave Roland and Manna with me—I will take care of them."

"You've quite forgotten our good Major," said Frau Dournay, laughingly.

"Because we'll have him and the Priest, as a matter of course," replied Sonnenkamp.

Erich then named Prince Valerian, the Banker, and Knopf. The number, twelve, was complete.

Sonnenkamp urged that not an hour should be lost, and Erich had a horse saddled.

CHAPTER III.

THE HAND OF RECONCILIATION IS NOT GRASPED.

BEFORE Erich left the Villa, Manna came and told him that she must go to the convent immediately. She considered it her duty to confess the truth there, if nowhere else; she would not avoid so difficult a task, but would perform it at once.

Erich was troubled. Why did Manna wish to return to the convent? But he soon saw that she felt an impulse to do some-

thing not to remain in idleness, and the peaceful way she sought was very noble. Therefore he merely said :

"Only remember that you have no longer a right to impose mortifications and torments upon yourself, or let others impose them upon you, for you are no longer your own, Manna : you are mine, and you must not torment my Manna, nor let others do so."

Manna looked at him with beaming eyes ; and, in all her trouble, she spoke serenely, as she said :

"It is through you, Erich, that I have come to the determination to do it."

"Through me?"

"Yes. You told me how pleased you were when, after you had left the service, a comrade came to you and said : 'Do not think hard of me if I do not recognize you now ; you couldn't act differently under such circumstances, and neither can I—it wouldn't be right.' And now I intend to act like you and your comrade. The inmates of the convent shall not bear the burden of my withdrawal, which must seem apostacy to them."

Manna wished to have Aunt Claudine accompany her, but Erich thought it would be better for her to go with Roland ; the brother and sister would then be alone together—they would be out in the world together, and Roland would be able to be of service to his sister, to protect her ; and this would withdraw him from his melancholy—from his grievous, monotonous pain.

"You cannot think how happy it makes me to be directed by you," said Manna, as Erich arranged it all.

Roland was soon ready.

"But you must ask your parents' permission," said Erich ; and the children felt sadly that this was merely a form. All ties had been sundered and dissolved—all obedience and all dependence.

"Manna, now is the time," said Roland, with deep emotion.

"What for?"

"Ask father ; perhaps he will tell you. Have we no longer any blood-relations in Europe ? Whoever they might be it would be necessary for them to come to us now. It is hard enough that we have never troubled ourselves about them."

Manna looked anxiously at Erich, and he, fully appreciating Roland's strong desire that the family should work together, begged him to lay aside that wish for the present ; it would be time enough by and by.

Manna went to her father, and said she wished to go to the convent.

Sonnenkamp started, but quickly became composed as Manna went on to say that she wished to go there once more, merely to bid her friends adieu forever, for she had fully determined that

she would never take the veil. Notwithstanding all his distress, a look of triumph appeared on Sonnenkamp's face.

"Do you see at last? They knew—I have full proof of it—they knew what money, and how obtained, you would bring to them. Did they ever even hint to you that they could not accept it?"

Manna turned away at this remark. She would have liked to confess all to her father, but dared not do so. And, moreover, she had promised Erich to follow his directions.

The day was cold and cloudy, as the brother and sister, accompanied by Miss Perini, went down the river; yet the trip refreshed them, for it was not long before Roland said:

"Ah, there is something worth living for yet!"

Toward noon the sun shone out, the clouds fled, and it suddenly cleared up. The boat sped on to the valley, where the bright flood flowed between sunlit mountains on which traces of Autumn could already be seen.

The travellers stood still, or strolled about the deck looking into the distance with happy eyes: but below, in the cabin, Manna lay with closed lids, regardless of Miss Perini's advice that she should go up and enjoy the landscape and the refreshing air. She wished to be left alone; and so she lay, between sleeping and waking, and thought of all that had happened to her and hers. How different it had been when she and Roland sailed up the river in the Spring! She thought of what Erich had told her—that wealth, placing within one's reach all external appliances and resources, easily seduces one to seek for mental as well as bodily health in dissipation and extraneous remedies. But this was not applicable to her now, for she was seeking only to take a peaceful leave of the past. She had duties toward these women who had taken her to their hearts; she would remain true to them, even though all external connection with them had been severed.

The difference between her faith and Erich's came upon her with renewed force. But what was she to do? She must either be untrue to the Sisters or to Erich—the latter was no longer possible. She hoped that the great heart of the Superior would find comfort for her, and so, during the whole voyage, she lay sunk in a half-slumber.

Miss Perini, as she sat on deck, was glad that Manna was not with her; for the passengers, as they walked about, had a great deal to say about Sonnenkamp. The story went that the Prince's negro had seized Sonnenkamp, and, raising him in the air, had borne him struggling down-stairs, where the servants had rescued him and taken him to his carriage. A land agent, who knew Miss Perini, wondered who would buy the Villa, for everybody had settled that the proprietor was to leave.

Lutz, as he lay in the fore-cabin, was forced to hear the fruit-dealers, who had bought Sonnenkamp's fruit from the head-gardener, to take it to the Lower Rhine, say that they wouldn't eat a mouthful of it, considering who it was raised by. Nevertheless, Sonnenkamp received his meed of praise for having grown fine trees which bore excellent apples.

At the last landing but one before they reached the Island, two black-robed nuns came on the boat. Miss Perini knew one of them, and took both to the cabin, where Manna lay dozing. The two nuns stationed themselves beside her, took out their prayer-books and prayed for the poor soul here sleeping the sleep of sorrow.

Manna opened her eyes and gazed wonderingly at them; she could not think where she was. One of them, the shy French nun, bade her welcome, speaking in French, and said, to comfort her, that she should bear patiently all she had to endure.

Manna started up. Then the news had reached the convent! She went with Roland and the three ladies to the deck—the convent was in sight. All was so bright and glorified that she felt as if she had suddenly come back to the world. Here all was saying to her—all that she had seemed to forget: "Where hast thou been so long?"

They entered the skiff, and reached the Island. Each tree, each bench, each shrub greeted her as from a long vanished past. She looked mournfully at the round seat at the lovely spot near the landing—they used to call it the "Bird's-nest." How often she had sat here beside Cricket! now there was nothing there but leaves, withered and damp!

They reached the convent.

Manna had her arrival announced to the Superior, and received the reply that she should remain an hour in the chapel before coming to her.

Manna knew what that meant, but did the Superior already know of her apostasy? She went to the chapel, but remained standing at the door. She did not enter; she feared the picture there. She knew she could not but look up to it, and *that* must not be. She turned away and entered the park. Above her in the house she heard children laughing and talking; others were singing in a class. She knew how they were all seated—she knew each room, each bench. She went to the pine, beneath which she had so often sat; the bench was gone, and on the stool where Cricket used to sit, were withered leaves. "To Cricket!" said she to herself. She turned back and passed the convent: she seemed to herself seditious and criminal for not having obeyed the Superior's orders. She came to the churchyard. On Heimchen's grave was a cross, on which was inscribed,

in gilt letters: "The child is not dead, but sleepeth." *Mark* v. 39.

"What?" cried Manna. "Why are these words here? In the Scripture they were said of a child who was raised to life from her death-bed, not of one who was buried."

She sank prone on the grave, and strange thoughts rushed confusedly through her mind. She knew not how long she lay there, but at last roused herself and returned to the convent. She was admitted to the reception-room; there she waited for a long time. When she raised her eyes to the pictures on the walls, they seemed to recede and fade away in the distance.

At length the Superior came. Manna ran to meet her, and would have thrown herself on her neck, but the Superior stood motionless, twirling the ends of her hempen girdle round her fingers so tightly that the rope cut into the flesh.

Manna fell at her feet.

"Rise," said the Superior, sternly. "No passion is allowed here. I hoped you had restrained it. Were you in the chapel?"

"No," said Manna, rising.

It was long before the Superior spoke. She expected that Manna would confess her guilt; but Manna said nothing in regard to it: all that she had undergone, and now was undergoing, came upon her and oppressed her soul.

"I have come here, my Mother," she began at last, "to obliterate from your mind all sorrow for my ingratitude. You have acted nobly with me; you have—"

"No praise. Nothing about me. Speak of yourself."

"I do not wish that the thought of me should be painful to you. I have come to beg you—"

"Why do you delay so long? Speak out. What do you wish?"

"Nothing but faith in my honest struggle: I could not do otherwise. I am Herr Dournay's affianced wife."

"How,—Whose? Did I understand rightly? Is Herr von Francken dead? Are you—but no. Speak!"

Openly and faithfully Manna told what had happened. She stood up proudly, and her voice was firm. When she had ended, the Superior inquired:

"You did not come to do penance also?"

"No."

"Why then?"

Manna pressed her hand to her forehead and cried: "Have I not said plainly that I do not feel that I have done wrong. I have come to thank you—to thank you earnestly for the good you have done me in time of need, and to express my hope that no sorrowful remembrance of me may trouble you. You yourself

once said that I would have a hard battle with life: I have not overcome, but yet—ah! I beg you, do not be grieved. Give me a peaceful home within your thoughts.”

“Do you yet wish that? Yes, such are the children of the world. Suicides long for consecrated graves. You are dead, and can have here no grave in holy ground. You stretch out your hand in reconciliation, but to whom? Your hand is not accepted.”

A Sister entered bearing Miss Perini's request to be allowed to come to the Superior and Manna. Miss Perini came in.

“Have you anything further?” said the Superior, turning to Miss Perini.

“Yes. Here is Miss Manna. I remind her before you, worthy Mother, of a sacred promise she once made me give her.”

“A promise? You?”

“Yes. You, Miss Manna, once made me vow that I would hold you with all penalties and obligation if ever apostasy should find place in your soul. Did you not, Manna?”

“I did.”

“And now?” asked the Superior.

“I am no longer my own. I no longer say ‘my own, my wealth, myself,’ even. I cannot relinquish as penance what is not my own.”

For a long time the three were silent; at last the Superior said:

“Have you confessed to the Priest?”

“No.”

The Superior had turned away, and spoke over her shoulder:

“We neither force nor bind you; we might, but do not wish to. Go—go—I wish to see your face no more. The impress of your foot upon this soil shall vanish—No, I will hear nothing further. Has she gone? You shall not answer me. Dear Perini, answer me. Has she gone?”

“She is going,” replied Miss Perini.

Roland's loud voice was heard calling: “Where is my sister?”

The door was jerked open: Roland quickly saw what had happened, and cried:

“You have humbled yourself enough. Come with me.”

He took Manna's hand, and together they left the convent.

When they were in the air, Roland said that his anxiety would not let him stay away from her. He had feared that Manna would let herself be abused, and take the abuse as penance.

“And for Erich's sake you should not do that, even if you could. You should not let Erich's wife be insulted and maltreated.”

How Manna's eyes gleamed, as she looked into Roland's excited face!

"It is past," said she. "A whole world has sunk from under my feet. It is past, and it is well that it is past."

Miss Perini remained with the Superior awhile, and then followed Manna. She sat with her in the skiff, and said in a peculiar confidential whisper:

"I had to say *that*; I could not help it."

Manna gave her her hand, and said: "You did your duty. I am not angry with you. Pardon me."

Manna did not know how she had got out of the convent, and could not cry till she felt herself in Roland's arms. During their return she did not go to the cabin, but sat on deck beside Roland, and her large, dark eyes looked clearly and honestly at the landscape: she was free!

CHAPTER IV.

A QUIET JOURNEY, BUT A RESTLESS HOME.

ON the road to Mattenheim, Erich met the Major. Erich coolly told the Major that he was riding through the land as a mounted fireman, to collect men to put out the fire. When the Major came to understand the meaning of this allegory, it did not take much talking to make him ready to play his part. He considered the business one into which he could not honorably decline to enter.

"Poor man! poor man!" he kept saying: "he was not open with me; and neither was she. I don't take it badly of him—for she wasn't either. It's the first time in her life; she"—and, of course, 'she' meant Miss Milch—"knew that I could not bear it. I can do a great deal; yes, comrade, you don't know how much I am capable of; but one thing I can't do, and that is, play the hypocrite—associate on good terms with a man whom I do not esteem and love—that I can't do. I knew that he had held slaves, and I have always said that a man who keeps poodles can't escape fleas. And could one believe that the man could use so many good, hearty words? And with you, comrade, he spoke like a sage—like a saint. I can't make it out, with my stupid head—and Herr Weidmann hasn't been able to help me out of the difficulty—why the good children should be obliged to suffer all this. But now do you learn this from me. Now I know; it came to me as I was on the road. I never was a great scholar. I was a drummer: I've told you the story once."

"Yes; what have you discovered?"

"Good! she always brings me back when I go straggling.

Now, this is how it is. See now; as the Bible says, men are born in sorrow, and the soul of man is also born in sorrow, in want, and misery. We poor folks know this, and, therefore, the rich and distinguished are not in the right position in the world. I mean—you know, of course. And now our Roland is born anew; now first rightly born as a nobleman, and such he shall be. The Prince can ennoble the name, but not the soul. You understand how it is. And now our Roland is the true nobleman. To suffer evil and do good is the motto he has received, and that is the motto his arms shall bear, and you see that by it he stands and shall stand."

The Major pointed to his heart, and his hand trembled. Erich was amazed. This timid man, who used words so awkwardly, and was continually interrupting himself, yet explained in his heartfelt words what had been so often a source of trouble to them—what Roland would do with so much money: now it was settled that he must do nothing but good with it.

As Erich was about to leave the Major, the latter held him again and said:

"Learn this one thing from me. I have been a drummer,—I am going to tell you the story once more,—I have been an officer, and my comrades never dreamed of how they were honoring me when they secretly called me—they didn't know that I knew it—Captain Drumbeater, or, for short, Beater. Yes; they honored me by giving me that nickname, for, from that time forward, this became clear to me—I never would have found it out by myself, but she explained it—she knows everything. He whom fortune makes something is only half alive, but misfortune is the Holy Ghost speaking to the man: 'Rise up and walk.' Do you understand me?"

"Yes, I do indeed," said Erich. He pressed the old man's hand, and rode away.

Looking back, he saw the old man standing where he had left him. He nodded to the rider, as if to say through the distance: "Yes, I have given you a good piece of luggage to carry, the best I had. You will not lose it; and now when I am dead another has it, and he will give it to yet another." He thanked the Architect of all the worlds that He made him go through so many trials, and yet let him come safely out of them all.

In the mean time Erich was riding contentedly to Mattenheim. But while on the road he turned back, considering himself in honor bound to call on Clodwig first. He honestly confessed to himself, however, that curiosity to see how Bella stood in regard to the affair was not without influence on him; so he rode to Wolfsgarten.

The parrot screamed from the open window as if to tell all inmates of this lordly house what a stranger was coming, for it

was long since Erich had been here. He thought he had seen Bella's form in the room next to that from which the parrot was screaming, but could not be sure, for it did not again appear.

He entered Clodwig's room. He found him for the first time smitten down—he must have had some bodily ailment, for he did not rise and greet his young friend with his customary politeness and heartiness.

"I knew that you were coming to me," said Clodwig mildly, and breathing with difficulty. "If souls could work through space, you and your mother assuredly would have felt in these days that I was with you. And now, let us speak quietly; I am not well. Above all, let us forget that we have been contaminated by intercourse with that man; I think that we should not think of ourselves, but of him. See," said he, taking up a vial—"see: I have a childish pleasure in this new chemical—it looks exactly like pure water, and yet is used for removing writing from paper without leaving a trace; and now, I think, ought we not to discover some such moral chemical?"

This was just the point to which Erich wished to direct attention: he opened the scheme of the jury, and asked Clodwig to take part in it.

Clodwig declined, with the remark, that Sonnenkamp, or whatever the man was called, must have a jury of his peers,—men of his own position, or rather, of his own calling; he himself was not the peer of Sonnenkamp, or whatever the man was called.

Erich cautiously reminded his friend of how he had spoken of universal brotherhood the noon they spent at Heilingthal.

Clodwig did not seem to listen to this.

Some deep trouble must have weighed on the mind of this man, who was usually so attentive, for, without regarding Erich's remark, he spoke of what trouble he had lately taken for the American, as a few hot-heads at Court had wished to try him for high-treason. The Prince had strenuously opposed this, and had with his own hand written a letter to Clodwig, thanking him for advising that the patent of nobility should not be given. Thereupon Clodwig had replied, urging that no further proceedings be taken against the man, who had been coaxed and seduced into wishing for what he should not have.

Erich again expressed his wish that Clodwig should take part in the jury; but Clodwig answered merely:

"I will announce at Court that the man has expressed the desire to be tried fairly; it will have a good effect, and for your sake"—he raised himself, his relaxed features contracted, and he passed his hand over his face as if to wipe away the mournful expression—"yes, for your sake, because it may set your con-

nection with that house in a better, a clearer light, I shall not decline to do as you wish."

Erich was sorry that Clodwig should be willing to enter upon the affair for his sake, and not for that of the affair itself. It was on his lips to say that he was to be the man's son, but just then steps were heard approaching the chamber. Clodwig rose hastily, and, as he seized Erich's hand, said softly and decidedly :

"I consent. The man wishes a trial,—he shall have it."

Clodwig said this hastily, as if to escape from the matter before Bella entered.

She looked somewhat exhausted, and yet violently excited.

She saluted Erich in Latin, and it seemed to him singularly out of place to hear anything bordering on a jest under such circumstances, and particularly when Clodwig was so evidently depressed.

"Tell me," said Bella, "was there ever a time when you admired a violent person like Ezzelin von Romano? Surely there is something great in such violent natures, especially when contrasted with peeping Toms and petty flirts——"

Erich did not understand what she meant : he had no means of knowing that Bella, protected by the presence of a stranger, was shooting arrows which did not miss their mark.

Clodwig closed his eyes patiently, nodded, and then opened his eyes again.

"Oh yes," continued Bella, gayly, "Good ; now that I think of it, I should like to ask you a question. Tell me, what would Cicero or Socrates say if he should read Lord Byron's 'Cain'?"

Erich was perplexed. The question was so unmeasurably *bizarre* that he did not know whether it was a sneer or a piece of insanity ; but Bella continued :

"Has Roland read Byron's 'Cain'?"

"I think not."

"Give him the book now. It will have an effect. He, too, is a son who has a right to be enraged that his father has let himself be driven from Eden. Singular, how apropos ! Isn't it singular ? Do you know that properly we are all children of Cain ? Abel was childless : yes, the pious Abel had no children ; we are all descended from Cain. Magnificent genealogy ! And another thing, Herr Doctor. Have the learned never discovered what was the form and hue of the mark which God set on the brow of Cain ?"

"I do not understand you," replied Erich.

"I don't understand myself, either," laughed Bella, but it was an ugly laugh. Then she continued :

"With the help of a translation I have commenced to read Cicero on the Highest Good. I did not go far. I took up

Byron's 'Cain,' the most beautiful production of modern times."

Erich could find nothing to reply, but looked in Bella's face, and then in Clodwig's. What did all this mean? Again Bella went on:

"Isn't it true that the female slaves among the Romans got red in the face when the noble ladies slapped them? The Roman ladies were no sentimental boarding-school misses, like our modern ladies and gentlemen. Apropos, how is Miss Sonnenkamp?"

"She has gone to visit the convent," said Erich, dropping his eyes.

It was distressing to him to be obliged to answer Bella's question in regard to Manna.

"I think that quite practical," continued Bella. "Such a convent is a place of shelter; the sensitive child will find peace there till the storm blows over—it is the best place for her. What is Roland going to do? What will you and your mother do?" asked Bella so flippantly, so coldly, and in such a merely conversational way that Erich made bold to answer:

"In the mean time we shall do the great deed which is so common."

"The great deed?"

"Yes; in the mean while we will do nothing."

Even while Erich was here talking with Bella, his thoughts were at the convent with Manna. At that very hour Manna was standing before persons who had once been so friendly to her. Did they now seem as antagonists and enemies? Surely they did not take so cold and indifferent a tone as Bella did. He felt as though he must place his protecting hands before Manna, who must now be hearing bitter words, perhaps be undergoing penance. He was angry with himself for allowing Manna to go with only Roland and Miss Perini; he should not have done so,

So he was tossed up and down in his mind, and took leave; saying that he must go to see Weidmann.

Erich rode again through the wood, through which long ago he had ridden, on Clodwig's horse, for the first time to Villa Eden. How all was changed! And here at Wolfsgarten—here—he felt there was something going on which he could not unravel. Before, Bella and Clodwig had seemed to him the happiest of mortals. What were they now? This *bizarre* uneasiness of Bella's; this jumbling together of Cicero and Byron's "Cain!" There must be hours when she is utterly wretched and restless; and then Clodwig was so melancholy that it was difficult for him to throw off his gloom, even for a time; and even then nothing but his humane spirit made him do so.

Erich had to forget all this; he had an object to accomplish for others and for himself; for himself, because for *Manna*. Only one not personally burdened can devote himself fully and freely to others.

CHAPTER V.

THE WILLING AND THE OBSTINATE.

IT was night when Erich arrived at Mattenheim. The Weidmann family had repaired to what they called their winter residence—bright, beautiful apartments, in the upper story of the house, where charming pictures hung on the walls, and open fires burned in the comfortable fireplaces.

Frau Weidmann was sitting at the table, with her daughter-in-law, on which a lamp was burning, and the son was reading to them. Herr Weidmann was in his workroom.

Erich asked permission to follow him there, and found him surrounded with bottles and retorts in his laboratory.

"I can't offer you my hand," he cried pleasantly, as Erich entered, "but, above all, let me divert your mind from these troubles. That is best for you. See, you find me in high spirits. We are trying to work out a new discovery. It has been found that a new sort of printing-ink can be prepared from the pressed skins of grapes. The thing seems good, and our friend Knopf is, it appears, already making a poem on this article. He thinks that in the future all lyric poems, but especially drinking-songs, should be printed with the new ink. See, the new material is cooking here. But it is better that you should wait in the next room. You will find newspapers there that will greatly interest you. Wait awhile, I will come soon.

Erich went into the room. There were American newspapers on the table, containing violent and exciting accounts of struggles between Republicans and Democrats. The latter name had been taken by those who wished to follow the doctrine of State-rights to its final results; thus utterly annihilating the union of the States. The object which this party especially had in view, was the preservation of slavery. On the other hand, the Republican party was united on the spirit and name of Abraham Lincoln. In those days was decided the great part which the New World was to play in history. "Herr Sonnenkamp must be awaiting this decision," thought Erich to himself. He read on, but did not know what he was reading.

Weidmann entered, and said that he had been expecting Erich, and suddenly asked how Sonnenkamp's children had borne the revelation. As soon as Erich opened the plan of the

jury, Weidmann said that he was ready. He added that he did not foresee any settled result; but surely such a result would be obtained when the affair was more intimately understood, and perhaps the position of the children would be firmly settled.

Weidmann was the first stranger, except the Major, to whom Erich made known his connection with Manna.

Weidmann was not at all surprised by the news, but rather said that, after all he had heard of Manna and knew of Erich, he had considered this connection inevitable. He even added that it was on Erich's account that he had immediately offered to sit on the jury, for it devolved on Erich to re-establish the purity of the house, and it was the duty of his friends to assist him in this undertaking.

"Ah! I was so proud of my integrity," said Erich, ruefully, "and now—"

"You can remain proud," said Weidmann, interrupting him, "and I can put you at ease in one direction. The greater part of the property of this lord of Villa Eden was by no means derived from the slave-trade. I learned that from my nephew."

"I beg that, above all things, you will tell that to Roland."

"I will. Send him to me as soon as possible."

Then he asked how it happened that Herr von Pranken yet regarded himself as the son of the house, and held to that connection with inexplicable tenacity. Erich could only say that he and Manna had been very careful to keep their love a secret, so as not to occasion more trouble in the house at present. Weidmann urged that it should be made known before the jury sat. Erich promised. Weidmann immediately returned to the arrangement of the jury, and said:

"Yet one thing more; and that will be hard. I find that it will be necessary to admit the negro Adams to our number."

Erich doubted whether Sonnenkamp would agree to this. But Weidmann said that it was just as legitimate for black men to judge white, as for white men to judge black. Erich promised to make a motion to this effect, but nevertheless asked Weidmann not to make his part of the proceeding depend upon the admission of Adams.

As they were sitting pleasantly at the table, a new guest appeared. It was the Doctor. He had been to see a patient in the neighborhood, and was in excellent humor, for he had performed a successful operation, and presently said to Erich:

"There you have an example. I wish we could, in our doctoring, prescribe a few calming weeks or months."

He spoke of the man with whom he had been, and added:

"See, now, what comes from nobility and virtue flirting together. This man, from whose estate I have just come, is the

son of the Royal-Mistress, and his children are already connected by marriage with high society. And so, in twenty years more, nobody will ask where Roland's wealth came from."

As soon as he heard of the jury, and that he was wanted to take part in it, he cried:

"Yes, that's just like them, the old tyrants. They like to play funeral, but I'm not in the train. Do you really believe that he would submit to our decree. The whole thing is that he wishes to compromise other men. He is playing with you all; and you, my dear Dournay, have involved yourself enough with this man. I advise you to have nothing to do with the affair. You want to have a negro—no, you want to let a dealer in negroes wash himself white."

The Doctor had his jolly, vinous laugh, as he said this; and as they heard him laugh, it was impossible not to laugh with him.

"The fellow pleased me very well," continued he. "He would have been a splendid rascal in the good old times; only the trouble is, that our rascals of to-day are all so reflective, so self-conscious. They're not content to act like an elementary natural force. They're always trying to accomplish some outrage on logic. If this Herr Sonnenkamp really wanted to change himself, he would be a most contemptible poltroon."

"Poltroon!" said Weidmann, interrupting him. "He who has not a good conscience is easily thrown, and has no enduring courage. He may be bold—may be foolhardy, but boldness is not courage."

"Ho-ho!" cried the Doctor. "Haven't I already told you that all this sentimental excitement is, at best, unfortunate for the negro. I have a natural antipathy against negroes. I don't see why my reason should stigmatize such a natural physiological aversion, and call it a prejudice; besides, it's a prejudice to say that all prejudices are groundless. I wish we had more of such natural aversions, which we let what we call civilization steal away from us. Certainly it's not a fine thing, this traffic in slaves. If I were a prince I should have given the man his nobility. I should have said, 'My good friend, take a bath; but then be jolly, and may the devil fly away with orthodoxy! What vexes me most is that this Professor Crutius did the nobility a good turn by letting out his article too soon. Why couldn't he have waited a day? The nobles would have had him then, and been obliged to strangle him. Wouldn't that have been much better?'"

The Doctor appeared to be laying himself out to take all dullness away from the affair. Nevertheless, as they were about to separate, and Erich, hitching his horse behind the Doctor's carriage, sat with him inside, the Doctor said:

"As to the rest, I am perfectly ready to join you, but chiefly for the sake of your faith. You believe that the past can be blotted out by a single effort of the will; and do you really believe that the man will be changed? Very well; your faith shall remove the mountain of unbelief for me. We shall see."

Erich said that he had been at Wolfsgarten, and was not a little surprised when the Doctor said that the antagonism and incompatibility of disposition between Clodwig and Bella had reached a crisis.

"Bella," said he, "tries to drown her sorrows. She studies Latin, and, while lesser natures get drunk on brandy, she tries to get drunk on Lord Byron's poetry. But I must not speak of Byron; I was enthusiastic about him myself once, and am now the contrary. I find that this poetry is not wine, but—But as I said, I am a heretic, and an apostate heretic at that."

Seeing Erich shrug his shoulders, he continued:

"You are horrified at my heresy; but then, after all, it is only my personal opinion."

The Doctor attempted to abuse Bella in his old way. Erich could not help saying, that it was disagreeable to see the Doctor hate Bella so fiercely when he had once liked her so well.

"Ah! Bravo!" cried the Doctor. "All respect! I admire the woman. Then she has told you that I once paid court to her? Admirable! ingenious! I'm lost in admiration of that skilfulness which can destroy the significance of my opinion in your mind. We men are bunglers! Shall I tell you something? No. Do you believe that I could be such a wretch as to speak thus of a woman whom I had ever loved, even if but for a moment? Thank you—you have enriched my store of human knowledge. I thank you, I'm satisfied. I have not been too hard on this woman. Remind me sometime of to-day's journey. I tell you, this woman will one day give the world cause to talk of her. How—What? No, I cannot say that, but such a wealth of invention must yet accomplish something."

Erich was in very bad humor. Why should this come into play now. Was there not trouble enough upon him? He hardly heard the Doctor say that Pranken had had a great deal of trouble with his Court connections and noble relations because he had not abandoned Sonnenkamp.

When they arrived at the valley, he took leave of the Doctor, loosened his horse, and rode back to the Villa.

There was a light in Sonnenkamp's room. Sonnenkamp summoned Erich, who told him that all were willing, but did not speak of Adams.

"Thank you, thank you!" said Sonnenkamp, who sat in his chair. His voice sounded like that of an old man. "Yet one

thing more," said he, rising. "Does Countess Bella know of the affair?"

"I cannot say," replied Erich, "but I suppose that the Count will tell her."

"Did she say anything to you about me?"

"No."

"Nothing at all? Did she speak of none of the family?"

"Yes; of the children."

"So? of the children? Thank you. Sleep well."

Erich went to his room, and stood at his window for a long time, looking at the landscape.

Nature lives, though all men suffer. Well for him who, in looking at it, can forget himself.

It was a gloomy night, a black cloud was spread over the mountains like a pall; a streak of light was on the border of the hill and stood between the hills and masses of clouds. The clouds became brighter; the moon rose, the black cloud passed over it, and then its ragged edges were lighted on both sides, above and below, but the cloud itself was blacker than before, and ragged, clayey clouds floated right and left.

Erich closed his eyes and thought. When he looked up again the moon was standing over the dark cloud, and the landscape was bathed in moonlight which shimmered on the stream. Again the moon was hidden by a cloud. Erich gazed immovable for a long time, and now the cloud had dissolved in air; clear as untarnished steel was the whole heaven, and quietly beamed the mild white moon.

Thus, confident of its own purposes, Nature works by eternal laws. Must not human life also have its unvarying laws?

Erich thought of Manna, and the thought of her spread a soft light on all, as the moon shone in the sky.

CHAPTER VI.

THE TORN-OFF BRANCH.

WHILE Sonnenkamp was busy with the arrangements of the jury Prancken returned. He looked troubled, and when Sonnenkamp asked what ailed him, he took the letters from his pocket.

First he opened the one in which the Prince's marshal informed him that, as a gentleman of the Prince's household, he could not be connected with a man who had not only forfeited his honor, but had placed himself in such a position toward the Prince, that it had even been discussed whether or not he should be accused of high treason.

Sonnenkamp trembled, and yet made out to laugh his peculiar laugh.

"Let me see the letter again," said he.

He read and returned it without speaking, and then asked what was in the other letter.

"It is yet more decided," said Prancken, giving him the letter, which was from the military court of honor, and said that Prancken must, under penalty of being dismissed the service, sever all connection with Sonnenkamp.

"And what shall you do?" inquired Sonnenkamp. "You are free, as far as I am concerned."

"I will remain with you," replied Prancken.

Sonnenkamp embraced him, and an odd pause took place in the conversation.

"I defy them all," said Prancken; "but here is a letter for you," and he gave him the Privy-councillor's letter.

Sonnenkamp read it.

The missive was extremely polite, and advised that Herr Sonnenkamp should withdraw for a time, until an opportunity should offer of overcoming the party which was in favor of indicting Herr Sonnenkamp for high-treason.

"Do you know what is in this letter?" asked Sonnenkamp.

"Certainly. The Privy-councillor wished to give it to me open."

"And what is your advice?"

"I agree with him."

Sonnenkamp's features contracted.

"Shrewd, very shrewd," thought he to himself. "You want to drive me away and keep my property."

A horrible vision—himself lying in prison—strove to unman him, but he banished it.

"Then you, too, are of this opinion?"

"Yes. But before you go away permit me to show you a way of gaining honor for yourself and me."

And then Prancken said that he had promised soon to attend a meeting of the nobility of the province of the Church—and the province of the Church extended beyond even the boundaries of the country—which was to be held at the palace of the Prince Primate. The meeting was to be perfectly secret, and ways and means were to be sought by which the military power of the Pope could be augmented.

"You don't mean to enter the Papal army?" inquired Sonnenkamp.

"I would do so," Prancken answered, "if I were not obliged to remain at the post to which honor and love hold me."

"Very fine! Pardon me for interrupting you. And why do you tell me this? I am not a noble; I do not belong to that sect."

"You do belong to the nobility and shall belong to the sect."

"I do belong to it? I shall?"

"Briefly, you advance the money to raise a regiment, and I can tell you positively that you will not only be left undisturbed but will be crowned with new honor."

Sonnenkamp smiled and cried:

"And when I have given the money I can remain here in all honor?"

"It would be better for you to travel for a while."

Sonnenkamp's face shone with pleasure. Yet it would be better so. They were trying to get part of his money and then send him away. He looked kindly at Prancken and said:

"Quite shrewd. Does the Priest here know of the arrangement?"

"No, but I have won the Dean."

"Will you let the Priest come to me?"

"Certainly; I myself will fetch him."

"No, remain where you are."

He said through the speaking-tube that the Priest was to be asked to come to him, and then turned back to Prancken.

"And you too agree to this? Pretty shrewd that! One sells blacks and buys white men with the money, and the white men grow snow-white—immaculate as saints!"

"I don't understand."

"Very likely; only it delights me to see on what shrewd principles the world is arranged. My young friend, I believe that what is called virtue is taught in universities; it is systematized; a system of morals is made: we, my young friend, will work out a system of vice, and establish a chair for it at the university. Thousands of pupils shall flock to us, and we alone will be able to teach them the exact truth. The world is glorious: it must make me professor of philosophy. Philosophy is something entirely different from what it has hitherto been supposed; it is time that this humbug about morality should be destroyed. I have never met but one person whom I would like to take into the faculty with me; unfortunately that person is a woman, but we must rise superior to such prejudice. Glorious!"

"You have not yet told me whether or not you will agree to the plan—"

"Haven't I? My young friend, you are not yet fit to be professor; you are yet a pupil, a very pupil in the rudiments. I would like to build a new Rome as old Rome was built—with sheer vagabonds, with a people composed of jail-birds: they are the best people; they are the only able men."

"I don't understand."

"You are right," said Sonnenkamp, mildly. "We will be right honest, right discreet, right moral and delicate. My

young friend, I have quite a different intention ; that mousetrap of your Dean is much too clumsy to catch me ; I won't bite at the tempting bait."

Prancken was enraged. Sonnenkamp's manner of treating him, as if he was not yet out of roundabouts, was very irritating to him.

He rose to his full height and looked at himself to see whether in fact he was a boy or not. At last he said, with a jerking motion of his head :

"Honored Father, I beg that you will leave off this jesting."

"Jesting?"

"Yes, I have united myself to you—you cannot say otherwise with a faithfulness . . . At the same time I have . . . Yet I did not intend to speak of that now ; I have only to ask you not to reject the plan. We have engagements, important engagements, and I want you now to—"

"Why do you hesitate? Obey! Say so. Yes, my noble young friend, I will obey you. Fine—very fine: what uniform have you selected? Shall we raise a regiment of cavalry or infantry? Of course we will make Roland an officer at the outset. Cavalry would be best, he sits well on his horse. Do you see, my esteemed enthusiast? I have imagination too. We will ride through the Campagna—how glorious that will be! and we will have the best arms that are made. I know something about that—I have sent more weapons to America than any of you have any idea of. What do you think of raising the whole regiment in America?"

"That would be better yet."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Sonnenkamp. "Morning dreams: morning dreams are said to be the sweetest. Won't you be through sleeping and dreaming soon?"

Prancken felt how he was becoming more and more involved. He had a feeling as though he was confined in a lion's den ; he must coquette, pretend to be soft and yielding, for he dared not enrage the beast ; must let himself be played with, and expect every instant to feel the claws. If there was only some way of escaping!

Prancken pressed his hands to his head. What manner of man was this? What was his object with him?

Sonnenkamp laid his hand on his friend's shoulder and said :

"I have nothing against it ; it is a matter of indifference to me that you are, or pretend to be pious ; but, my young friend, no money of mine shall be thrown to the priests. Fine proprietorship that! Manna builds a convent and you raise a regiment—and for *this* shall I have undergone so much? It was only a joke, wasn't it? And now don't let us talk about it any more. Be wise ; deceive those who think they are the wisest ; you will find

that proceeding very agreeable. Ah, here comes Manna into the court! Let us call her immediately!"

He said through the speaking-tube that Manna was to come to him.

Before Prancken could speak, the door opened and Manna entered without knocking.

"Did you call me, Father?"

"Yes. How was it at the convent?"

"I have left it forever."

"Thank you, my child, thank you. You do me good, and you know how much I need it now. So now, let it all be arranged this instant. You look so fresh, so charming; I never saw you look so before. Herr von Prancken," said he, turning to his friend, "you see how Manna has freed herself, and I have your promise to say nothing of what we have been saying—have I not?"

Prancken did not reply.

"I did not know you were here, Herr von Prancken," began Manna; "but now it is better that you are here."

"Certainly," said Sonnenkamp. "You can have nothing to tell me which our faithful friend may not hear. Be seated."

According to his custom, he took a piece of wood and commenced to whittle.

Manna did not sit down, but held the back of the chair with her hand, and said:

"Herr von Prancken, I wish to express my gratitude to you for so faithfully—"

"You shall and can do so," said Sonnenkamp, looking up from his whittling. "Good; I need pleasure, rest, and calmness. You are right; refreshment is doubly welcome at this time. Give Herr von Prancken your hand."

"I give it to him to bid him farewell."

"Farewell!" cried Sonnenkamp, making a deep cut in the wood. He went to Manna, and attempted to take her hand.

"I beg your pardon," cried Manna. "Herr von Prancken, you are a nobleman whom I highly honor and respect. You have been faithful to my father; as his child I will prize and be grateful to you, but—"

"Well—but?" asked Sonnenkamp.

Manna did not answer him; but, turning to Prancken, continued:

"I owe you the truth. I cannot be your wife. I love Herr Dournay, and Herr Dournay loves me. We are joined together, and no power on earth can separate us."

"You with that schoolmaster, that Huguenot, that peddler of sentences, that liar, that hypocrite? I'll strangle him with my own hands, the thief—"

"Father," said Manna, and her figure seemed to become larger, her eyes gleamed and seemed to grow greater and stronger—"Father, Herr Dournay is a teacher—it is only your rage that calls him by other names."

"My rage shall speak no more. You do not know me yet. I set my life on this—"

"You will not, Father; we children have already enough to bear."

A terrible cry escaped Sonnenkamp, and he said, as he turned to Prancken:

"Leave us, Herr von Prancken; leave me alone with her!"

"No," replied Prancken, "I shall not leave you alone with your daughter. I have loved her, and have a right to protect her."

Sonnenkamp grasped the table to support himself,—he seemed seized by a sudden dizziness, and, as he turned to Prancken, he said:

"Do you hear, Manna, do you hear? And will you reject such a nobleman? Come, my child, I will beg you on my knees—see how your mind is perverted. I bear enough now: do not heap this upon me. See this man—reject this man! Manna, you are a good child—a clever child. You have only been playing with us—have been putting us to proof. See, you smile; I thank—I thank you for this proof. You have thus seen again how good, how noble he is. Manna, there he stands; take him to your arms; I will gladly die,—do all that the world wishes,—will you not do this one thing?"

"I cannot, Father; I cannot."

"You can and will."

"Believe me, Father."

"Believe you? She who but a short time ago said firmly that she would be a nun, cannot be believed after she has changed her intentions."

"Father, it pains me unspeakably to be obliged to give such pain to you and Herr von Prancken."

"Very well—it is well, I too must bear it. You can cut out my heart—unfortunately I have a heart. Pah! For this I have braved the whole world—the Old and the New—have left both worlds—to call a hypocritical rascal my son! Oh, these philosophers, these idealists, these enthusiasts of humanity! He steals into the house in the garb of a tutor, so that he may marry millions. Oh, most practical philosophers and knavish liars and hypocrites! I can't bear it!"

He moved his hands like claws, and cried:

"Give me something to tear, or I shall not be responsible for my actions. You—"

Prancken laid his hand on his shoulder: they stood looking

at each other; no one spoke, each breathed hard, but Prancken hardest of all.

Manna looked calmly into her father's eyes, but did not dream what they expressed. He called again through the speaking-tube:

"Send Herr Dournay to me."

Then he continued:

"Manna, I shall not compel you, but I want you to give up this pedagogue. Yet more. Did you not say that the Priest would be here?"

"Yes; you had him summoned."

"I hear him in the anteroom; let him enter."

The Priest entered, and Sonnenkamp said:

"Herr Priest, I declare here, in the presence of these witnesses, that I will give my Villa for a convent, if my daughter Manna will, as she has always desired, take the veil."

Manna could not divine the meaning of this. How could she know what grim sport her father was having with her, with Prancken, with Erich, with the Villa, and with all. She did not know where to look for help; and just as the Priest turned to her and offered his hand, Erich entered the room.

"Do you know who I am?" said Sonnenkamp, turning to him.

Erich nodded.

"And do you know this man and this girl, and—look in the mirror—do you know who *that* is?" And, pointing to the wall where the hunting-whip hung, he cried: "Do you know what *that* is? The back of many a slave—"

He stopped suddenly.

Erich looked proudly around, and then quietly said:

"It is no disgrace to be whipped by some men."

Sonnenkamp groaned to himself, and Erich continued:

"Manna, I beg you to leave the room."

"You—! Manna—!" shrieked Sonnenkamp, trying to spring at Erich; but Prancken threw himself between them, and said:

"If any one here has an account to settle with Herr Dournay, it is I."

"Good, good," cried Sonnenkamp, throwing himself into the chair. "Revenge, honor, life, all are yours! Speak; I shall say no more!"

"Herr Dournay," began Prancken, "I brought you into this house, and told you plainly in what relation I stood to this daughter of the house. Hitherto I have had some respect for you. I am sorry to be obliged to relinquish even that little."

Erich rose.

"I do not fight with you," continued Prancken. "You have donned a coat of mail which is invulnerable to me. Your life

is protected by Fräulein Manna, and therefore, Herr Dournay, shall be unassailed by me. This is the last word I shall ever address to you. Herr Sonnenkamp, I have but one request to make to you; give me your hand and promise."

"I promise you everything you wish; but not the regiment—nothing for that man. With this exception, demand what you will."

"Very well; I have your promise not to harm this man."

He fumbled about with trembling hands, and at last took a little book from his pocket and handed it to Manna. His voice shook as he said:

"Fräulein Manna, you once gave me this. The twig is yet in it, but withered; take it back. As this twig, severed from the tree, shall never again grow with it, so I, severed from you and from all here, shall know my old self no more."

He looked excitedly at Manna, and, after a pause, concluded:

"Now we are parted forever."

He quietly drew on his gloves and buttoned them; then he took his hat, bowed low, and left the room.

Manna looked at him patiently as he departed, and then took Erich's hand. They two stood before Sonnenkamp; and Sonnenkamp, who had covered his face with his hands, cried out:

"Are you waiting for my blessing? To be flogged by such a man as I is no dishonor, and such a man as I can impart no blessing. Go—go; or have I authority no longer, that you remain motionless?"

"Herr Sonnenkamp," began Erich, "I might say, and it would be true, though one-sided, that I spoke those hard words not to you, but to Herr von Prancken; but as they touched you, I earnestly beg pardon for them. I was not master of myself, and it was wrong for me to vex you and to hurt you so deeply. Not only was it wrong because you are Manna's father, but because you are a man—"

"Very well; I understand preaching—Enough! Was not your whole life a lie? Were you not a thief? Did I not question you when I conducted you about this house? And could you talk fine and play the hypocrite so long? My curse on all belief in man! I believed in you; considered you incapable of a breach of confidence; and you have been a hypocrite from the day when I led you through the house till now. What more will—I tear off your mask."

"Herr Sonnenkamp," replied Erich, "it was not till after a long and arduous struggle that I succumbed to this love; but it was stronger than I—than all else. I prove to you that I do not wish your wealth, for none of it shall be mine. I shall add no protestations, for if you do not believe in me, how could you believe in what I say?"

"So? And you want me to believe in you after all this?"

Yes, my fine, noble, good, magnanimous fellow, I possess very much, but, unfortunately, not what you desire—faith in you. Once I had that faith, but it was my last delusion; I do not swear it, but I know it was my last delusion."

"I beg Roland's, Manna's father," and Erich's voice trembled—"I beg you like a child to be just to me. You will yet learn that I spoke the truth then as now."

"The truth? Pooh! Truth! Leave me, I want to be alone—I must be alone."

Erich and Manna left the room hand-in-hand, and waited long without the door. Joseph came and entered the room where Sonnenkamp sat. When he came out he told Manna that Herr Sonnenkamp had sent for a notary from the city.

Erich and Manna went to the garden. Such is the power of love, that these two, in the midst of sorrow and trouble untold, felt an inner consciousness of bliss, as if all misery had been already far removed.

"You must take this from me," said Manna, after they had for a long time wandered silently hand-in-hand. "I don't know what it means, but it will not leave me. When the Prince was here, the good words he spoke of you made me feel as if he had done me a personal good. Do you remember? I brought you the news. At that time he said that you were to recollect that you had been his companion in youth, and that he would like to show you how well he remembered that fact. Don't you think that you could be of service to us now? I don't know what, but I think—No, I don't know what I think."

"It is so with me, too," replied Erich; "I, too, remember the circumstance perfectly, but do not know how to make use of his graciousness at this juncture. Ah, Manna, then I saw for the first time how your heart was turned to me."

And the lovers found respite from their cares in recollections of the past—how they wished to avoid each other, but could not do so, and thus the brooding sorrow vanished.

The sunlight of her free and strong soul rested on Manna's face and would not leave it: her eyes shone, and she abruptly asked Erich:

"Why are you smiling?"

"Because I have seen a picture."

"A picture?"

"Yes. I once heard that a genuine diamond could be distinguished from a false one by breathing on it; the trace of the breath will instantly disappear from the true stone. You, my Manna, are such a true diamond."

While the lovers were strolling in the garden, Sonnenkamp sat alone, almost rejoicing that he had experienced something new to torment him, and a certain pride rose in the midst of his

torment—a certain pleasure, as he thought of how courageously his child had stood before him; she was his daughter—his proud, indomitable daughter. And then his thoughts wandered on. His son was growing away from him, following his own will, and he no longer had duties to him; it was only to his daughter that he was bound by duty, his son should make his own life. Frau Ceres—Pah! Feed her with clothes and finery, tell her a story, and lull her to sleep!

He went to the garden and entered the hothouse, where the black earth was heaped up. Again he put on his baggy gray frock, and dug in the ground, inhaling the scent of the earth, but to-day it appeared to give him no pleasure. He took off the frock and tore it to pieces.

“No more!” he cried. “Childishness, begone!”

He stood awhile by the place where Erich had sat at breakfast-time on the first morning.

Should that man ever be here alone? In possession of all this—a schoolmaster?

The Cooper was passing along the road. Sonnenkamp called him, and praised him for bringing the fire-engine to bear so opportunely: he added, with delight, that settlers in the far West find their most efficacious weapon against savages in turning jets of water on them. It was, to be sure, somewhat better when a little sulphuric acid was added, for this would blind everybody it struck.

The Cooper stared with open mouth at the man who could speak so lightly of such a horrible thing.

Sonnenkamp left him standing there and went to the orchard. Here with great circumspection and care he helped remove the fruits. He thought of the days during which the fruit had ripened from the early Spring; here Roland had convalesced, the Prince had come. He thought of the trip to the baths, of the sunny days till now, of the dewy nights—and he thought mournfully—when will the early fruit come again? How would it be with him then? Where would he be? Perhaps under the sods. Then would he dig in the earth no longer; then—He grew dizzy.

Death is a mockery, and doubly so in that we know of it.

He was lost in thought; in this very place where such things were now passing through his mind, he had spoken of them to Erich when he first entered the house. Was it the place that called up the image of death? Was he standing on the spot which should be his grave?

He was called away; the Notary, with his two assistants, had arrived just in time for dinner. He took him immediately to the table and acted as pleasantly as if nothing had happened. The Notary occupied Pranken's old seat.

After dinner Sonnenkamp shut himself in his room with the Notary, and they wrote long and zealously.

The two assistants witnessed the papers, and so no one but those sworn to secrecy knew the contents of the Will.

Just as the business was ended a letter came from Bella: she wrote to Sonnenkamp that she was coming with Clodwig to the jury, and requested him to obtain for her a seat among the judges.

Sonnenkamp smiled; he had almost forgotten the affair,—all was right now.

Erich asked Roland and Manna to accompany his mother, who wished to go to Mattenheim.

They consented, and so now the house was perfectly silent—almost deserted.

CHAPTER VII.

IN THE PORCH.

DAYS passed silently and in dulness. Sonnenkamp despatched many letters and read the newspapers, which he did not now as formerly send to Frau Ceres.

The men who had consented to act as a jury arrived.

Sonnenkamp had them told that he did not wish to greet them now. He should not see them until he should appear before them as his judges; but yet he saw one of the persons who had arrived. Lutz was to be trusted, and Bella was led through the vine-covered stairs and through the seed-room to see Sonnenkamp.

"But few words," cried Sonnenkamp to her as they met. "You cannot sit in the jury, but I tell you that I yet wish to live because a being like you lives on earth with me; and for this reason I will yet show you what a man is. I shall speak here in this room."

He conducted her back through the seed-room; she knew that the door remained open.

Bella wandered restlessly about the Villa: she saw Lina, who had come with her father, wishing to keep Manna company during these troubled days. Lina was utterly lost, and knew not what to do when she heard that the household had separated.

She asked Bella to go with her to Aunt Claudine's, for she had remained behind alone.

Bella said that she would come by and by.

Lina went to Aunt Claudine, and was a veritable source of comfort and pleasure to her.

"Tell me," said Lina, "are negroes and blacks the same?"

"Certainly!"

"Oh, I can't tell you how vexed I am with negroes and blacks. I don't object to their being free; why shouldn't they be so? But they ought to have become free either sooner or later—why should they just at this time? Why should they take my wedding-time away from me? Nobody cares for sport now; no one talks of anything but negroes. People wear chains for ornaments even now; they call them *chaînes d'esclaves*. Oh, I wanted to ask something—now what was it?—yes, now I know. Tell me what is to be done if negroes are men as well as other folks; what's to be done with the devil?"

"Why with the devil?"

"Yes. How is the devil to be painted, if not black?"

Aunt Claudine laughed heartily, and was glad to see that in the midst of this sombre life it could be seen that there was yet something merry in the world. She consented to go to the Castle with Lina, and just as they were leaving the house, Bella came. She begged Aunt Claudine and Lina not to change their arrangements on her account: she had the library opened for her, and Lina and Aunt Claudine went to the Castle, where they remained till noon,—often looking down at the Villa, where, as Lina said, "the men had some particular business to attend to."

Bella did not remain long in the library, but soon returned to the Villa, and noiselessly ascended the vine-covered stairs.

Sonnenkamp went to his wife, feeling obliged to tell her what was going on. She mockingly reminded him of his promise to go back to America; *she* would not let the journey depend on foreigners.

It was Sonnenkamp's rule to let Frau Ceres talk as long as she liked, for all she said was utterly indifferent to him.

Now that all was ready, he returned to his room, and gave instructions to tell his visitors that he would not see them till he came before them for judgment.

First came Weidmann, with Prince Valerian and Knopf; then Clodwig, with the Banker; then the Doctor, with the Justice. Professor Einsiedel stood by the kennel talking earnestly with the Krischer, and was immensely edified by the man's acute observations in regard to raising dogs. Once he tapped his forehead with his middle and first fingers—he did not want to forget a remark of the Krischer's, which explained to him a passage in the eighth book of Pliny, which treats of land animals.

The Major came in full uniform, decked with all his orders, and when he saw that Clodwig was in plain citizen's dress, with no distinguishing marks, he said angrily to himself:

"She was right again, but I thought that at a court where a man was to be tried in regard to his honor—very well, it won't do any harm, anyhow."

Erich had made all arrangements in the music-room, but at Sonnenkamp's command everything—the chairs, and the buffet which was provided with food and drink—was taken to his apartments. He placed his chair, with a table before it, in front of the door leading to the seed-room, and then went back to the seed-room.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE NEW CAIN.

THE men had assembled; Erich rapped on the door as had been agreed on. It opened, and Sonnenkamp entered the room; his face was pale. He went to the table, where lay two bits of wood for whittling and his knife; he leaned his hand on the table and began:

“Men of honor and virtue!”

He paused, and then continued:

“I say ‘honor and virtue,’ for it is not often—it is seldom—that the two words are united. You are fulfilling a duty which you owe to humanity by answering my call; coming here and giving me a part of your lives—these hours, your thoughts, and feelings. I appreciate the gift. In the Western prairies, when a man injured us we called men from miles away, from the lonely settlements to the lonely log-house, to give their verdict and execute sentence. I have done so here, and so you are now doing. You are to pass judgment upon, and decree a penalty for an action which cannot come under the cognizance of law. I shall lay my past life unreservedly before you. It gives me a sense of freedom to realize that you already know the worst. You must see how I passed my life from childhood, and then pass judgment and fix the penalty. I have never known sympathy in my life—I do not ask it; I ask only justice!”

Sonnenkamp had commenced in a weary voice, and with downcast face, but soon his voice became more animated, his features became settled, and his eyes glowed.

“I also wish to say that I shall recognize your verdict and undergo the penalty you inflict. I have but one thing to ask; it is that within a week each of you will write his decision and the penalty which he wishes me to undergo, and send the paper containing them to Herr Captain Doctor Erich Dournay, who, in presence of two others, will break the seals.

“I will now leave the room an instant while you discuss what I have proposed, and, perhaps, select a foreman.”

He made an obeisance: there was something theatrical and yet deeply earnest in the manner in which he spoke and retired to the adjoining room.

The men looked at each other; no one spoke, but all eyes were turned upon Clodwig, and it was evident that all desired him to speak first.

He said quietly and in a low tone:

"Herr Weidmann will surely have the goodness to take the office of foreman, which is extremely necessary preparatory to proceeding with the business."

Weidmann instantly assumed the office, and said that he was in favor of delivering a written verdict: the others agreed, but Professor Einsiedel remarked, in a tone which was at first timid, but became more assured as he proceeded, that a written verdict ought not to preclude their discussing and uniting upon one verdict, for should it do so, the unanimity of the sentence would be destroyed, and their sitting be superfluous.

This opinion was accepted, and Erich was requested to call Sonnenkamp back to the room.

As Erich entered Sonnenkamp's room, he thought he heard a rustling of the tapestry which was inexplicable to him.

He found Sonnenkamp in the seed-room impatiently smoking a cigar; he immediately laid it aside and returned with Erich.

Weidmann informed Sonnenkamp of their decision with Professor Einsiedel's amendment. Sonnenkamp accepted it.

"Before I begin," said he, taking one of the pieces of wood and smiling, "I must beg to be permitted to indulge a habit which, unfortunately, I cannot relinquish. I am accustomed when thinking in private—and I shall talk to you as if I were alone,—as I said, it is my custom at such times to smoke or whittle, sometimes to do both at once. I can collect my thoughts better if I act in accordance with that habit now."

He seated himself, took a stick, made a deep notch around it, and began:

"I wish any one of you to interrupt me if at any time I am not clear, or if I appear to conceal anything, which it is not my intention to do. Well: I am the only son of one of the richest men of Warsaw. In telling you of my youth, it is not my object to excuse what I have done by referring it to circumstances or conditions. My father dealt largely in wood and corn. When I was six years old my father removed to the great German city, for once when clearing a forest, my elder brother was killed by a falling tree; soon after this my mother died, and lies beside my brother in the old town. I often heard that I was soon to have a step-mother, but my father did not marry again. My father—I speak of him as of myself, without reserve—was very popular, but loved no one and nothing. When a person came to see him, he would meet him with great cordiality and show of enthusiasm, but as soon as the man's back was turned he would speak of him disparagingly. He was a hypocrite by pref-

erence,—a dissembler even when there was no necessity of his being so. He was such to a beggar. But I am getting ahead of my story; I did not discover this trait in his character till I became older. The highest officers of the State, artists, and scholars sat at my father's table; they liked good dinners, and so were willing enough to decorate his table with orders and titles. We gave large receptions, but had no intimate friends. We gave great dinners, at which sat men decorated with stars, and bare-necked ladies, and at dessert I was brought in, passed from lap to lap, caressed, flattered, and fed with ices and confections. I was finely dressed, and a picture of me was in every little shop; I would give a great deal to get one of those pictures now. I was painted life-size and with ringlets. The original picture was by the Court painter, and was afterward sold, with all the rest of the household furniture. I had no relatives. I was placed under a private tutor, for my father did not wish me to go to a school. I grew, and was my father's idol; he always kissed me affectionately when I went to his room. I had a tutor who obeyed me in everything. He taught me to regard myself as the centre of all things, and to have no thought of my dear fellow-men. This was of more service to me than he thought. It is best to deaden what is called conscience; all men do so, but some more effectually than others. The world is nothing but a loose aggregation of egoisms. When I was sixteen years old, I was in the hands of usurers, for I was the heir of a million, which at that time was more than seven millions are now. My father's attorney discharged my debts, and as soon as that was done I contracted others; I was delighted at having such extensive credit. In short, I was reckless, and continued to be so. I believe I have already said that I had no love, no respect even for my father, who, in one word, was the greatest hypocrite that ever wore the white neckcloth of respectability. Yet he was the most honest of hypocrites. Others humbug themselves and daub their faces with the rouge of Ideality, and make themselves think that something or other besides money and pleasure would really be earnest and true to them. My father was a philosopher, too, and was always saying: 'My son, the world belongs to him who conquers it by power and craft; he who looks at it sentimentally has his trouble for his pains.'

Sonnenkamp whittled his stick; for a moment nothing was heard but the grating of the knife as it rounded the point of the peg.

"Now that I have said this," he began again, "I can proceed regularly. By the time that I was seventeen years old, I was a thorough debauchee, acquainted with all the extravagances usual to people of position. I was a good fellow, a spendthrift, but I

had position and wealth, and was therefore well liked. Nature and Fate had been fearfully lavish of such qualifications to me. My father always paid my gambling and other debts. He went with me to the ballet, and lent me his opera-glass to more closely examine the sylph-like Cortini, who, as he very well knew, was not a stranger to me. Yes, we were jolly fellows. My father gave me only one piece of advice, and that was, 'Don't stick to one woman.' Every Sunday I had to dissemble. I was obliged to say that I had been to church; but my father knew, and took pleasure in the knowledge, that I had not been there at all. Alternate Sundays, our carriage stood all day before the church, where the most pious and celebrated of divines officiated; but on every other Sunday we did not ride, but walked. And at such times our coachman had to go to church also, and so even our horses had their holiday. Our *livrée* had to show how pious it was. But no; my father was a Protestant, and I, on my mother's account, was a Catholic. I leave others to judge in which faith hypocrisy is brought to greater perfection. The question now was, 'What profession should I choose?' I had no desire to sit in a counting-house. I wished to be a soldier, but, not belonging to the nobility, I could not endure to be merely suffered as one of the Jockey-club. I was excluded from that class, and from that time set about to *play* the gentleman. I went to Paris. I tasted to the full the stupid pleasures of the world. Most people take a pride in their virtue, which is generally nothing but the weakness of their constitutions. They make a virtue of necessity. When I had had dissipation enough, my father sent for me to come home. There I lived; and the virtue which I saw around me was nothing but cowardice and fear, resulting from my father's belief that he was closely watched. It bores one to be virtuous, but to appear to be, is amusing as well as advantageous. One is permitted to do everything which can be done without being seen or detected; the main point is, that one belongs to society. I often went from the most brilliant receptions to the most miserable dens; low vice seemed reputable to me. I was careless, and remained so. We were proud of being infamous,—there was a dash of poetry about it. One has only to be a poet like Byron, brilliant out of the common, and what in lower conditions is vice, becomes courtly adventure. I saw that the whole world was masked vice. It is no vice, it is only called so! *Poison* is written on the bottle, so that common people may not drink the contents. I know not whether it was accident or design, but I was introduced to a beautiful girl, fresh as a rose. At twenty-one, I became a solid married man. Everybody congratulated me, as I had now, as they say, sowed my wild oats and was to settle down as a highly respectable husband and father. My wife was

an enthusiastic child, and—although to this day I do not understand it, but she was evidently induced to do so by her mother—used to jest with me about my past life. I do not know why I married the child. I went to church, returned, set out on a quiet wedding-trip. All this happened to me as if to another man. We returned home, and—the affair took place so long ago, that all I can recall is the discovery of a former love in which the pure child had been engaged. My only trouble was that people were laughing at me. I left her; and during the separation she died, and with her another life. Now I was free again—free! that is, I was once more in Paris. I wished to enjoy life—to throw it away. Dissipation, distraction, was my only motto, and I hungered and thirsted for it. I wished to squander my life, and every morning I found a new one. My soul was utterly empty. I despised life, and yet did not destroy it. What does life offer? Fame or wealth. I could not hope for the first, but the second I could have. My father tried to be strict with me. I speculated, and won considerable money, which I soon lost again; but I had enough left, by playing hazard, to keep me afloat. I was at Marseilles, in rollicking society, when I heard of my father's death. The greatest part of my inheritance was seized by my creditors; and as I wished to have nothing to remind me of home, I wrote to my father's attorney to sell everything. A bad report went round after my father's death. We had not dreamed how well he was understood; and now it was commonly said: 'One thing that can be said in his favor, he was better than his son.'

"The Germans say that God and the devil struggle with each other for the mastery of the world. I have simply heard of these master powers: they have never appeared to me; but I know that two things struggle with each other, and they are Work and Ennui. Men benumb themselves with pleasure, work, and masquerades of what is called morality. 'All is vanity,' said the wise king. It must be stated differently. All is vanity, stale, empty, an endless yawn which ends only in the death-rattle. I have traversed the whole desert of ennui; nothing will help one out of it but opium, hashish, gambling, and adventure. I took instructions from a juggler: acquired great skill, made quite a sensation in company, and had the most complete apparatus. I afterward spent some time in Italy, practising from pure fun the profession of a juggler. I was in Paris in the time of Louis Philippe, and found nothing more entertaining than the frequent *émeutes*; they are the people's mode of playing hazard."

Again Sonnenkamp paused to do some very intricate carving, and then continued:

"You look surprised to hear me talk so wisely? Well; wis-

dom is insipid and empty, like everything else—honor, gold, music, friendship, fame. Your virtuous and honorable men are all like those augurs who, when they met, dared not look at each other for fear of laughing at the fable with which they bound the world. We know that our modern gods, ecclesiastic as well as lay, play the hypocrite with us, but the very fact that they are obliged to do so proves our superiority. And what is called delight in nature, mountain and valley, stream and wood, sunshine, moonlight, and the twinkling stars—what is it all? Sheer lies, a curtain to conceal the mould of the grave. What, then, is man to do in the world? Know that millions have lived before him and gaze at the stars? Be proud because the whole thing plays itself out like the hurdy-gurdy man who grinds out the same old tune yesterday, to-day, and forever? You see that I had learned my Byron pretty thoroughly. The misfortune was that I was neither a poet nor an extremely interesting pirate. The world was disgusting to me and I was disgusting to myself. I would not kill myself, I wished to live and despise all. In madness, as if in mockery of myself I gambled away all my property; but the most amusing thing was yet to come. It was a dreary night, but it did me good to walk through the streets so completely ruined. Oh, how the wind rollicked and whistled! It cooled me, and there I was walking about in that great ant-hill of a city, all my money played away, my mistress unfaithful, and there came along a shrewd, delicate little fellow, who proved to me over a bottle of wine that I possessed a capital which I did not understand how to discount; I was a born diplomat. I understood what the decoy-duck was, at the first whistle. If I was to be a diplomat, I could play that part. New horses, new servants, new mistress, a new large house, were again mine; I was attached—to speak plainly, I became a spy. I do not drape the expression with a mantle of morality, and again life was pleasant. Now I had found my real place; now hypocrisy had an object. I deserved the praise given me by the ambassador more than he knew. Do you know the institution called ‘Double Insurance?’ I brought to the ambassador the most important news, and at the same time had side-business with the Minister of Police, and to him I reported all I learned of the machinations of the ambassador. The ambassador gave me false intelligence: we knew that, but from that false intelligence we were able to extract what was in reality going on.”

A smile passed over the features of the listeners, and Sonnenkamp continued:

“There came a day when I was obliged to beat a retreat. I had my choice, for I could travel with five different passes under five different names. I wished, in the first place, to live unknown, which is most easily done by living among what

are known as honest people. I went to Nice, and there became a gardener. All my senses were deadened; I seemed to myself dead, as if I and my thoughts were merely accessories of a dead body; so I came to be a gardener. The smell of moist earth was the first thing that for a long time had done me good—no, that made me feel that I was alive. Chemistry can imitate everything, but no perfume smells like fresh earth. When Herr Dournay first arrived, he found me digging in the earth; it gave me strength. The masquerade suited my humor; I slept well and ate well. The gardener's daughter wanted to marry me. Again I had a reason for decamping. I had laid aside a good amount of money, and now brought it forth. I began to live in the old, jolly way at Naples. I confess that I was proud to go through everything; I was again afloat; had health and good humor. I was light-hearted, and had a talent for society; the world was mine. I had friends wherever I went—how long were they my friends? Probably as long as I had money. This was a matter of indifference to me; I desired no faith, for I had none. I was always grateful to my parents for one thing—they had given me an iron constitution. I had a body of steel, a heart of marble, and nerves which nothing could shake; I knew neither sickness nor sympathy—I have frequently experienced the disagreeableness of sympathy—”

He paused, and smiled for the first time since he had been speaking; his satisfaction was particularly apparent. He then continued:

“Yet there was one peculiar phase of sentimentalism which did not leave me. One wonderfully beautiful evening in Naples, we, in a merry mixed company, took a pleasure-trip out on the sea, and I was the merriest of them all. We landed again. Who can say what is passing in a man? There, under that lovely Italian sky, surrounded by men and women, who were laughing, singing, and joking, the thought passed through my mind: ‘What have I in the world?’ Nothing—yes, one thing: my mother is buried in Poland. And from the pleasant land of Italy, without stopping, I travelled through the countries, saw nothing, but ever drew nearer to melancholy, dirty Poland. I approached the village, which I had not seen since my sixth year. And such is man—no; such am I. I was unwilling to undergo the pain of seeing my mother's grave; I looked over the church-yard fence, but did not enter; I went back again without having seen the grave. Such I am—so good or so bad; I believe that both are the same. I travelled through Greece, through Egypt; I have been in Algiers; I led a life of unbridled excess, in order to destroy my vital force, but did not succeed. I have an iron constitution; it cannot be shattered. I was in England, the land of respectability. It may be that I have a peculiar way of

looking at the world, but I saw nowhere anything but pretence, hypocrisy, convenience. I set out for America. You will laugh to hear me say that I wished to join the Mormons, but such is the fact. Those people have the courage and honesty to legalize polygamy, whereas in all the rest of the world it is forced to wear the mask of lies. But I was not in harmony with the society. So I went back to New York, and there found the high-school, the Olympus of gamblers; the Parisian and London gentry are bunglers when compared with the Yankees. It was already the fashion to inveigh against the Southerners, but I have seen among them heroic natures of the stuff of which Rome was made. Only he who has been in America knows what man really is; there, everything is untrammelled and free; but yet they are hypocrites in religion—that is a part of respectability.”

Erich and Weidmann looked at each other. Weidmann had made use of a similar expression only a few days before at Mattenheim, but with a somewhat different meaning. Sonnenkamp continued:

“My five passports again came into play, and I passed under the name of Count Gronau. Americans like to associate with noblemen. On one night, which had been passed in wild excess, I shot, in the open street, a man who had insulted me. I fled, and lived a long time among the horse-thieves of Arkansas. It was a merry life, and one more full of craft and adventure than any other. There one becomes a stealthy beast of prey, and my body underwent the most monstrous sufferings. I left this society, too, and went as a sailor on a whaling voyage. In Algiers I had shot lions and leopards, and now I was in chase of the king of the sea. The whole world exists for no other purpose than to be captured and conquered. I have experienced all. I soon acquired enough skill to take the position of captain, and in that capacity I sailed. But yet the last thing remained for me—the most pleasant of all—namely, to hunt men. This was at first an adventure—exciting, stirring. Amid many dangers we sailed for Madagascar: we caught men and bought men; courage and craft were put in action, and this pleased me. Much danger, much money. In Louisiana, where there are large sugar-plantations, single individuals have three, four, and five thousand slaves. The principal slave-market is at Charleston, South Carolina. It is chiefly boys who are imported; no old men. It will seem absurd to you, but I consider it a triumph of human freedom and superiority for one man to steal and sell another. No beast can seize and hold his equal in that way—it being always supposed, but never granted, that negroes are men. Yes, I have been a slave-dealer! I was known as the ‘Sea-eagle.’ The sea-eagle has the most delicate sense of danger; he flies away, and will not let himself

be caught. It was a beautiful pastime, worthy of a bold man. I stole the chief who sold me his subjects. The black, speaking animals have something of their so-called fellow-men, which, perhaps—I say, perhaps—makes them our equals: they can dissemble as well as white men. No animals can be hypocrites, and if hypocrisy is a title to equal rights, the blacks should certainly have them. After the first anger the chief was very submissive; but one day I and my cargo were chased by an English ship, and I was forced to throw my load of human trumpery overboard: this gave the sharks fodder. Look here! here is the thumb which the chief tried to bite off; you know how it appeared in those days. From that time I went to sea no more; left the business to be conducted by others, and finally relinquished it altogether. I had wealth enough—I had large plantations, and had brought up and married the daughter of the captain, who died on the whaling-voyage. A disposition so childish, unthinking, and half-stupid as hers pleased me. At that time I did not know that there are great, heroic, world-conquering spirits in women."

These latter words were uttered in a loud tone. Sonnenkamp then made a short pause, and continued:

"I lived in perfect quietness while the crazy abolitionist party was spreading from the North. And, as my countrymen, more than others, gave themselves out to be the most magnanimous philanthropists, I came out with an article stating that I was a German, in order to show that not *all* Germans resembled these fanatics. I showed that it was insanity to wish to liberate the slaves. Humane men would aid them benevolently, but the misery, poverty, and wickedness of the world are not to be cured by benevolence. The works of mercy, all seven of them, do the world no permanent good; they are nothing but quack-medicines. The only lasting, real piece of benevolence is to keep the lower classes in slavery. To wish to be nothing but what they are—to be cared for by their masters, is the best condition for blacks, certainly, and probably not less for whites. Herr Weidmann knows that his nephew was the bitterest of all my enemies. I was in the Southern States. I was there, and there were those who, with me, were the nobility: we were privileged. There are privileged races, and in them privileged natures. The only honest men with whom I had yet become acquainted seemed to me those Southern barons: everywhere else was hypocrisy. But yet it displeased me to see that they, too, tried to cover their business with religion; but yet it was good fun to see how ready the clergymen were to aid in the concealment. However, I soon learned to esteem these Southern gentlemen—they were hypocrites; they held slaves, and yet looked down upon the men who imported them. That was cer-

tainly a remnant of the old hypocrisy about the supremacy of virtue. Why deny natural, open, merciless authority? Why not openly own to that to which one owns in secret? Because the English petitioners to Parliament place slave-dealers in the category of pirates? Even the free men of the South are themselves slaves of custom. Soon I myself began to yield. I had a son, and a longing which I could not conquer awoke in me. I do not know whether or not I have yet told you, that in my early youth I very often thought that if I had been a nobleman—that if, with my courage and craft, I had entered military service, I would have been a proper man like others; would have been reckless for awhile, then, husbanding my means, would have settled down and founded an honorable family. The real reason why I had lived such an adventurous, restless life, always seemed to me the fact that I was a private citizen, with every aspiration toward a different life, but constantly thrown back into my old one. It is self-contradictory, I know; I despised the world, and yet put a high value on worldly honor. This was the result of an impression made in youth by the idea of nobility. The only security which the world deigns to give you is nobility and genius; without one of these you cannot escape mediocrity, and being merely tolerated. I told my wife what a glorious life one could lead at a little Court in Germany, and this idea became fixed in her mind. It is easier to tear her heart out of her body, than to tear a hope out of her heart. I see the struggle coming in the New World: courage and strength are on our side; bloodshed without parallel will come, but we shall conquer. The Southern States wish for independence, which is the one—the most important thing. I have worked in Europe for our cause. We have lived in England, Italy, and Switzerland. For awhile I thought of becoming what is called a free, prosy Swiss peasant. But I hated Switzerland; she permits a stranger to be free as long as he is a stranger; but if he wishes to become a citizen of the State he can be free no longer, but must take part in every trifling affair. He who does not wish to make money or be pious—they are easily convertible terms—he who does not find a big enough world in himself, has no business in Switzerland: there is no court, no nobility, no barracks there. There are only three things there: church, school, and hospital—all three are indifferent to me. I would not live in Switzerland; to have unattainable heights ever before one's eyes is oppressive: for the same reason the Rhine is pleasant and home-like.

“Germany is, and will remain, the only country for the free man. Here one pays his taxes and has nothing else to do.

“I returned to Germany because I wished to acquire a distinguished social position for myself and my son. To be respected

by one's neighborhood and by one's fellows is an exquisite luxury, perhaps the most exquisite of all; I, too, wished to obtain this. I wished to give my son that which is, perhaps, fully understood only by Germans, a sense of the duty of serving others; and to this end one song—and this is the only piece of sentimentality which I have allowed myself—was continually singing itself in my ears; it sang of a Villa on the Rhine. This song I heard in childhood, and in after-life; it was the sentimental feature of my life, and it destroyed me. When I looked over the world and asked myself where life could be passed most pleasantly, then, as I have said, I was forced to confess to myself that the greatest pleasure is to be found in the life of a rich baron of a small German place; for in such a position one has enjoyment unconnected with duty, all honor in a little circle, and pleasure in addition. I had been in all circumstances of life, had scuffled and drunk with redskins, and my scalp has more than once been in danger of being made an addition to an Indian's selection of choice decorations, and now I wished to try life among the red-collars* and with the chief of *this* tribe. I did not wish to leave the world without having tried court-life. I had also dreamt an idyl, for I had yet some German romance in me, and it was not without design that I named my place Villa Eden. I wished to live here quietly and enjoy myself among my plants, just as the plants enjoy themselves; but I was again torn away and brought into the world, especially by the thought of my children. Enough; you know that I wished to become a noble. Well, now I am about through, yet—"

He paused and regarded the stick which he had been whittling. He had carved a negro's head with the tongue protruding from the mouth. With a sudden movement of the knife he cut away the mouth and tongue, and they fell in his lap. He then proceeded, his face writhing as much as that of the image he had made:

"I placed myself and my children under the protection of civilization; I fled not to the wilderness, but to what is called civilization. To speak honestly, I don't regret the act. I am no weakling; my soul has been tempered in hell-fire. I did not conceal my past life because I considered it a wicked one. What is wicked in the world? I concealed myself from ignorance and weakness. Thousands repent without becoming better; I did not repent and had no desire to become better. If I had been a soldier in a fortunate war, I would probably have become a hero. I am a man without superstitions; have not even the superstition of philanthropy. I shall live and die fully convinced that equal rights are a mere fancy. It will never, never do any

* The nobility.

good to free the negroes; they will be exterminated, if things should ever come to such a pass that a negro should occupy the White House at Washington. The world is full of hypocrisy; my only pride is that I am not a hypocrite.

"And now, men of honesty and virtue, has any one of you a question to ask me? is anything not clear? I am ready to answer."

He paused. No one spoke.

"Now, then," said he in conclusion, "men of honesty and virtue, I conjure you, not for my sake, but for that of my children, to lay upon me something, no matter what, by way of expiation. Ask me to commit suicide; I will do so. Demand half of my wealth—it is far greater than the amount I have acquired through dealing in slaves—I will give it up. I thank you, and now await the expiration of the appointed days to receive your verdict."

He left the room, and the men were alone.

Clodwig whispered to Erich.

"Cain slew his brother: the modern Cain sells his brother."

CHAPTER IX.

MAN'S HESITATION AND WOMAN'S DECISION.

WHO could have read the faces of the judges and the meaning of the glances they interchanged while Sonnenkamp was telling his story!

When Sonnenkamp had retired, they sat without speaking.

Weidmann was serene and unruffled; his bright blue eye was calm; he seemed surprised at nothing.

The Major was undergoing an internal struggle. He thought of his past life, and often struck his breast with clenched hand, as he thought:

"Yes; who knows but I might have become such a man!"

And in his agitation in regard to himself and the man who could speak out so boldly, the Major was overpowered. He tried to restrain his tears, but could not do so. He wiped the perspiration and tears from his face with his handkerchief. He thought of hastening after the poor, rich man, embracing him, and saying: "Brother, brother, you have been a very wicked brother, but are now becoming good; you wish to be so," but he dared not accomplish what his heart urged him to do. He looked about to see if no one would speak; but no one was looking at him except Professor Einsiedel, who appreciated him. The Major nodded to him, as if to say:

"You never found anything like this in your books. It is horrible to think of all this man has thought and done; but I

pity him from the bottom of my heart, and so do you. I see it in your face."

The Doctor was the first to break the silence, and said to Clodwig:

"We have allowed ourselves to be abused by being brought to a farce. It is possible to regenerate a stupid or a passionate criminal, but not one who is crafty and hardened."

"Yet with all my detestation of him," Clodwig replied, "I admire the power with which he laid bare the hypocrisy of the world. Ah!"

His mouth seemed parched, and he moved his tongue from side to side in it. He seemed unable to speak further. Noticing the Banker's disturbed face, he nodded to him, and said:

"I see you have something to say. Proceed."

The Banker's face grew yet redder, and he said:

"Certainly. I will not speak of how the history of this man's life has moved me. There is something in it—I know not how to name it; but I think it is a history of neglect, and perhaps a Jew is peculiarly inclined and fitted to judge more fairly and mildly of crimes and errors which have their source in neglect than of others. To be neglected, to have one's social position questioned, may easily make one bitter and morose, and drive him to seek distraction. It needs a peculiar nature to be moulded by it to gentleness and hesitancy."

The Doctor respected the considerateness of the man, but did not seem inclined to enter upon the discussion at present. He pressed for a decision, and asked:

"Have you a punishment or an expiation to propose?"

"Briefly," replied the Banker, "I know of no other way to act than to deprive the father of all parental control over his children; and we must find some way of doing so without injuring the children."

"We Germans," said the Doctor, laughingly, "are nothing in the world but schoolmasters. Here is this hardened reprobate of a Sonnenkamp trying to teach us that his villainy is nothing but philosophy and logic, and how scornfully he tricks up his cynicism with ideas!"

"Exile," began Professor Einsiedel, "exile should be the only penalty which we, like the ancients, inflict on one who has desecrated and insulted all that the civilized world holds sacred; but there is no country to which we could send the man where, deprived of all the achievements of civilization, he could atone for his life."

Professor Einsiedel seemed not disinclined to give the results of his studies, and to show that the Greeks had no conception of the mischief of slavery; but the Doctor laid his hand on his shoulder, as much as to say:

"Pray, defer this to another occasion."

The Professor nodded to him.

"Any punishment which we put upon him," said Prince Valerian, "will affect his children. He is covered by an invulnerable shield."

Again there was a pause.

"And yet we must and will find out what to do," cried Weidmann. "Let us meet here a week from now to see what verdicts have been found, and then we will decide definitively. It is our duty to settle on something which will be an expiation to him, and yet not affect those who are guiltless."

The Major, in a husky voice, asked his friends not to separate yet, as nothing right had yet been thought of; and, for his part, he felt unable to think up anything. He would have liked to ask to be allowed to call Fräulein Milch to his aid, for he knew that she could help him; but this was impossible, for a jurymen cannot ask advice of outsiders.

The Major rolled his heavy head from side to side; it seemed too heavy for him.

The assembly apparently wished to escape the disagreeable situation, and Weidmann cried:

"I declare the meeting adjourned."

All rose, as if necessitated to leave a prison, to escape a pestilential air. They would willingly have gone into the open air, but it was raining heavily, and little pools and gutters were forming in the garden. They adjourned to a large saloon, and the Krischer said:

"How would it be, let me ask, gentlemen, how would it be if we were to send Herr Sonnenkamp home again, and make him sell himself for a slave?"

As no one replied, he continued, timidly:

"I don't know whether it would work, but it would be something."

Weidmann told him that a white man could not be a slave.

"This Herr Sonnenkamp," said Clodwig to Erich, with trembling lips, "is nothing but a sacrifice to the contradiction of our age. The whole of modern humanity has a bad conscience; it knows that it is in conflict with itself, and that makes it so restless. This individual man, as he roams about—at night seeking vice and in the day becoming admirably respectable—this is the offspring of our life. Ah! pray excuse me, I am very ill."

Clodwig asked the Doctor to accompany him to Wolfsgarten. He felt unwell; but just as the Doctor was stepping into the carriage with him, he was called to see Frau Ceres.

Joseph came presently and told Clodwig that the Doctor could not leave his patient.

The Doctor remained with Frau Ceres, who, in an outburst of madness, had strangled the parrot and broken everything in the room.

He opened a vein; the blood flowed dark, but the lady became more quiet.

Sonnenkamp, when he was told of his wife's sickness, did not leave his room.

The Doctor sent word to Clodwig that he had better wait at the Villa, especially as it continued to rain in torrents and the Rhine had begun to overflow its banks; but Clodwig, nevertheless, determined to set out.

The Doctor then came in person, and begged the Banker to go to Wolfsgarten with Clodwig, and Clodwig joined in the request.

The Banker instantly agreed, but said that he must first go back to the village, in order to send home a telegram, that he was not to be expected there till he should send further word. So he rode away.

Bella had gone to the vine-clad cottage to see Aunt Claudine, and was very affectionate to Lina and Claudine; but she could not help saying some bitter words about the selfishness of Frau Dournay and Manna, in leaving home at such a critical and fearful time.

As a servant came and said that Clodwig was going to return immediately to Wolfsgarten, Bella stamped her foot angrily, and said:

"I won't go!"

But then she added:

"Very well; have the carriage brought here."

The carriage approached: Clodwig did not alight, and Bella mounted alone; he sat shivering in a corner.

"Why do you not ask how I am?" he asked, softly and in a trembling voice.

Bella did not reply; she was undergoing a fierce internal struggle. Suddenly she cried out:

"Disgrace and shame on you all! What are you all, in comparison with this man? He alone is a man—he alone. He is something great and mighty, in comparison with this miserable lint-picking, tender-hearted brotherhood! You are weak-heads, miserable things! This Sonnenkamp alone is a great man, a mighty man, a man indeed. Oh, if such a man—"

"Well? If such a man—"

"Question me no further, I'm going home with you—home! Don't speak—not a word, or I shall not care for the pouring rain, for anything. I'll jump out of the carriage; I'll run out into the world—I don't know where, only I will not be chained. I will not be cooped up in your pitiful, old, antique-digging,

smooth-speaking, bragging, freedom-palavering, hypocritical, and philanthropical world."

"Wife, what are you saying? Are, then, good and evil—"

"Pah! Evil and good! They are the crutches you use to stand with, because you have no support in yourself. Let a man be strong and steady—good or evil, what matters?—but not weak, not sentimentally screening himself behind your whimpering philanthropy. A man who is not of iron should be a woman—no, not a woman—a nun. A pretty pass! A Jew and an Atheist, like this Herr Dournay, bring a verdict against such a man. Yes, Atheists are the only consistent democrats. To them all things are equal. There is no longer a higher being, no longer a God, for all is alike, and so are you! You're all cowardly, lazy fellows! He alone is a man! He has done you too much honor by condescending to be one of you—you're unworthy of him. You're all afraid of Jean Jacques Rousseau, of the idiots who talk of 'equality.' It must again be seen whether or not the world is to be drowned in the pap of equality, or whether there are high and low. You ought to go over the sea, where the last decisive battle is being fought. But you are nothing but bedizzened carpet-knights. The Southern States stand; and if they fall, there will be no more aristocracy, and then the shears of equality will clip you all. Call the coachman inside—he's a man and a brother! Don't leave him out there in the rain, he must get into the carriage. Or shall I call him for you?"

She seized the string, and the coachman stopped; she put Clodwig in painful anxiety, but then cried:

"Drive on—it's nothing!"

She turned her head uneasily from side to side; her eyes rolled wildly, and gnashing her teeth, she cried aloud:

"Out on all weaklings! Oh, I wish I were a man!"

Clodwig sat in the corner and shivered. At that instant something clicked in Bella's mouth: she laid her hand on her mouth. What is it? Yes, she takes it out—it is that. In her rage she had broken one of her front teeth; it had been thin for a long time, and had needed great care. Bella clinched the hand in which she held her tooth, and pressed her mouth. What had happened to her? Suddenly she thought, "The worst of this is, that I can no longer be sarcastic about people who wear false teeth;" but yet she could do so, for who would believe that she, Bella, had a false tooth?

At the village she met the Banker; he said that he had sent the message, and was ready to go with them.

Bella alighted; she had her handkerchief before her mouth, and her voice came muffled through it as she asked the Banker to accompany her husband, and told a servant to remain with

her. She hurried to the railway-station. She was confused when she arrived there, did not take the handkerchief from her mouth, and told the servant to take tickets to the garrison-town. Then she sat quietly in a corner of the saloon with her veil doubled over her face. She went to the garrison-town. No one shall know that she has a false tooth—no one shall see the broken tooth.

As Clodwig went home, he frequently wiped his eyes. Above all, his pride was wounded—he was despised—and by whom? By his wife. And on whose account? On that of this abandoned adventurer. It stabbed him to the heart to say, “She never loved me.” And the pain of this blow did not subside, for his bodily suffering became mental, and who can measure the effect of this reciprocal action?

The rain had ceased, but to Clodwig all things seemed wrapped in sombre clouds. He came to Wolfsgarten, but all the rooms seemed filled with mist and cloud. He sat down in a chair.

“I am alone—alone!” he kept saying to himself.

The Banker tried to soothe him with kind words, but he shook his head; he knew that Bella had never loved him—that she hated him. He felt that he was debased, scourged. Bella’s words had stabbed him to the heart, and the wound was deadly.

They took his coat off; he looked at it with a melancholy smile, and nodded his head.

Did he think that he was never to put it on again? . . .

When Bella came home, early the next morning, and went to Clodwig’s bed, he looked at her with ghastly eyes; he saw the coldness and bitterness of her face.

“Medusa! Medusa!” he shrieked.

He did not know what he had said, and sank back on the pillow.

He was brought back to life. Hours of bitter pain succeeded before the Doctor arrived. Clodwig had wanted Erich too.

The Doctor said that Clodwig was very ill; the business of the jury had been too much for him. The return home through the rain—“and perhaps something else,” said he to Bella, who looked at him with steady eyes and unmoved face.

Bella sent for her brother, but no one knew exactly where he was.

“I am alone!” she, too, said.

She shuddered as she said so, for she felt that in reality she would soon be alone.

CHAPTER X.

A KNIGHT ERRANT.

IT had been hard to find Prancken, for he had lost himself after leaving the Villa. Never did a man walk along externally more proud and self-reliant, and inwardly more broken, than Prancken. It was more than his good figure, it was habit that held him upright.

Prancken would have borne it hard, but would have found some consolation, if Manna had rejected him for the sake of the convent; but to reject him, him, Otto von Prancken, for another! He was awfully distressed.

Otto von Prancken was despised, and he loved truly. Could Otto von Prancken love, and yet not be loved in return? If the girl had taken the veil, and cast the world aside, he too would have been cast aside, for he belonged to the world; but to be so scorned and rejected for the sake of another—Otto von Prancken's love is not listened to.

"Not listened to!" said he, gnashing his teeth.

It did not occur to him how bad his course had been. He felt only his wounded dignity, his insulted pride, his despised love—for he loved Manna: united to her, and, of course to her money, he would have led an exemplary life, and have rejoiced only in fine horses.

What was now to become of him?

For the first time in his life Prancken pitied himself. He seemed to himself to be virtue unappreciated and abused; but, above all, he felt his noble dignity insulted—his fidelity unrewarded with gratitude. What had he not sacrificed for this family? And now! a mournful funeral-train passed before his thoughts; people who stood by the way must not press through, but wait for the procession to pass.

He rode along as if banished from the world. Where should he turn? To whom complain?

"Should Otto von Prancken lament to a man—seem helpless before another?"

He laughed aloud as he remembered that, in anticipation of the millions that were to be his, he had contracted heavy debts. What was to be done now?

Involuntarily he turned and looked back at Villa Eden.

Only one line would be necessary—one short interview. Yes, if he should ride back and lay that *one* thing before Sonnenkamp, he might ride away with hundreds of thousands in his pocket. But no, that must not be.

"Phew!" said he to himself, "how could such a thought occur to me!"

He rode forward and passed the villa of Herr von Endlich. There was a young widow up there—why not go and see her? He knew that there his love would not be scorned. No; not yet: and yet he drew up and alighted. He asked for the lady, and was told that she had gone to Italy with her brother.

Snearing at himself, he mounted his horse again. He would go to Bella and Clodwig. No; not that, either. He had not asked their advice, when, in the face of the whole world, he had united himself to Sonnenkamp; should he now be pitied by Clodwig, and have a dish of philosophy served up for him?

He turned his horse and rode up the river, and again passed Villa Eden. His horse wanted to enter the gate—he spurred and whipped it to make it go on.

He rode to the parsonage, and asked for Miss Perini. She came.

He instantly asked if she intended to live at the house any longer.

Miss Perini was surprised, and said she hoped she had not been mistaken in him. Surely he did not intend to leave everything for those Huguenots. She said she was the daughter of a man who for a far smaller thing had shot a man in a duel.

The Priest interrupted her:

"My noble young friend, not that; no, not that! What good would it do for you to shoot a man in a little duel at the corner of a grove, even though you should do it according to the laws of the duello. You children of the nobility must fight the great duel with the revolution under the banner of the Pope, for your own sake also. *There* is to be fought the great duel between faith and godlessness, between eternal law and fickle self-apotheosis, and the battle is yours."

Francken smiled to himself, but did not say how singular it seemed to him to hear the Priest say that before it was known where the money came from it was permitted to accept it, but now that the source of it was known, it could not be received.

Francken smiled, and looked at the Priest. Had the Priest not known, then, where the money was to come from? It was on his lips to say: "It is very friendly and shrewd, now that nothing more can be obtained, to act as though it had been declined." But this was unnecessary, and why should he now embitter the only party which yet held to him? Yes, here he was yet honored, and no longer that lonely and forsaken individual who had ridden along the road, not knowing where in the world to go. He would be shrewd, too, he would play with people now. He said that he had separated from Sonnenkamp because he had not yielded to him, and he had given up great wealth for

piety's sake. He had every right to say so, for such had been his wish. He would now hold to this: Manna's rejection of him was kept out of sight, and his unyielding faithfulness to Sonnenkamp thereby gained a certain air of consecration.

The Priest reminded Prancken that the church-council was to be held that day: he was expected to attend it.

Prancken took his leave.

Miss Perini returned to the Villa, smiling proudly. Singular people, these Germans! She at least would remain till she had enough; she would not be dislodged with empty hands.

Prancken rode away. He passed the villa which had belonged to the Privy-councillor. "Ah, they were shrewd," said he to himself; "they filled their purses before the final decision. Why was I so simple, so delicate, and trusting?"

He put his horse up at the railway-station, and went to the cathedral-city. Certainly he was expected; but how, how should he meet his comrades? Fortunately he arrived just as the meeting broke up. In the bishop's palace he was respectfully welcomed; he was glad that there was yet respect paid to him somewhere in the world, and here he hastily came to a decision.

And here also he received Bella's message.

He set out.

He arrived at Wolfsgarten. The Banker was the first who met him, and he said with deep emotion that Clodwig was very ill. Prancken looked at the man haughtily, but had politeness enough to address some friendly words to him.

He went to Bella. After telling him of Clodwig's illness, she praised him as the only true man, for he had been faithful to Sonnenkamp.

Prancken compressed his lips and said nothing. It was not now the time to tell of what had taken place, and of his decision. Even when Bella asked why he looked so disturbed he could not tell her.

"Why were you not at the sitting of the jury? Do you come from Villa Eden? How does it look there?" asked Bella.

"I don't know," Prancken replied, after a pause.

Yes; how did it look at Villa Eden?

CHAPTER XI.

DESOLATION AT THE VILLA.

SONNENKAMP sat alone. In his solitude he thought he heard a crackling—a low, hardly perceptible gnawing, as of flames licking among the beams, spreading wider and wider and feeding on what they met. He had deceived himself, and yet he felt and knew that a fire was burning; it crept noiselessly, it fast-

ened upon the floor of the room; it licked along the walls; the chairs were on fire; the closets; the books; the painted faces were grotesquely distorted on the canvas, and became flame. And still the flame crawled on and stole from room to room, and at last reached the roof; and then the whole house seemed carried up to the heavens.

How would it be to give the house and all its contents to the flames? No; there is a better, a higher means of safety than that—an act of violence, a mighty, a great, a beautiful. . . . Just then some one knocked at the door. It must be Bella come to explain why she had disappeared when he came from the room where the jury was sitting and entered the seed-room. He opened the door hastily, and not Bella but Weidmann entered.

"Have you anything to ask me in private?" said Sonnenkamp haughtily.

"I have a request to make."

"A favor! You?"

"Yes; give me your son—"

"My son?" cried Sonnenkamp in amazement.

"Will you be good enough to allow me to complete my sentence?—Give me your son; let me keep him in my house for days, weeks, months—as long as you please; only let me place the youth for a time in another sphere, in which he can learn to live a new life. Just now he needs some energetic work which will liberate his thoughts. During my short intercourse with your son, before the present circumstances came into existence, I noticed with pleasure that, notwithstanding his great beauty, he has very little personal vanity. He desires to look at others and not at himself. That will be of service to him. I can aid him yet further: since your son is not to be a soldier, perhaps it would be well for him to learn agriculture."

"Is this a plan which you and Herr Dournay have prepared?"

"Yes; it is his wish, and I think it a very proper one."

"So?" said Sonnenkamp. "Perhaps Roland already knows of this wish and its appropriateness?"

"I do not blame you for this bitterness; I can explain it to myself, for it is no small thing to be in a position where others try to dispose of us and ours."

"Thank you: thank you greatly."

"If you decline, nobody shall know of the proposition but you, Herr Dournay, and myself."

"Have I said I decline? You will yet have a proof of my confidence in you. I have made you my executor."

"I am older than you."

Sonnenkamp did not reply to this objection, and Weidmann proceeded:

"What is your decision in regard to my request about your son?"

"If he wishes to go with you, he has my consent. Allow me to ask one question. Is this the penalty you have laid on me, or is it a part of it?"

Weidmann said it was neither.

The carriage in which Manna, Frau Dournay, and Roland returned, entered the courtyard. Weidmann saluted Frau Dournay cordially; he had known her long ago, and now for the first time saw the brilliant beauty as a matron. The three brought from Mattenheim a freshness which strengthened them for all that was yet to come.

As they sat together in the cottage, a mounted messenger came from Clodwig asking Erich to come to Wolfsgarten.

Weidmann again spoke of the project of taking Roland to Mattenheim with him: everybody urged Roland to accept the invitation, and Roland said that there was no need of urging him. He consented to go, and at once set out with Weidmann, Prince Valerian, and Knopf.

Mattenheim lay on the other side of the Rhine, and while the carriage was crossing the ferry, Roland stood at the end of the boat and looked back long and silently at his father's house. Tears came into his eyes, but he mastered himself.

A tempest was raging through the park and howled around the house, and the first fire had been lighted on the hearth. The fireplaces, notwithstanding their number, were of no service now; the house was filled with smoke, and a whirlwind seemed to separate all the inmates of Villa Eden from each other. Roland had gone, Pranken had disappeared, Manna lived with Frau Dournay at the cottage, and Erich had ridden away. Sonnenkamp and Frau Ceres were alone at the Villa. Miss Perini came to Sonnenkamp and told him that his wife wished to speak with him instantly. In the lady's illness a phase had come which she did not understand how to quiet.

Sonnenkamp hastened to his wife's room; she was not there. The waiting-woman said that as soon as Miss Perini had gone away her mistress had rushed through the house and gone into the park. He went after her, called her, and at last found her sitting on the shore of the river in the midst of the storm, beautifully dressed, with her diadem on her forehead, a large pearl necklace on her bare neck, great bracelets on her arms, and a girdle of emeralds around her waist, where it glittered and shimmered. She looked at Sonnenkamp with a strange smile, and then said:

"You have dressed me beautifully and given me rich presents."

She seemed to grow taller, and cried, as she threw back her black hair :

"See! here is the dagger; I wanted to kill myself with it, but I throw it away."

The handle, studded with pearls and diamonds, gleamed as it went through the air; then it sank and disappeared in the water.

"What are you doing? What is this?"

"You shall go back home with me," she cried, "or I will throw myself into the river and take half your wealth—these jewels—with me."

"You're fooled, my child," sneered Sonnenkamp. "Do you think that those are genuine jewels? I never gave you, you silly child, anything but mock jewels; genuine jewels, chased and set like those, I have kept locked up in my secure safe."

"So? You are clever," answered Frau Ceres.

"And you, my wild child, are not crazy?"

"No, I'm not, unless I become so. I will stay with you—I will never leave you a minute. Oh, I know you, I know you! you want to leave me."

Sonnenkamp shuddered.

What was this? How could this simple being arouse and call from his soul a thought which had been slumbering there? He spoke the tenderest words to Frau Ceres, and took her back to the house: he kissed her and she became quieter, but his determination stood unshaken—he would free himself. But one thing remained to be done, and then he would go free in the world. That one thing was to go back to the capital and shoot down Professor Crutius. He fought and struggled with the thought, but at last was forced to relinquish it. But the other—that must be done. And, like a confirmation of his hidden resolution, a messenger came from Erich saying that he would remain a little longer at Wolfsgarten, for Clodwig was near death.

CHAPTER XII.

A MOURNFUL MEETING.

ERICH rode to Wolfsgarten. On the way he met the Major and Fräulein Milch, struggling along under a huge umbrella.

Erich told them that Clodwig was very ill, and the Major said:

"Don't let him have any other nurse. Fräulein Milch will come and take care of him. Herr Captain, one ought to be sick for the express purpose of having Fräulein Milch to take care of him."

Fräulein Milch expressed her willingness to go to Clodwig if she should be needed.

Erich rode on, and endeavored to arrange in his mind all that he had experienced, in order to get strength to withstand what was yet to come. What changes had he and others not undergone since he first rode from Wolfsgarten to Villa Eden! It all passed through his mind, and he drew a deep breath of satisfaction as he thought of what would have become of him had he not acted rightly in connection with Bella. How different it would have been had he now been riding to Wolfsgarten with his soul torn by the feeling that he desired Clodwig's death in order to possess Bella! He would have been forced to stand by the bedside of the dying man an infamous hypocrite. No poet has yet dared to depict the feelings of two persons who base all their hopes of happiness on the death of another, and these two not vulgar criminals, but educated, intelligent persons.

Erich looked about as if he had been rescued from a great danger. Never was a man more devout than Erich, as he halted and said to himself:

"I thank thee, thou eternal and ineffable Spirit, for it was not I who made me what I am by education and inheritance. I stand here and am pure. I will deserve to remain pure and guiltless."

At last, wishing to escape his own thoughts and questionings, he talked with the messenger, an old and trusty servant of the house of Wolfsgarten. The man said that Clodwig and the Banker had come to Wolfsgarten without the Countess, and that they then thought that Clodwig must die.

The servant turned round, and, pointing with his whip at Villa Eden, said:

"There are nowhere more singular things taking place than in the world."

In the midst of all his sorrow, Erich could not help laughing loudly at this singular remark.

"Are any of the relatives at Wolfsgarten?"

"No; nobody but the Jew is there, but he is a friend of the master."

Erich regretted having entered into conversation with the servant, for he could not be restrained from talking on.

At the last rise in the road Erich alighted, and went on foot through the mountain forest. All was still. The yoke-elm, which had first put forth its foliage, was now the first to be stripped of its yellow leaves, and the falling leaves rustled and crackled softly in the woods, and nothing else was heard save the hawk screaming above on the heights.

Erich arrived at the house, and entered the court. He went to Bella, who looked pale and in deep suffering. He

entered just as Bella was asking her brother for news from Villa Eden.

Erich was dismayed to meet Präncken here. Both men had need of all their self-control in facing each other.

Bella thanked Erich for coming first to her.

"He is asleep now," said she; "he keeps talking about you. I assure you, you will hardly recognize him; give him his way in everything; he is much excited."

Bella's voice was husky. She hid her eyes with her white hand, and then asked:

"Were you present at your father's death?"

"Yes."

Bella went to announce Erich's arrival to Clodwig. Präncken and Erich were alone. It was long before either spoke, but at last Präncken began:

"I believed that I should never speak to Herr Dournay again; but we are now by a sick-bed, and for the sick man's sake—"

"I thank you."

"I beg that you will neither thank nor address me, except so far as is necessary to avoid disturbing others—nothing further."

He turned, and was about to leave the room.

"But one word," said Erich. "In the next hour we may see an eye grow dim, from which mildness and nobility ever shone. Let all bitterness against me pass from your mind, or at least be laid to rest for the time being. Let us not, at that hour, stand by each other as enemies."

"You are a good talker, I know that."

"And now I wish you would hear only the good. It pains me to seem ungrateful; but now, in the face of a mystery which some day will also await us, I repeat—"

Bella came back, and said:

"He is sleeping yet. Ah, Herr Dournay, Clodwig loves you better than any one else in the world."

She gave Erich her hand—it was cold as ice. For a long time the three were silent. At last Erich asked:

"Is it, then, inevitable?"

"Yes. The Doctor says it is probable that now his life is to be counted by hours—Don't you hear anything?—The Doctor promised to come back immediately. Ah, if I could only get Clodwig to call in another physician for consultation! Pray, urge him to do so. I have no faith in Doctor Richard."

Erich did not reply.

"Oh, my God!" sobbed Bella, "how we are forsaken in time of need! You will remain with us—you will not leave us?"

Erich promised.

There was a singular tone in Bella's voice—a reminiscence of her courtly past—as she now begged pardon for not having



asked about Erich's mother, Frau Ceres, and Manna. She jerked her words out in a peculiar way, as she asked:

"And how is Herr Sonnenkamp?"

A servant came, and said that the Herr Count was awake, and had immediately asked if Herr Captain Dournay had not yet come.

"Go to him," said Bella, laying her hand on Erich's shoulder. "Pray, go; but urge him in your own name, not in mine, to call in another doctor."

Erich went; and as soon as he had left the room, Bella said to Prancken:

"Otto, get the Jew away as politely as possible. What does he want here?"

Prancken went to the Banker.

Bella was alone. She was filled with an unrest which she could not master: in thought she was already preparing the death-notices, and had even written the words:

"The mournful intelligence is herein conveyed to relatives and friends, that my beloved husband, Clodwig, Count von Wolfsgarten auf Wolfsgarten, formerly ambassador to Rome, and knight of high orders, has died, after a short illness, at the age of sixty-five. I pray your silent sympathy.

"BELLA, Countess von Wolfsgarten,
"née von Prancken."

Some demon was always thrusting this funeral notice before her; she saw it before her bordered with black, while Clodwig was yet alive. Why was it? What compelled her to compose the very words so soon, to see them before her? She could not escape. She took up the paper, tore it in pieces, and threw the pieces out of the window into the rain.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE LAST BLUE-BELL.

IN the mean time Erich had entered the sick-room.

"Have you come at last?" cried Clodwig. His voice was feeble, and the hand, small as a child's, which he gave to Erich, was thinner than ever.

"Be seated," said he. "Do not be so disturbed; you are young and strong, and have a quiet conscience. Give me your hand. It is fortunate that I shall die in full possession of consciousness. I have often wished to die suddenly. It is better so. Tell me how your mother is. Is it true that you are engaged to marry the daughter of that wretch?"

Erich could not speak; so he nodded, and Clodwig continued:

"That is beautiful—a part of the great compensation in the world. Once, you should have been my son . . . my son! It is better so. I ought to have no son. Tell me now how it is with Roland. Would he not come with you? I see him, the beautiful boy, always before me You have done well, Erich, entirely well. You will remain with the youth. If we could only know what is, to become of the father!"

Before Erich could reply, the sick man fell back on his pillow. He seemed asleep. Nothing was heard but the ticking of the clock, and then a carriage entered the court, the wheels crunching in the gravel.

Clodwig awoke.

"There's the Doctor!" he cried out.

He asked the nurse to tell the Doctor to leave him alone with Erich for awhile. The nurse gave the message to a servant, and seated herself in the anteroom. Clodwig rose in bed abruptly, and said:

"Close the door, I must speak with you alone."

Erich sat by the bed, and Clodwig began:

"This Sonnenkamp, so devoid of shame, and yet . . . Hypocrisy, it is great in the world, everywhere; a confused mass of caricatures and masks which do not recognize each other. I pass judgment on Sonnenkamp! I have acquitted him. His way crooked, his goal horrible! Who shall render judgment? Now, while speaking to you, it distracts me to think how the horrible thing has stabbed my brain. When I look back upon my life, what is it? I have filled out a uniform; we are mere walking empty sentry-boxes, bedaubed with the State colors. When a discharge comes we act mysteriously, whisper—'tis all idle trickery. Hypocrisy is the life of most men; it is mine too, although so long and honorable. We have none of us courage; we do not confess what we are. We drag ourselves about politely and complaisantly, with courtliness and pliability, and in our secret souls know that we are all a lie. We never tell each other what we are or what we have to confess. Do not be frightened; I have no crimes, no great transgressions to confess or lament. All my life I have been like thousands, like millions of others, but not my own self. Do you know that great word which God spoke when he revealed himself to the holy shepherd in the desert? That is it. It is God: 'I am that I am.' That is the truth, the verity. It is the divine in every man, and every man denies it. Who says, 'I am that I am?' Neither I, nor millions of my fellows have ever said it. Painted and varnished are we all, everywhere. No—not all, but most men. Were all so, the sun could never again rise upon the earth. But the time will come,

and you, too, are watching for it—you will see it; the time will come when men shall not be hypocrites and liars, and shall not let themselves be taken for what they are not; they will be what they seem. Do you understand me?"

"Yes, yes!"

"Then know that I have not done what I ought to have done. I have not, time after time, gone before the mighty and said: 'Such am I, and such must you be.' I have lulled myself with a false philosophy. I have persuaded myself that everything happens of itself; that we stand in the midst of the law of evolution, and have nothing to contribute to it. Ha, ha, ha! everything is evolved by itself. Well, well, death comes of itself; death comes and takes life, which was *not* life—no sincerity, no substantiality. I have known great actors. Death always comes hardest to an actor, not merely because he has played death so often: he knows what there is to be left of him—robes, masks, paint, withered garlands, transient applause, and after this death one is never called out again before the curtain. My son, we diplomats die the death of an actor. I have led a useless life. I had no country which could give me anything more to do than play with diplomatic mummeries. My life has been a life of idle activity. The greater part of it has been passed in the livery of, and for the sake of, a thing which I did not respect, hardly valued. There is this slave-dealer! 'Shame!' cries the whole world, and there have been negotiators in circles most highly honored, who have done worse than dealing in slaves. There are others who are not in jail because it was never necessary for them to steal, and respectability has been bought for them with money. Pray give me something to drink, my throat is dry."

Erich gave Clodwig a drink, but both were so unskilful that they spilled nearly all of it.

"No matter, no matter," said Clodwig, smiling. "So it is in the world, the least is drunk, the most is spilled—thrown away. Go now and let the Doctor come to me, but do you come back yourself."

Erich went and called the Doctor.

Bella inquired what Clodwig had said.

Erich could only answer her in general terms. He begged permission to go an instant into the air to recover his strength. He went to the garden.

The November storm was raging and lashed the rain. Erich wrapped himself in his cloak and entered the woods; it did him good to walk amid the tumult of the elements. He went through the park, and struck the same forest-path along which he walked on the morning after the evening on which he had laid his life before his new friend Clodwig. His heart was not light now; he did not walk as though borne along by an invisi-

ble power; he had to struggle with the storm, and above him the wind raged in the tree-tops. Now, as then, he stood in the open hall, roofed with leaves, but in the wide landscape nothing could be seen but the chasing and driving storm-clouds. By the walls of the hall, overshadowed with leaves, stood the lovely blue-bell yet, and Erich unconsciously plucked it. He went back, and then for the first time thought of taking the flower to Clodwig. He entered the sick-room, and Clodwig cried:

"Ah, the blue-bell! You pluck it and bring it to me! We used to have many dreams about it in my youth. Youth! Youth!" the sick man reiterated.

Clodwig took the flower, and then leaning out of the bed smelled Erich's clothes, and said:

"Yes, my son. Why should I now think of Bible-pictures? The patriarch Isaac said to his son, 'My son, your smell is like that of the field.' Yes, Erich, you bring country air to me in my sick-room. When I shall be no more, think that you have done me good."

Erich wept.

"Yes; weep, it is good; it does not harm you for me to make you so sorrowful; but I will distress you no more. You shall be happy, shall act freely on this earth, beneath whose sods I soon shall rest. I only ask you to be with me when I die; and when I am dead and disrobed, take something from my heart, which may only leave it with its last beat. Stay with me, Erich, I will not think of trivial and personal things, will not leave the world in hate and anger—no, not in hate, not in anger toward any man. Help me into the vast, the boundless—there I live, and there I will die."

Again he lay back on his pillows. Erich bent over him; he breathed peacefully, and a smile was on his face. What thoughts could now move his soul?

Erich wished to send a messenger to Villa Eden, to say that he would stay at Wolfsgarten; but Lutz had come, sent by Sonnenkamp to inquire in regard to the Count; he took the message to the Villa.

CHAPTER XIV.

REMINISCENCES AND PRESENTIMENTS OF A DYING MAN.

CLODWIG slept several hours. Erich sat with the Banker, and drew peace from his sympathetic, unselfish nature. The Banker was lacking in many of the customary formalities of society; but he had tact, and Erich, in the midst of his emotion, thought: "Only unselfishness has the true and unerring tact: want of tact is, at bottom, selfishness; for selfishness thinks and acts only for itself."

Erich learned to take a new view of the Banker. At Carlsbad the man had tried to make his intelligence assume a somewhat violent nature; but now his mild and sensible disposition became evident.

Erich recollected that the Banker had once said to him at Carlsbad: "Jews are the children of sympathy; they understand how to bear and alleviate suffering far better than how to give pleasure: the remembrance of past oppression makes them appreciate all sorrow."

The Banker plainly showed his desire to be of service, but yet readily allowed himself to be set aside.

Bella treated him with evident indifference. He bore it patiently, and although he did not say so, showed that he bore her no ill-will on that account. She acted in accordance with her disposition: she was not his friend; Clodwig was, and it seemed her duty to be in some degree polite to him. He sat in the library and was ready when called, but did not offer his services when he thought they would be disagreeable.

Toward midnight Erich was suddenly called: Clodwig was awake and wished to see him.

"Oh, I have slept so well," cried Clodwig; "and wonderful! I keep dreaming of my cousin Jettchen, whom I am to marry; but she has learned so little, and does not care to learn, and she has a sharp laugh, and says: 'Come, Clodwig, you are so melancholy; come, marry me; we will be happy.' And then I say: 'My child, I am so old, I have no teeth, and what would Bella say?' 'Ah, what!' says she, 'something sarcastic.' 'Come, let's dance,' and we dance to the church, and there stands the Priest, and he nods to us, and we keep on dancing past the Priest, and she is a glorious child with beautiful eyes, and loves me, and so we dance and dance, and I can dance well, till I wake and am not at all tired."

"Is your cousin Jettchen alive yet?"

"Oh, no; she died long ago. A few weeks ago a relative of hers was here. But is it not singular that my first love—I was hardly ten years old at that time—awakes in me? She had an apple in her hand, and bit it, and said: 'Take a bite.' I want to take the apple, but she won't let me, and says: 'Don't bite too much.' And when I woke, my mouth tasted as though I had really been eating a delicious apple. Yes, and now for the first time it occurs to me. We were once painted together. The painter said that it would give us pleasure sometime. He painted it so like nature, that of course his picture was bought. I think that somebody—I don't know who—kept it. Doesn't it seem a fine thing to you, too, that her name was Jettchen? She was a half-grown child, and dressed in light-red cotton cloth and a white apron. She always dressed so,

and wore a broad Florentine hat, whose brim fell on her shoulders."

Thus Clodwig talked, and said with a suppressed sigh: "Bella never wanted to hear about my youth." But he said, quickly, as if he did not wish to speak of his wife, and as he spoke he moved both of his hands: "No, listen; I can tell you my history. My life was very different from that of this Herr Sonnenkamp. My father was a minister. I was born in the ministerial palace, son of a late marriage—an only son, like this Herr Sonnenkamp; but my life was different from his. My father became ambassador of the Diet, and in Summer I often lived here on our estate. The society of the Diet—yes, who knows how long it will continue; nobody has represented it rightly—I could have done it. When I was yet a student it occurred to me that society only existed for the sake of hindering everything good. Come nearer; I want to tell you what the Diet is: It is the bad conscience of princes. See, I thought so long ago; I knew it early in life, and yet remained in the midst of it, and the further I went the more I saw that it was so.

"All the good which is now accomplished has sprung into existence in connection with the Diet, and the Church has taken something from the Diet. Good is accomplished independently of the Church, parallel with her. She has never abolished capital punishment, the rack, or chains. And now come the two great emancipations,—that of the slaves and that of the serfs. And who is it that has brought them about? Free philanthropy alone. See, this Herr Sonnenkamp lives in a world quite different from mine, and yet all my life I have been . . . Ah, wait an instant; I can talk no longer now."

Clodwig paused, and then began again:

"This Sonnenkamp is another proof to me that our education makes the same mistake that religion does. It does not lay down an absolute morality; therefore it is not the full, the true culture."

He raised himself in bed, and said:

"Come, I will give you my last words. I see two great principles rising in the world: the one is Imperialism,—it wishes to establish itself in America; and the other, which is yet more to be dreaded, is the Religious War. The one is gathering its forces around Rome; around the other, not man, not an idea, but Freedom itself, gather the rest. Two mighty standards are raised, and to these gather two invisible armies; on one banner is inscribed, 'We cannot!' on the other, 'We will!'

"Yet listen. There will come a new faith, a new knowledge, which shall make the world young again. To-day we walk always

in a churchyard, our life is death. Only a reawakening through a great idea, through a new religion . . . ah”

Suddenly he ceased. Bella entered the room.

She expressed her pleasure at finding Clodwig so well; and Clodwig yet preserved a formal politeness to his wife. She offered to give him medicine, and he said:

“Well, give it to me; but do not say anything against Doctor Richard; do not.”

Bella sat by the bed awhile without speaking. Clodwig begged her to go to rest. She obeyed; and when he was again alone with Erich, he said:

“In peaceful and painless hours, by day and by night, I have often thought how modern humanity shall gather together, and, shoulder to shoulder, in multitudes innumerable, shall press onward to some mountain height, to plant upon it the standard under which they have banded. What motto could be written on the banner which should unite them all? I saw you. You were carrying the standard, and on it was your motto, your own sentence uttered by you, and it alone was there: ‘Free Labor!’ That is it. Well for you that you spoke it, and I heard and saw it.”

A glory lay upon his face and shone from his eyes. He stared into the empty air, and then laid back his head and closed his eyes; but he groped for Erich’s hand and held it fast. After awhile he raised himself again, and said:

“Go up-stairs to the room in which you first lived here; take Robert with you, and bring down the bust of Victory.”

Erich went to the room with the servant and took the bust of Victory: that of Medusa, which once stood opposite, now lay in pieces on the floor.

He asked Robert who had broken it. Robert did not know. He had been afraid to ask Bella or Clodwig, but had heard that Clodwig had not been in the room since his return.

As Erich placed the bust in a good light by the sick man’s bed, the Count said:

“Yes, so she looked. Your mother knew her too.”

He said nothing further.

After looking some time at the bust, he asked Erich to call the Banker. The Banker came, and Clodwig said, with the smile of a child:

“It is yours too. There is a story in which a little child, very little; I see it yet dressed only in a little shirt, sitting on a cushion at a table, and my mother holds me and tells me the story . . . and I almost seem to feel the warm breath as it fans my breast—she had laid her head on my breast and said: ‘Once there was a child who went into the forest to look for

flowers, and it found beautiful red ones and gathered them, and then it found beautiful blue-bells, and threw the red flowers away; then it found beautiful yellow flowers and threw away the blue-bells and plucked the yellow ones; then it found white flowers and threw away the yellow and gathered the white; and as it passed the forest it met a brook and threw the white flowers into it, and had none left.' Such is my history, and this is the other which I understand now. All the peoples came upon the earth bringing revelation in their hands; the red, blue, yellow, and white flowers, and at last they stood with empty hands. Then they said: 'It is well; these empty hands speak and point the way: we must have free labor.' Is it not true, Erich, I understand what you said when you first came here? I yet see you standing under the blossoming apple-tree, and your words were like my mother's warm breath as it breathed upon my breast in childhood. And now farewell . . . good-night"

Erich sat long by the bedside, and the Count held his hand; at last he dropped it and fell asleep. Bella came again and Prancken with her; he prayed with the Sister of Charity for the sick man. He did so openly without either reserve or parade.

Erich motioned to Bella not to be agitated; for awhile she sat still, and then left the room with Prancken.

Erich was tired and sleepy, but tried to keep awake. Morning broke and flooded the room with ruddy light. Erich went to the Sister of Charity and said that the Count's long sleep made him anxious: he had leaned over him but could not hear him breathe; but perhaps his long wakefulness had made him nervous.

They went to Clodwig's bed and bent over him: he slept the sleep of death.

CHAPTER XV.

EVIL CONSEQUENCES AND GOOD REPUTATION.

ERICH had Prancken called, and wished him to break the news to his sister; but Prancken insisted on letting Bella sleep till she should wake of her own accord—she needed strength. And so the sun rose higher and higher; the Sister of Charity sat by the bed and prayed.

Erich went down into the garden, where he met the Banker: he gave him his hand without speaking, and they walked silently together. Erich was called to Bella; she lay on the sofa weeping: as soon as she woke the Sister of Charity had told her of her husband's death. Bella had been with the dead man, and now she wept loudly and immoderately. Erich comforted her,

and begged to be excused for a few hours, as he felt it his duty to go and see what was going on at the Villa; he would return in the evening.

He rode homeward.

At the foot of the hill he met the Krischer and his son, the Cooper. The Krischer said:

"Good luck, Herr Captain! Good luck to you; and you're a piece of luck to us! We've just bought the "Carp" for Ferdinand. Could anything be finer? I'm father of an inn."

Erich put up his hand deprecatingly, but could not speak, for the Krischer cried:

"Of course you know already that the Seven-piper is going to give his daughter to Ferdinand? You're to blame for that."

"I?"

"Yes, certainly. If a rich man like Sonnenkamp can give his daughter to a school-teacher, the Seven-piper can give *his* daughter to a cooper. Isn't that so? Oh, Herr Captain, you bring good luck to us all; and here, Herr Captain, is my hand on not drinking, after this, a single drop more than enough to quench my thirst; surely I may drink to that much? I have, thank God, a good healthy thirst, but on the wedding-day I shall drink everybody drunk; God himself shall look down from heaven, and laugh to himself, and say: 'Nobody can drink like my Krischer.' Come, Herr Captain, put up with us; we've got a good stable; ours is a real inn. Erich could not at all adapt himself to the contrast—the contradiction. He had come from a death-bed into the midst of joy. He said nothing to the Krischer about Clodwig's death, and only asked to be allowed to ride forward; so he rode away, and at last reached Villa Eden.

"Has Countess Bella any female friend with her?" Erich's mother asked, as soon as she had learned of Clodwig's death.

Erich replied that she had not. It grieved Frau Dournay that she could give Bella no comfort or assistance. Bella had triumphed in being utterly self-contained and being feared rather than loved by women; and now, in her need, she had no one whose right or duty it was to go to her and take her aching head on her breast. Aunt Claudine, however, said to Erich:

"When you go back to Wolfsgarten, take me with you."

Manna wanted Erich to take some rest, but Erich saw that there was to be no rest, for just then he received a hastily written message from Bella:

"You must come immediately—be witness for me—I am lost and disgraced."

Erich went to Wolfsgarten; Aunt Claudine was with him, and Professor Einsiedel had begged to go also, but Manna and Frau Dournay asked him to remain with them. Professor Ein-

siedel was a comfort and quiet dependence for them at the Villa. Erich promised to return during the night. What could have happened at the Villa since Clodwig's death?

They arrived at Wolfsgarten. The servants were standing about and looked shyly at Erich, and one of them said—Erich heard the remark quite distinctly:

“Who knows that he didn't have a hand in it?”

The Sister of Charity came to Erich and said, shortly:

A terrible thing has happened. The woman who washed the corpse, when she undressed it found marks of violence on the Count's neck. She called the Coroner, and now it is said that Count Clodwig was strangled. You were with the Count till he breathed his last, and horrible suspicion rests on you. Inconceivable! Unimaginable! Would that the Doctor would come. We have sent messengers in all directions after him, but he cannot be found.

Bella had heard of Erich's arrival and immediately rang for him to come to her. Erich asked his aunt to remain on the ground-floor, where the Banker sat waiting patiently. He went to Bella with the Sister of Charity.

“Leave us alone an instant,” said Bella. “No, that would breed suspicion. Stay here. Oh, suspicion!” shrieked Bella. “You men are all hypocrites. Let the world say what it will; leave us alone. All is a lie; he, too, is a liar.”

Erich was alone with Bella; she said: “I bear a punishment more horrible than that which the most artful devil could conceive. Herr Dournay, they say that I, Bella Prancken, strangled my husband. So, then, I have sacrificed these years of my life that such a suspicion . . . Here I stand; what I have done, what I have thought, has been expiated a thousand-fold, and I curse myself for having been faithful. He wore upon his heart the picture of another till his heart ceased to beat.”

“The Doctor has come,” they heard voices saying. The Doctor and Prancken entered the room; the Doctor said:

“I know everything about it already. That blockhead of a Coroner! Every layman knows that violence on a corpse leaves very different traces from those left on a living body. There is a little trace of injury on the skin of the Count's neck; but can't you tell me what caused that little mark.”

Then Bella said that Robert had come to her and asked if the picture which the master bore on his heart was to be buried with him. She had asked what the picture was, and learned that it was the likeness of a lady. She now regretted the passionate madness with which she had gone to him and torn the picture from his heart.

“It was the likeness of his first wife,” said she. “Here it

is." She showed the delicate features of a lady traced on a thin plate of gold.

The Doctor and Erich looked at the picture and looked at Bella, and Erich thought to himself: "This is why he had the Victory brought to his bed. Wonderful resemblance."

The Doctor said that the passionate act of the Countess was not to be publicly given as the reason of the Coroner's mistake. He asked that his explanation should be given, which was that a portion of the powerful medicine taken by the sick man had run down on his neck and caused the discoloration.

Erich started as he remembered that Clodwig had asked him to take something from his neck when he should be dead. He spoke of the occurrence, and the Doctor and Bella nodded.

The Doctor asked Bella, Erich, Francken, the Banker, and the Sister of Charity to go with him to the room where the dead man lay. He had all the servants called and scolded, the Coroner severely as he showed him that only the external skin had been discolored by the powerful medicine.

Erich looked at the corpse of his friend. The Victory opposite the body seemed also to regard it sorrowfully.

The men led Bella back to her room. Aunt Claudine entered. Bella gave her her left hand—her right pressed a handkerchief to her face. A carriage entered the courtyard; in it was the Prince's physician in ordinary: the gentlemen went down to meet him. Doctor Richard briefly explained the sickness of which Clodwig had died; cold and mental agitation had acted together. The gentlemen went into the saloon which opened into the garden, and Doctor Richard sent for wine. Erich was forced to drink, the Doctor saying that it was necessary for him to keep strong.

"Drink," said he, encouragingly. "It is necessary. You are using up a great deal of vital energy now—the machine must be fed."

Erich drank, not only wine but tears, for they fell from his eyes into the glass.

Erich left the room and presently returned with a casket: he said that Clodwig had enjoined him to send his decorations back to the Prince. He asked the physician to undertake the delivery of the casket, as he himself was now required at the Villa: the physician consented, and added that now had been snatched away another man of honor, the thought of whom had renewed the strength to all who knew him; his measured and steadily self-perfecting nature; his calmness and mildness: these peculiarities of an age which was fast passing away.

Doctor Richard sat in an armchair with one leg thrown over the other, and said:

"Yes, yes! the phrase 'he was too noble for this world' is true as applied to him: he had the fortune—good or bad—to look always at individual things in connection with their bearing on humanity at large, and surely it is a matter of indifference whether these individual things are done to-day or to-morrow—by you or some one else. He might have accomplished far greater results, have exerted far wider influence, but this work was too austere and difficult for him, and he refused to do it. Each event, each experience he would use only for the purpose of cultivating his beautiful character. Good, beautiful, exalted, but childless, and deedless life, whose mother was philosophy, which seizes all, lets all happen, in order to bring it at last into a system. I often told him so while he was alive, and need not hesitate to say it now that he is dead."

"He once told me an expression of yours, Herr Captain," said the Banker. "You once said to him, 'In this world, we all of us have to work on the railroad,' and the thought impressed him deeply. We are more or less guards on the swiftly rolling train of our age, but not every one is fitted by nature for the task of the guard."

Erich had much to say, much to explain, for Clodwig had talked with him a great deal; but, he had no chance to speak, for the Doctor cried:

"I don't think I criticised the man too severely; no one in the wide world who shall hear of and sorrow for his death honored him more than I."

They were about to speak of the incident which cast so horrible a suspicion on Bella, but the Doctor declared positively that it was an unheard of mistake, and was heartily sorry that nothing could be done to obliterate all remembrance of it, for people would cling to the mistake, anyhow it would not leave their minds.

Prancken entered with the priest of the district; he called the physician into a corner of the saloon, where, after a long discussion, the priest consented to bless the corpse.

The Doctor went away with the Prince's physician; and soon after, Erich left with the Banker and Aunt Claudine, for Bella wished to be left alone.

They looked back mournfully at the house, where a black flag was being hoisted.

Clodwig's corpse was kept for two days in the great saloon: he lay on cushions of white satin: his face was peaceful. Candles burned upon his bier, and around him were buds and flowers.

The neighbors came from miles around, partly from respect, and partly from curiosity to see Clodwig for the last time, and Bella heard them say as they departed: "I saw no signs of his being strangled."

On the third day Erich, the Justice, the Banker, the Major, and many considerable burghers of the city, besides an envoy of the Prince and several higher dignitaries, attended the body of Clodwig to the vault of Wolfsgarten.

The bells tolled on mountain and valley: the last of the Wolfsgartens was entombed.

Sonnenkamp had intended to come to the funeral, and had ridden on the way to Wolfsgarten, but he was not seen among those who bore the body to the tomb.

The Major said to Erich that Sonnenkamp had acted rightly in not coming, for he would have attracted so much attention that he would have disturbed the solemnities.

But Sonnenkamp passed the entire day at the tavern in the neighboring village: he knew that he aroused repugnance and curiosity wherever he appeared: he read a large newspaper, behind which he was completely hidden. He heard conversation in regard to himself in the public room of the tavern, and a Jew, a cattle-dealer, had most to say. He remarked:

"Herr Sonnenkamp never let us make anything out of him, which was very good—monstrously good in him! What don't folks say of us Jews! But we never were slave-dealers, anyhow!"

But soon the conversation took a turn, and it was said that it was incredible that the Countess had not done something to her husband, even though the Doctor should say a hundred times that the red streak on the dead man's neck was occasioned by a little chain bearing the picture of the Count's first wife.

When Sonnenkamp heard this charge against Bella, his face brightened. If there was anything which would determine her and which would bring her to the point, it was this. Bella's excitement caused by that suspicion must be of service to him, and he thought to himself: the principal thing is to involve her in the discussion: as soon as she gets *there*, she is won.

Sonnenkamp had sent Lutz to find out and acquaint him with all that should occur: and at last Lutz came back.

CHAPTER XVI.

OFF UNDER A RAIN OF FIRE.

THE moist air of Autumn came through the windows of the room that had been Clodwig's sick-chamber, and condensed in drops on the forehead of the Victory.

All was quiet and drear at Wolfsgarten; even Prancken had gone away.

Bella, in deep mourning, sat in her room. She had black bracelets on her wrists; she had tried black gloves and taken

them off again; and now she laid her delicate hands together and stared into empty air with that horrible Medusean glance—into the far empty air—into nothingness; and within her something said: “Thou art alone; thou wast ever alone in thyself, and in the world; a lonely nature, alone as wife—ever alone!”

And again her cheek burned with indignation, because for an instant some one—and he a blockhead—had accused her of strangling her husband. Was it for this that she had so long suppressed every emotion of her heart, and men had believed her happy? In thought, she went from house to house in the Capital, and heard what was said of her.

She heard the ticking of the clock, and recalled something which Clodwig had once said: “Memories of the past, and longings for the future—so swings the pendulum of our life.” It was time for him, but not for her; she did not stand between remembrances and longings—she longed for life, burning life.

She rose, and grew angry with herself for not having sufficient composure to go to her mirror; but now that she stood before it, she was vexed that she was no longer so slender as heretofore, and yet black makes one look slender; she seemed to herself so short. And her mind ran on: since he was to die before her, why had he not died years ago, when she was yet beautiful? She was shocked at this thought, but soon congratulated herself on her candor. And still her thoughts ran on, and, raising her head haughtily, she said:

“I pay no regard to conventionalities. What I may think a year from now, I may think to-day, now. What difference to me how the world measures time? I will think what others dare think only after the lapse of a year. Yes; I am a widow, whom people come to see only out of compassion—a lone widow. And then this shameful suspicion! I can go to the Capital and found an institution . . . Oh, Fate, worthy of a god! I seem to see myself an institution, and become president of a soup-house, and a select dozen of orphan-girls, in blue dresses, follow my corpse. And for that I have lived! No! I cannot remain alone. Shall I travel again through the world—again find self-forgetfulness and pretended pleasure in scenery, in the noise of people, in works of art, and then jabber, joke, and play on the piano in society? I know it all—it is shallow nothing. Prince Valerian might be won. But shall I again go into a distasteful world, and there play the hypocrite, rejoice philanthropically in seeing Russian peasants inwardly dandified? The Wine-cavalier would be very convenient; ducks his head, and ever adores. To be sure, it is all politeness, but politeness is good, agreeable, and—yet it’s all a lie! No! no! I would like to go into battle, to war, to danger, to struggle; but life, adventurous, tumultuous, I must yet have. I despise the whole world, I fling

in its face its whims, its longings for honor, its humanity, caprice—"

A rider galloped into the courtyard, a great, black figure. Is that Sonnenkamp? What does he want?

Sonnenkamp was announced.

"He is welcome," she said.

Sonnenkamp entered.

"Countess," said he, "what you gave me I now bring back—heroism."

"Ah, heroism! I am in bitter grief, forsaken, crushed, weak."

"You in sorrow? forsaken? weak? You have kindled in me power to scorn the whole world. I am young again—again I am filled with the freshness of youth. Countess, at this sad, this significant hour I come to you, to you alone; you alone are left me in the world; you alone make the world worth living for, and I would love to give—to be—something to you, which would make the world precious to you again!"

Bella stood motionless, and he continued:

"Rise above this hour, this year, this country, above all circumstances. If there is on earth one who can do so, it is yourself. Bella, I might say I am fleeing into the wide world; I will offer up, I will cast aside contemptuously all things, I will fling away wife, children, all, if you will follow me—if you will dare to cast all behind you, and be free. I might say that, and it would be true; but let not that determine you. You shall not live for me, but for yourself. Bella! old histories say that men bound themselves together by crimes, but were seldom held by them. I see your soul before me—no, I have it in me, and I speak from you; you say as I do: 'I am at war with the world; the world, the general good, and I—I have the courage of selfishness; I am not a being to serve all—I am no benevolent institution.' Know that you are selfish as I am; what I wish for you, I wish only because I wish it for myself. Others would lure, dazzle, and convince you with sweet phrases. I honor you; you have the courage to be yourself."

"I do not understand. What do you want for yourself—for me?"

"For myself? What have I yet to wish? A bullet through my brain? But there is one thing which can save me."

"What is that?"

"It is you. To show you greatness, to see you great, I would yet live and struggle. If there is adulation, if there is bowing before the lofty, before world-conquering genius, I—"

He made a motion, stepped forward. Bella said, quietly:

"Be seated."

This seemed to disconcert him, but he took a chair, and continued:

"Countess, I do not know what you wish for now . . . Yet no. I think I know what you want to do. Don't speak—let me talk. If I have been mistaken in you, my whole life, my thoughts, my struggles, and battles have been foolishness, and those snivelling preachers are right. Countess Bella, you have greatly said: 'A resolute being has no family, and dares have none.' That is my lode-star. I have no longer a family, I am nothing on the earth but myself and you. You shall be nothing but yourself. You have never yet been yourself; you shall, you can, you must become so."

"Yes, I will! You are a wonderful man; you cast away all the rubbish which has clogged my life. Say on; what do you bring?"

"I bring nothing but myself, Countess; I have thrown away all which binds me to the world. To you alone I tell it, you alone: to-day I shall go to the New World. Yes, there is a New World yonder!"

Sonnenkamp rose abruptly, and seized her hand.

"Countess, you are a great woman—a nature born to command; go with me, you are brave. Let us go to the New World. *There* a throne can be planted, and on that throne I will place you queen. That brow was made for a crown. Come with me."

There was authority—lordly power in Sonnenkamp's voice as he took her hand. She rose, her lip trembled and her eye grew bright, as she said:

"I thank you. You have great thoughts, and you think greatly of me. Thus it is, I thank you. Oh, friend, we are pitifully weak creatures. Too late! too late! Why does such a call come too late? Ten years ago I yet had strength; then it would have enticed me; then I would have staked all, and would have had courage in the face of the danger of sinking into disgrace and death, but not this maimed, lazy, useless digger of antiquities—this sick, namby-pamby—No, no! I will not say that—and yet—you honor me more highly than I ever yet was honored; you know me, but it cannot be. Too late!"

"Too late?" cried Sonnenkamp, taking her by both hands.

"Bella, you have told me that had I come to you in your youth, you would have gone through the world with me. Bella—Countess, we are young so long as we will to be so; you are young, and I *will* be so. When you came to me then in the Spring, I gave you a rose—a hundred-leaf rose, and told you you were not like it. No, you are not like it, for you bloom ever anew; your will, your strength is in blossom. Be bold; be yourself, be your own. What are seventy maimed and idle years? One year, fully lived, is more than all of them."

Bella sank back in a chair, and, covering her face with her handkerchief, began :

"Why did you call this jury, since you intend to evade its decision? What was your reason?"

"Why? I thank you for the question. I can speak on freely, and especially before you. For a time I really thought that in a multitude of councils I might, perhaps, find a way of escape. I soon rejected this conclusion, and now—"

He paused, and Bella echoed his words :

"And now?"

"I would show these puppets, these children in religious, moral, or political leading-strings—I would show them what a free man, an open egotist is. It suited my humor. And when it came to the point, I accomplished what I had undertaken for your sake alone : for your sake I told them my life. I wished them to know who I am. I hardly spoke to the men before me, I spoke to you behind me, above me—to you, Bella."

"You had already determined not to wait for their decision?"

Sonnenkamp nodded, with a triumphant laugh. For a long time Bella was silent; he held her hand fast, and at last she said in a trembling voice :

"Would not my flight strengthen the base suspicion—the suspicion that I—"

"Pah!" said Sonnenkamp, "as if it were not easier to leave a living man than a dead one!"

Bella became more collected as she heard this turn of Sonnenkamp's, and he continued :

"Bella, you great soul, you only strong woman, cast behind you all this European sophism; clear from you at a single leap this old-granny of a Europe."

A long pause followed, during which nothing was heard but the parrot's screaming.

"When do you go?" asked Bella.

"To-night, on the express-train."

"No; go by water. Isn't there a boat?"

"Very well: but yet, to-night."

"I will go with you. But now leave me—leave me: here's my hand; I will go."

She sat still; she folded her hands and closed her eyes. Sonnenkamp took her hand and held it fast. He felt the marriage-ring on her finger, and softly took it off.

"What are you doing?" cried Bella, suddenly. She stared at Sonnenkamp, and looked at the ring in his hand.

"Give me this as a token?" said he.

"What for? We are not people who make scenes. Give it to me."

He gave it to her, but she did not put it back on her finger.

At night the steamboat stopped at the little city: it was a stormy night, and the engine hissed and screamed. A man stood at the landing concealed in his mantle, and a tall, cloaked form walked beside him.

"Let me go alone," said the woman, as she stepped before him.

The gang-plank was laid. The woman crossed it, followed by the man.

The plank was taken up, and the boat turned and sailed out again into the night and storm. No one was on deck but these two; the sailors hastened to get back to the cabin. The steersman, covered with his waterproof coat and cocked hat, stood and turned the wheel, and whistled softly to himself.

The tall, black-robed lady stood on deck as the boat sped down the river: she stood long, shrouded in her cloak, and gazing into the waves, and at the cities and towns on the shore, where here and there a lamp shone through the windows, shooting a glancing streak of light over the water. A shower of bright sparks from the smoke-stack fell upon her form; then a hand came out from the cloak—it held a ring between the fingers, and threw it down into the river.

BOOK FOURTEENTH.

CHAPTER I.

VARIOUS LOVE AFFAIRS.

THE house in which every one again sought and found peace, was the Major's modest little dwelling. Just as Erich had first gone to the Major to tell him of his new happiness, so the Cooper and his betrothed sought Fräulein Milch and the Major, to announce their good fortune.

Here they found friend Knopf, who was a special favorite of Fräulein Milch's, because he possessed the talent of allowing himself to be taken care of; besides, he had previously brought Fräulein Milch many books, telling and explaining all about them for her, for he was a teacher for girls, even with Fräulein Milch.

When Knopf heard of Erich's and Manna's betrothal, he said: "'Tis so; the old legend particularly current on the Rhine is revived again; the story of the released maiden is renewed, and beautified. Only a pure youth like this Dournay could release this spotless maiden."

He said this in a low, dreamy, mysterious sort of a tone, that so found its way to the Major's heart, that he approached the speaker, put both hands on his head, kissed him, and said:

"You ought to join our League: such things should be said there; that's the place for them."

Knopf had come, at Weidmann's request, to make some inquiries of Erich about the negro Adams: but when the Cooper and his betrothed entered, and the Major blessed them, and Fräulein Milch brought a bottle of wine, Knopf was the merriest of all. He could not fully express it, but he placed his hand on the tablets in his breast-pocket to indicate: "Now I have another lovely, romantic episode to enter there. Oh, the world is beautiful after all!"

In the midst of this joyous assembly came the news that Herr Sonnenkamp had fled.

"And we have not passed sentence upon him yet!" cried the Major.

Fräulein Milch smiled, and her look plainly told the Major: "Didn't I tell you that he was playing with you?"

The wine was left unfinished, and the Major hastened to the Villa with Knopf. They were obliged to wait a long time before they could see Erich, for the notary was with him.

The notary brought Erich a document of Sonnenkamp's, in

which he stated that he had taken everything with him that was gained in the slave-trade, and that he appointed Erich and Weidmann guardians to his children—Roland to be declared of age in the Spring. Another messenger from Weidmann brought Erich the good tidings that, according to a letter just received from Dr. Fritz, Abraham Lincoln was elected President.

"Who knows but what Sonnenkamp's flight is in some way connected with this?" was the thought that flashed through Erich's mind.

He could not dwell upon the thought long, for the messenger having been admitted, Knopf and the Major entered too.

News upon news arrived. A telegram was brought to Erich, requesting him to go to the village and wait at the telegraph-office, for some one desired to communicate with him, and the despatch was signed, "The man from Eden."

Erich begged the Major to remain with his mother, and send for Fräulein Milch, and requested Knopf to tell Roland to come home, and prepare him as much as possible for what had taken place.

Erich was beset on every side, and urged hither and thither. What is gathering over their heads? Clodwig's death, Sonnenkamp's flight, Roland's fate, and Manna's—everything is rolled up on his own heart.

Just as he was mounting his horse, he fortunately spied Professor Einsiedel, whom he hastily told what had happened, and begged him to remain with Manna. He rode to the village, and found a message at the telegraph-office requesting him to wait an hour, when definite news would be given.

The wavering between anticipation and fulfilment was deeply painful, and Erich hardly knew what to do. He went through the village; everywhere people dwelt so securely in their homes, while he, and those belonging to him, seemed thrust into the street. Long he stood before the Justice's house. Up-stairs Lina was singing one of his favorite songs, from Mozart's "Figaro," "Soon will the hour come;" and the words, "when I with roses will wreath thy brow," she sang so feelingly, so full of deep meaning, that Erich sighed heavily as he listened. He knew how it looked up there in the room. The Architect was sitting in the red armchair, and his betrothed sang to him; the flowers were blooming in the windows, and the pleasant warmth of the room is filled with odor and song.

He did not want to disturb this harmony by his heavy heart, and returned to the telegraph-office to say that if messages came for him, to send for him to the tavern. He sat alone in a dark corner and waited. At a long table the old frequenters sat together. Their speech was dry enough, but they seemed to enjoy their drink all the more. Erich compelled himself to lis-

ten to their talk, which was continually about Paris, London, or America—this one is going, such a one is there, and another is coming home. The whole animated character of the Rhine, that always seemed to float on top of a wave, was manifested.

"Hold on, there comes the Gauger!" they suddenly cried. Erich knew the man who was so joyfully greeted by all, having met him in the village when he spent the night at the Doctor's. The man had one of those happy, ruddy faces, that showed the effects of good wine, whose ruddiness hides all the years on the other side of forty, and his features were as flexible as though made of gutta-percha.

The Gauger beckoned to the bar-maid, who knew the brand he always drank. He seated himself comfortably, took his cigar-holder from his pocket, and opened his cigar-case.

"What's the news?" was asked.

The Gauger gave the usual answer:

"Fine weather, and nothing to go with it!"

"Where have you been? You've kept out of sight for the last three days."

"Where one can get his life lengthened."

"Where may that be?"

"I was in the city of Unifarmingen, where you can prolong your life, because time passes twice as slow as anywhere else."

"Stale! stale!" cried the rest; "give us something new!"

"Something new; yes, indeed! I tell you there's many a lie that's not true, and those are often the very best. But go out to the boat. They are all in the main cabin; and such a time! Each brings his own cookery-book into the household, and then they'll intermarry the roasts."

The Gauger was teased on all sides, because he talked such nonsense—such absolute gammon.

"If you'll be quiet, I'll tell you the story: but first, one of you must go out to the Rhine, to testify to the truth and verity of my story."

A cooper was sent to the vessel at the landing, and the Gauger gave him whispered orders as to the information he was to obtain, and then said:

"It's my luck to have the best stories happen to me,—they fairly run into my hands."

"Tell us! tell us! Is it something about the strong Sonnenkamp, or the handsome Countess?"

"Oh, pshaw! That's stale. I've a new one, fresh from the pan; and the name of my story is, 'The Love of Beethoven and the Lorelei; or, a Sucking-Pig as a Match-Maker.' Yes, you may laugh, but you'll find it true enough. To begin, then: You all know the steward on the Lorelei. They call him the Big Multiplication-Table. He's a nice man, and an honest one;

for he honestly confesses that, by means of skilful addition of his accounts, he has added together a snug little fortune. Well, he's single—terribly single; eating and drinking agrees with him, but—”

“Yes, yes; we know him—go ahead!”

“Don't interrupt me, then. I'm not anxious to tell my story,—I'm content to know it myself. Well, the matter stands thus. The captain of the Lorelei—the tall fellow who was pilot on the Adolf for some years—well, the captain undertakes to make his steward's mouth water for the stewardess on board the Beethoven, who has been a widow these two years,—a plump, tidy little woman. Soon greetings were exchanged between the white hat on one side and the white cap on the other; but they never really met until about a fortnight ago, for a few minutes at Cologne, where the Lorelei and the Beethoven anchored side by side; and then it was all over for that time. Since then the big Multiplication-Table on the Lorelei smirks quite briskly, but he won't hear of getting married. To cook good dinners for himself, without anybody's interference, is his chief amusement; so he got ready a nice sucking-pig to roast for to-morrow. His Captain knew that the two ships will touch here to-day, and lie over till to-morrow, so he stole the pig, and gave it to his brother Captain, who gave it to the Widow on board the Beethoven, to roast and serve with the proper dishes. She goes to work with a good-will, and the Captain invites his steward to supper on board the Beethoven, and as the stewardess furnishes the supper, it's no more than fair for the Multiplication-Table of the Lorelei to furnish the wine. So they sit down to the feast on board the Beethoven, and of course the stewardess sits down with them, and they have a jolly time of it. The Multiplication-Table declared that a sucking-pig can't be better cooked, and that it is as delicate as his own; which soon exposed the trick, to the amusement of all, and without more ado the betrothal was celebrated over the pig.”

The Gauger had hardly got to this point when the Cooper returned with the Captain of the Lorelei, who fully confirmed the truth of his story.

The merriment caused was loud and boisterous, and the Captain said that the newly betrothed pair were now together, and found they had the same hobby of collecting as much gold as they could during the Summer, which they were now cleaning with soapsuds, and laughing over it.

Erich heard all this as though he were looking into a strange world. Life can be taken lightly—mine must, and will change again.

Here the pilot entered, who, according to custom, had conducted the night-boat for a short distance, with which he was

perfectly familiar, and astonished every one by telling them that the night before, during the stormy weather, Countess Wolfsgarten sailed down the Rhine with Herr Sonnenkamp, for he had recognized them distinctly.

Erich had risen; he wanted to question the man further, when a messenger came from the telegraph-office summoning him there. He received the news—which was again signed by “The man from Eden”—that he would sail for the New World the following day, and if no further news were received within a year, he was to be considered as dead. The telegram further inquired—but this might have been an error of transmission, for strange to say it read: “Is Frau Ceres still living, and how?” Should they desire to send information concerning her to the New World, a Southern paper was designated in which it was to be inserted over the signature S. B.

While Erich still held the telegram in his hand, Prancken entered.

“I am looking for you,” he said, after motioning Erich to another room. Prancken looked pale and agitated, and Erich was prepared to receive a challenge for life or death. But Prancken asked Erich if he knew whither Sonnenkamp had fled, and where a despatch would find him. Erich replied that he was not at liberty to answer that question.

“Then ask him if—” He could not finish what he wanted to say. “Ask him if there is any one with him. No, you had better give me his address.”

Erich repeated that he was not at liberty to do so, and Prancken ground out between his clenched teeth: “Well, then, ask him if there’s some one with him for whom I have a right to inquire?”

The two stood by the window and looked out over the landscape. Suddenly Erich recollected that it was here, at the table yonder by the window, that they two sat over their new wine not long ago: a feeling of gratitude overcame him, and he said:

“I sincerely regret that you and I must conflict as we do.”

“That does not belong here—not here, another time. Will you for another’s sake—? No, not for my sake, I don’t wish anything for my sake, you are one of the causes of this confusion; you have turned every one from his course; without you, this would not have been.”

Erich felt an icy shudder. Is he indeed to blame that Bella has become so lost to herself? There was an humble expression in his face as he said:

“I will consent to your request. I am waiting for directions.”

“Very well, I will wait with you.”

Prancken left the room and stepped out upon the platform,

pacing restlessly up and down. Soon Erich had Prancken called in, for the message had come.

"Well then, inquire."

"Will you word your question precisely, once more?"

"Since when are you so hard of comprehension? Must that be borne too? Ask, then, if—ask outright if—my sister is with him."

Prancken's lips trembled; he had grown fearfully old within the last few days. Here he stood begging information from Sonnenkamp; and about what, and through whom must he ask it?

"Have the goodness to send me the answer to the parsonage."

He went out, mounted his horse, and rode away.

Erich received the answer: "Medusa sends greeting."

Just as he was about to ride home, the Doctor came. He, too, had heard of Bella's flight.

"You see," cried he, "that's a master stroke. If this Herr Sonnenkamp had planned it with the subtlest tactics, he could not have devised anything more cunning. This flight and Bella's elopement, covers everything he has ever committed; he turns calumny from himself, for everything pales before this new scandal. He also frees his children from further evil report, for Bella Prancken's elopement with him is more powerful than a decade of slave-trade. Henceforth people will only speak of that, and everything else will be forgotten."

Erich did not believe that the fugitives had already embarked for America. He returned to the Villa, and was at once summoned to Manna.

"You have news," she said. "Is he alive?"

"Yes."

"Is he alone?"

"No."

"Then this, too, must be borne."

"Does your mother know—"

"She only knows that father has fled, and she is continually calling: 'Henry, Henry, come back!' She does this for hours, and it is incomprehensible how she stands it. Oh, Erich, when we were in your father's library, Roland asked: 'Is there a single fate like ours recorded in all these books?'"

Erich tried to encourage Manna, but he did not succeed.

CHAPTER II.

THE CHILDREN OF MAMMON.

ROLAND came, and Herr Weidmann with him. He knew of his father's flight, but not of Bella's. The youth had gained in decision within the last few days. First of all he went to his mother, who was still crying:

"Henry!—Henry! Do come back, Henry! I'll give you my diamonds—come back!"

She did not seem to have remarked Roland's absence, and was hardly surprised at his return, and only said:

"Your father will come soon; he has only gone to get a ship—a great ship."

For the first time in his life, Roland was affable and confiding with Miss Perini; he thanked her with all his heart for her fidelity to his mother. Miss Perini replied, that she was sure the young master would treat her considerately, and not forget the services she had rendered. Roland did not understand her meaning. He went to Manna, and to Frau Dournay; he had a cheering word and encouragement for all. The Notary arrived, and when he was asked if he had received any message since yesterday, he stammered a reply and referred to the power-of-attorney.

Roland, Manna, Erich, and Weidmann were now summoned to the hall; and here, when they entered the room, the Notary had just left. Roland wept for the first time and threw himself upon his sister's neck, but quickly rallied again.

The Notary explained, that he possessed the secret of opening the great fire-proof safe that occupied nearly half of one side of the wall. The keys lay in the drawer of the writing-table; and also the mysterious word, according to which the letters of the movable rosette of the safe were to be arranged, in order to open it with the key. The word was *Manna*.

"My name!" cried Manna. She could not say how it moved her to find that it was her name with which her father unlocked the rich treasures he had won; and the Notary was surprised when he saw her take Erich's hand.

The great safe was opened, and a strange coolness came from within it. Foremost stood a little box with the inscription: "*My last Will.*" The box was opened, and revealed a sealed document, marked: "*To be opened immediately after my death.*" But these words were crossed out, and under them was written: "*To be opened six months after my disappearance.*"

The property was well ordered; the different compartments contained notes of indebtedness, government-stocks of all European states, but the largest amount consisting of certificates of American mining and bank stock. There lay the papers of dif-

ferent kinds and colors; every shade of the rainbow was represented.

Roland and Manna scarcely heeded the great sums that were designated, but childishly examined the papers as they were taken out. It is of this, then, that wealth consists!

Timidly Manna turned to Erich, and begged him to sign and attend to everything in her stead,—that she felt quite dizzy.

Erich hoped that she was not encouraging the false delicacy which carelessly receives large results but disdains to understand the actual condition of the world.

"I do not understand thee," said Manna. Now, for the first time, in view of these vast possessions, she called him "thou" in the presence of others.

"You will learn to understand it. We are children of a real world, and whoever does not keep his individuality in the midst of, and in contemplation of the real world, has no ideality. We shall have to learn together to take care of this excessive wealth, and to spend it righteously: I myself see it to-day for the first time."

"There is something grand in the thought that the whole world consists of creditors and debtors!" cried Roland.

The astonishment of the children increased when the lowest drawer was opened, which, resting on rollers, slid easily in its grooves, notwithstanding its great weight.

Here, neatly packed, lay coined gold and gold in bars.

Like little children, Roland and Manna involuntarily knelt down and handled the gold. Erich and Weidmann were called out,—the Notary was writing in an adjoining room. Roland and Manna continued to look at the gold in astonishment and then at each other. Manna first broke the silence:

"Are we not like the children lost in the wood, who found a treasure, that—"

She did not finish, because she intended to say, "that an evil spirit guards."

"Come," said Roland, "come, put your hand on mine and on the gold. It shall do good, nothing but good, and atone for everything. We swear it."

"Yes, we swear it," repeated Manna. "Oh, if father only does not suffer out in the world, while we live in plenty! Perhaps he seeks shelter while here a well-appointed house is his own. Why must men struggle for wealth, and at last sell their own brothers. O God! why dost thou permit it? Take everything from us, and wipe out the dreadful stain from the world!"

The young girl's tears fell upon the glittering gold. Roland comforted her, and drew her head upon his breast; and thus the children knelt before the golden pile.

"There, now, it is enough," at last said Roland. "We must be strong; we have great duties to perform."

As if with an angry hand, he closed the heavy drawer; after which they rose, and, just as he had his hand on the door of the great safe to close it, the Major, Knopf, and the negro Adams entered the room.

Roland and Manna stood aghast. Soon Roland rushed to the negro, embraced him, crying, wild with excitement, "Let your whole race, all your brothers, be reconciled by this. Come, Manna, give him your hand, embrace him; we owe it to him."

Manna approached the negro, but could hardly give him her hand; she did it with trembling. Adams held her hand for a long time; and it seemed to her as though something like terror, like a shudder, passed through her frame, that made her blood curdle. She made an effort to overcome herself, and said—why, she did not know—in English:

"You are welcome as a brother."

"Yes," cried Roland, "you shall advise and help us. We will do everything through you."

Manna whispered to Roland that they should at once give a large sum of money to Adams; but Roland explained to her that Adams should be plentifully provided for, but he must first show that he knows how to take care of money. Manna looked at her brother in surprise.

The Notary came from the next room; Erich and Weidmann entered to sign the certificate of transfer of the property.

Now Erich learned that Roland would not rest until Adams was brought, and Knopf told him in a whisper that there was a strange power in Roland, and that Erich might be proud of him; for Roland had always maintained that he must prove that he neither hated nor persecuted the innocent causers of all this misfortune, and that he was in duty bound to do good to them.

Weidmann desired that Adams should leave the Villa, because Frau Ceres could not be prevented from meeting him accidentally, and thus revive recollections of her home that, in her present condition, would tend greatly to injure her.

Erich wished Adams to return to Mattenheim. Roland begged to have him remain until he went to Mattenheim himself: so the Major gladly agreed to take the negro to his house meanwhile.

Erich was greatly vexed that Knopf had brought Adams with him; but Knopf told him that he met the negro on his way to the Villa, and related with a sort of triumph what a model rogue this negro was, for he intended to go to Sonnenkamp, penitent for his action, and offer him false testimony, for a large sum of money of course; and that he was quite beside himself when he heard of Sonnenkamp's flight, and found his proposed testimony worthless.

An earnest council was now held in Sonnenkamp's room. Weidmann asked Erich and Roland if they did not wish to invest a considerable sum in a new enterprise, the realization of which he had weighed in his mind a long time. He was on the point of purchasing the great domain ten miles inland from Mattenheim, among the mountains, where he intended to settle a new village: his old plan of withdrawing some of the forces industry had absorbed, and making the people freeholders on their own land, was now to be realized.

Erich was uncertain if they were entitled to benefit strangers with this money, in a strange land; besides, they were at present only administrators of the property.

Weidmann respected these considerations, but showed it to be a safe investment of capital, which would indeed be a benefit to many.

He promised not to rely upon himself, but to take the Banker's advice in the matter. Security was to be given that the invested capital could be withdrawn at an appointed time.

That evening Weidmann left for Mattenheim, with a large chest of gold. Erich was to take the papers to the city, and, with the Banker's aid, deposit them in the vaults of the bank.

CHAPTER III.

A SON OF HAM.

OF all the persons whose minds were directed to Villa Eden, none was more heavily cast down by the sharp blow of events than the Major. He no longer found rest in the house, and ever since Sonnenkamp's story he had lost his best possession—his "relief-guard," as he called it—his sound sleep. He walked restlessly back and forth by day, and often talked to Laadi; he even threw her a sponge fried in lard, and when the dog was about to swallow it, he punished her severely. In the night the Major's ceaseless thoughts often became so oppressive that he spoke softly to himself, and sometimes he roused Fräulein Milch to assist him over his heavy reflections. Sonnenkamp's flight, and then the news of Bella's elopement with him, confused him still more.

When Knopf brought the negro, the Major gathered his lost strength. He was extremely kind to Adams, and insisted that, for the present, the man should stay with him. Adams consented, and the Major went at once to the Castle with him, where work was still suspended.

"Stay with us, Herr Knopf," begged Fräulein Milch. She openly confessed to a feeling of fear, which she could not overcome.

Knopf regretted that he could not stay, but he had duties toward Prince Valerian; and he hardly soothed Fräulein Milch's fears, but rather heightened them, by telling her, with the greatest complacency, what a capital rogue this Adams was.

"Indeed," said he, "I am really glad that the fellow is a purely savage nature. Savage natures are not soft, nor good-natured, but cunning, like tiger-cats. And besides, how can we expect a slave to be a pattern of virtue, and a good example?"

Knopf, the best-natured, most soft-hearted man in the world, derived real pleasure from the thought of actually knowing two such complete rogues as Sonnenkamp and Adams. Whenever he met with wickedness, he, like all idealists, carried it out to its utmost consequences, for they must be made perfect rogues. He maintained that the royal descent of which Adams bragged was nothing but a lie. Among those who were drowned, there had indeed been a man of royal descent, but Adams had undertaken to assume the part; for, he added with great satisfaction, he could not get his stamped passport from him before he set out on his expedition to the ocean of eternity.

He explained to Fräulein Milch that he had caught Adams in the lie, for he made contradictory statements of dates, and Knopf was not a teacher of history in vain, with every date at his fingers' ends.

The Major returned with Adams, and now his sickness broke out and he was obliged to go to bed. The Doctor came and gave him quieting draughts, that helped the Major, but he could not prescribe quieting remedies for Fräulein Milch. These were administered by a man who understood nothing about medicine. When Frau Dournay could not be with Fräulein Milch to comfort her and keep her company, she sent Professor Einsiedel, to whom Fräulein Milch confided her fear of Adams. Adams would not condescend to do anything; he would drink and smoke all day, but he was not fond of work. He had only worked as long as he was a slave, and compelled to do so; as a lackey he had no duty but to sit on the box of the state-carriage in a fantastic dress. So he remained idle with Fräulein Milch; but Fräulein Milch had an unconquerable fear of him, and took all the more pains to be kind to him. She only complained to Professor Einsiedel of the negro's presence, and said:

"I must be careful to guard against a prejudice against all negroes on account of this single one we have with us now."

"How do you mean?"

Fräulein Milch colored, and said:

"If we know nothing about a strange people, or a strange tribe, and have preconceived an unfavorable opinion of them, we are easily led to consider an individual whom we may meet, as

the representative of the whole, and to make his qualities and faults attributes of his entire race. Now this negro is a man not willing either to work or to learn; as a slave, and afterward as lackey, he has become accustomed to let others care for him, which might easily mislead to the notion that all negroes are like him—which would be very unjust."

"Well said, and well considered," was the Professor's reply. "But I should really like to know how you came to make such resistance to prejudice? I have but little knowledge of the female sex, but I believe this guarding against prejudice is rare among women."

Fräulein Milch firmly closed her lips; she could easily have explained whence the demand arose to consider each one by himself, but she could not tell. She felt how the Professor's look scanned her face, and she thought he must have discovered her secret. She waited to have him say so, but he was silent, and after awhile she continued:

"I would like to ask you if you believe that the negro will ever become entirely free unless a Moses arises from their midst, and leads them out of bondage? And do you not think that the race born in slavery will also perish, and die out in the desert, and that only the new generation, born in freedom, will enter the holy land of Liberty?"

"You seem to be well versed in the Old Testament," said the Professor.

Fräulein Milch blushed to the very frill of her white cap.

"But there we have it," continued Professor Einsiedel. "I hope you understand me. The black race has no independently developed culture; as far as we know at the present time they add nothing to the intellectual inheritance of the human family. I admit that strangers ought not to free them, but that is the way in our modern world. The only savior that we recognize is Culture: this is transmitted, and it is salvation. Do you know the result of the latest researches concerning the Japhites?"

"Oh, no!"

"Yes, I am mistaken. But you must know that the sons of Ham, which you remember from the Bible, are without a history. They bring nothing into the great Pantheon, that they themselves have conquered, made captive, or created. But Shemites and Japhites must liberate the Hamites."

The Professor was occupied explaining the newest researches to Fräulein Milch, how in Egyptian papyrus-rolls surprising revelations had been found, showing that the writer or editor of the Bible had not understood the Egyptian tongue—that, indeed, the main portion of the Bible was already contained in Egyptian writings, and that the liberation of the slaves alone was the single great act in the old world of the mythical Moses.

In his joy at finding so good a listener, the Professor was about to become very profuse, when the Krischer arrived. The Doctor had sent him to take Adams into the house. Fräulein Milch told him in a whisper that it would be difficult to induce Adams to work, at which the Krischer cried, knowingly :

"Yes, yes. Slaves and rich folks are alike. The slave won't work, because his master feeds him, and the rich man won't because his money feeds him."

Fräulein Milch begged the Krischer to be kind to Adams, and always to consider that Adams was not a model negro. The Krischer laughed with all his heart, and took the negro home with him.

The dogs barked loudly when the negro entered the house with the Krischer, and the women shrieked with fear. The shrieks soon ceased, but the barking continued, for as soon as Adams showed himself outside the house, the dogs began anew.

CHAPTER IV.

BELLA'S LEGACY.

THE Doctor came with Frau Dournay. He was pleased to find that Adams had left the house, and still more that the Major was well enough to sit up in bed and smoke his long pipe. He begged the Major to remain as quiet as possible, and then went to the sitting-room with the two ladies. Here he informed them that he had reason to be proud, because Bella had written to him alone from Antwerp. He read the letter :

"You alone are no puppet; you never feigned friendship for me; so you shall have a keepsake from me. I give you my parrot. The parrot is the masterpiece of creation; he says only what he is taught. Good-bye, BELLA."

The two ladies looked at each other with a look of surprise, and the Doctor was glad to hear Fräulein Milch say something reprehensible: she could not suppress a certain satisfaction at Frau Bella's coming to such an end. But the Doctor said, complaining:

"I feel a want since Bella is gone; she was a sort of barometer for correct thinking, and a source of various contemplations too. The thing gives me pleasure aside from that, however: it is a proof that there are still bold and powerful men and women in the world."

"You love oddity," the Professor's widow remarked.

"Oh, no! what may seem oddity to others, appears to me the only logical and consistent course. Bella had to act thus,

and not otherwise; it's a part of her heroic nature. Your son will bear witness that I expected something of the sort a long time before the actual occurrence. There is a likeness between Bella and Sonnenkamp. They are both intellectual and acute in every abstract case, but tyrannical, malicious, and selfish in every personal one. Now that she is gone, I will say that she fled as a murderess: she did not kill Clodwig with poison or dagger, but she struck him to the heart with deadly words and thoughts. He confessed it to me; now I may say it."

"And I," said the Widow, "feel abashed. How can such things happen in spite of all our culture?"

"There, that's the gist of the matter," the Doctor replied, gayly. "Bella never cared a pin for the life of the mind. She was mixed up with it, and did not know to what end. She had to demolish something; for what should she do with all this culture? The old times knew only an affectation of religion; to-day we have an affectation of culture too. But no! Frau Bella was no hypocrite, and was not wicked at heart; she was only coarse."

"Coarse?"

"Yes. Thinking of things outside of ourselves, is culture both of the mind and heart. Frau Bella always thought only of herself, only of what she should say, of what she should feel."

"Do you believe," asked Frau Dournay, hesitatingly, "that these two people can enjoy one hour's happiness together?"

"Not what we should call happiness. They have no real affection for each other; for it was intrinsically pride and discontent, and the desire to brave the world, which induced them to fly into the wide world together. There is quite a peculiar reason, which we, who are differently organized, do not fully comprehend. I searched for it a long time. I think I have found it. It is the consciousness of being a beauty. I am a beauty, that is the principle on which a whole system is based; all the rest of mankind exist only to behold the beauty and admire it. And it was treachery to herself, when Bella married Count Clodwig; it could only have happened in a moment when she had lost her self-consciousness. But how can we expect to judge these people fairly? It is continually getting plainer to me, people are not all alike, are not all beings of the same species."

"You mean to provoke us with your heresies."

"Not at all. And this is what makes this enthusiasm for the liberation of all slaves so distasteful to me; this philanthropy, this demand for the equality of men is an injustice."

"An injustice?"

"Yes. Men are not all beings of the same species; the one is a nightingale that sings on a tree, the other a frog that croaks

in the marsh. Now, to ask of the frog that he shall sing up there too, is an injustice, a reversal of Nature. Leave the frog in his marsh, I say; he feels at home there, and his song is as beautiful to him as the bird's is to the bird. Men are not all beings of the same species."

The Major called out from his room, to say that he wished to know what the Doctor was talking about so loudly and violently. Fräulein Milch quieted him, saying it was no conversation for a sick man; still she acknowledged that Bella had been the theme. Just as Fräulein Milch re-entered the sitting-room, a messenger arrived from Villa Eden, in quest of the Doctor and Frau Dournay. Frau Ceres was at the point of death.

The Doctor and the Widow hastened to the Villa.

CHAPTER V.

A BLACK TERROR.

HENRY, come! Henry, come back! These are your trees, your house! come back! come, I'll dance for you! Henry! Henry!"

Thus Frau Ceres went wailing through the gardens and conservatories. Miss Perini had infinite trouble in calming her.

Then again Frau Ceres complained of the gardener for raking the paths: there were traces of her husband's footsteps; these must not be effaced, if they were he would die.

Again she sat for hours at the window, gazing across the river, at the vessels passing up and down, at the mountains, and up at the clouds, and in a low voice she lamented to herself:

"Henry, I have wronged you deeply, offended you heavily; you may whip me as you did your slaves, you may tread on me, only take me to you, forgive me. Ah! don't you remember how it was when you came out to see me, and Caesar played the harp, and I danced in my blue frock and gilt shoes? don't you remember? Manna!" she called out, suddenly, "Manna, bring your harp, play for me, I want to dance, I am still beautiful. Come, Henry!"

Suddenly she turned to Miss Perini, asking:

"He will come back, won't he?" And she asked this so calmly, in such a clear voice, that all apprehension was removed. "When I am dead, he shall marry Frau Bella; tell him so." Frau Ceres burst out suddenly, staring fixedly, with wide, open eyes: "Frau Bella is a beautiful widow, very beautiful, and he shall give her my diamonds, they will become her."

"Pray, don't talk in that way."

"Come, his Ericas must be well cared for, I understand that,

too, I learned it from him, and when he comes back, he'll say, that's well done, Ceres; why, you are real clever."

She went to the hothouse with Miss Perini, and here she told the head-gardener, very rationally, that he should be very careful to have the air near the Ericas always kept at a moderate temperature, and nicely moist. Miss Perini sent a lad for Erich; a dreadful fear oppressed her when she thought that she was alone with Frau Ceres. The lad went away. Frau Ceres was perfectly quiet; she raised all the Ericas slightly, to see whether the pots were properly watered; at last she turned, and said:

"It's time that the Captain learned how to take care of plants; these learned gentlemen think that they cannot learn anything from us; but I tell you they can learn a good deal from my husband. Now we'll go back to the house."

They went, and came to the large open place by the lake, where the fountain was playing. Suddenly Frau Ceres uttered a piercing scream. Along the broad path came Adams, and on his right and to his left, leaning on his arms, walked Roland and Manna.

"You are changed into a negro! Henry! who has done this? Henry! Fie, Henry! take off the black skin, Henry!" she screamed, and, springing with all her strength toward the group, threw herself upon Adams, and began to tear the clothes from his body. She suddenly fell down before him; she was borne into the house, just as the Doctor and Frau Dournay came up.

Frau Ceres was not recalled to life.

The body was laid out in the music-room; the beautiful flowers, so carefully tended by Sonnenkamp, stood around the corpse of his wife. And here in the music-hall, where they had danced and sung . . . Will there ever be dancing and music in these rooms again?

Friends came: they kissed and embraced Roland. Among them came Lina; she embraced Manna silently, with a pressure of the hand, and an embrace which told the mourner:

"I am with you, I should like to help you; I am not dead."

Prancken also appeared among the mourners: he knelt down beside the corpse; Miss Perini knelt by his side.

The corpse was consecrated in the church: they went to the churchyard.

Knopf, and the teacher Fassbender, had called the singing-society together, and they sang at the open grave. Roland stood leaning against Erich; Manna was supported by the Mother and Aunt Claudine. Erich thought of that Spring day, when he sat yonder, drinking wine with Prancken, and gazed over at the churchyard, where the nightingale was singing. Who could have foreseen then that he would stand here as mourner, by the open grave of the mother of his wife, and his pupil?

The singing was over: the Priest stepped forward; he stood silent for awhile, and with him all the assembled people. You could hear the chattering of the magpie, and the screaming of the nutcracker.

First the Priest offered up a prayer in a subdued tone; then he exclaimed aloud:

“Thou poor, rich child from the New World! Now thou art in the true new world. Thou hast passed away without forgiveness of thy sins, in frenzy, in delusion. Thou hast left behind thee thy children, that they may atone and confess, suffer and sacrifice, in thy stead. They will do it, they must do it. Children! God is your father, the Church your mother. Listen to my words! We stand by an open grave. You may live without us, without the Church, but when you die, then you must call us, and though you disdain us, still do we come; for eternal Mercy commands us to be gracious and merciful. Thou liberated spirit, thou art ennobled now, for death confers nobility; and thou wearest ornaments more beautiful than all thy diamonds were; for with all thy worldliness thou hadst a believing heart; thou hast borne the thorny crown of suffering; thou hast endured much, and it shall be forgiven thee. But to you who stand here living, to you, I say, you may build villas, you may furnish them in splendor, but the Prince of all living beings will come, and he is Death, and that Prince will mow you down, and you will moulder in the earth. A house of boards, that is the villa which is reserved for each of us deep down in the ground. Woe to those men whose sacred tabernacle is a fire-proof safe! And then the so-called philosophers and men of science come along, and flatter the believers in the safe; and if the lightning descends from the heavens, they say, ‘There is a lightning-rod on our house, we felt nothing.’ But when death comes, what do you say then? You have no answer. Oh! ye poor, rich children! Turn about! The arms of Mercy are outstretched; they alone protect you. And to that rich youth too the command was given. I will not speak of the way in which the wealth was acquired, from which the young soul will not part; I only say—no, it is not I that say, my vanishing breath simply carries the Eternal Word—which says: ‘Leave all that thou hast and come follow me.’ And wilt thou, too, go hence weeping because thou couldst not leave the possessions of this world? Oh! I call to thee—no; He who has brought this day upon us, and who looks down into this grave from on high, He calls to thee; He says: ‘Tear asunder the bonds of slavery; thou thyself art a slave, be thou free. And thou noble maiden, who hast cherished the highest good within thee, look down into this grave, look beyond the span of time, at the end of which the grave shall open

for thee. Save thyself, do not spurn the hand which means to save thee."

Striking his breast, with tear-stifled voice he then continued.

"How gladly, how cheerfully will I die. I, who now speak to you, if I can say that I have saved you—that the Spirit has saved you through the breath of my mouth. Come to me; leave everything that holds you back—everything upon which you rely. Come to me, ye children of sorrow, to me, ye children of misery, of suffering, of affluence, and of helpless poverty!"

He paused, and as no one stirred, he continued:

"I have spoken, I have warned, I have called upon you, as I must, and because the necessity was upon me. I call upon thee whose earthly frame we now intrust to earth. Say thou to thy children: 'The three clods you shall throw upon my coffin; yes, you shall throw them down if your hands will give up what men call the riches of the world, and which is but the price of a lost soul.' And if you will not do it we shall still pray for you who are dead in life, as we pray for thee whose dead body we now lower into the grave, but whose soul has entered into eternal life. Grant that thy children receive eternal life and it alone."

The Priest's whole body trembled, and Roland trembled at Erich's side. Now Weidmann stepped to the other side of Roland; he laid his hand upon his shoulder and said gently:

"Keep calm."

The grave was filled. The Priest went away with rapid steps; Pranken accompanied him; the mourners returned to the Villa.

Incomprehensible that the Priest should venture to say so much at the grave. But it is well. What more can come? Has not everything been fulfilled now? It is best that she died at this time. The poor, rich children! What will the children undertake now? So the people said to one another as they returned from the funeral of Frau Ceres.

From the mother's grave the children returned to the house. Roland first recovered his strength, and he exclaimed:

"I won't be bruised and broken. The black terror shall not scare me away. Erich, give me something to do. Herr Weidmann, now I am really with you, I will work and be useful, and I won't be broken."

Manna also recovered from the blow. The death and the shock given to their feelings at their mother's grave resulted in a new strength in the children's characters.

On the day after the funeral Roland entered for the first time upon the direction of the household, for Miss Perini came and begged to be dismissed. After a consultation with Erich and Weidmann, liberal gifts were given her, and she received Frau

Ceres' whole wardrobe. She had it taken to the parsonage in great boxes, but she herself went soon after to Italy, to the young widow, Herr von Endlich's daughter.

Villa Eden was now solely and exclusively at the disposal of Erich and Roland.

Again the Professor's widow became the unwavering centre of every movement: all assembled in her rooms, and she had a good helper, for Professor Einsiedel had obtained leave of absence, and promised to remain at the Villa all Summer.

After the great heart-rending pain which Roland and Manna had experienced, the mourning for their mother's death was light—almost a relief. That she was obliged to die such a death, of the fright caused by Adams; of the destruction of her intellect, that at her grave the Priest made the last extreme attempt, all this seemed almost a liberation, and gratefully did Roland press his sister's hand when she said:

"Let us be careful to feel no hatred or bitterness against the negro because he was the innocent cause of our mother's sudden death."

"If you only could change your condition as I can. I wish you might engage in some such active occupation as I shall find at Mattenheim." Thus Roland prepared his sister's mind, when the resolution of returning to Mattenheim again occupied him. But it was a smile breaking forth from the midst of grief, a bright beam piercing a dark cloud, when Roland added:

"Why, I forget: you *are* going to change your condition. Ah, and it is so beautiful! You will be Erich's wife!"

Manna was silent.

"What are you reading so eagerly?" she would ask Roland, when sitting for hours, he did not look up from his book. He showed it to her: it was a book upon forest-culture, and quite in Erich's way—to such a degree had he entered into his instructor's mind and manner. He explained to Manna how this was the only subject which interested him now. This watching of steady growth, this free exercise of the peculiarly human power of cultivation,—all this refreshed his soul. It was with a throb that he added:

"I never could nurse garden-plants like father; but it is something I've got from him, that I can devote myself with especial fondness to the cultivation of forests."

CHAPTER VI.

A VOLUNTEER CLERK.

IN accordance with Weidmann's wish, Erich made a journey with Roland and Joseph to the commercial town, to deposit the papers safely.

When they arrived, their first visit was to the Banker's house, which was situated outside of the town, combining rural quiet with the animation and bustle of city life. Business and industry were confined to the heart of the town, but here existence was unfettered. The taste and culture that prevailed in the richly-appointed house were agreeable and attractive; and in the great library, ornamented by fine statues, Erich saw with surprise the Banker. The same man who appeared so modest and retiring at Wolfsgarten, during Clodwig's funeral, moved in his own home with the elegant abundance of wealth at his command.

After a short explanation, the Banker drove to his counting-house with his guests. Here, in the midst of his activity, the Banker seemed like another man, or rather like a double one. He had, so to speak, a counting-house soul and a home soul. In his house he was cheerful, amiable, generous, and communicative; in his counting-room, measured in expression, brief, decided, and calculating. He explained to them that he would not receive the great property himself, but that it must be deposited in the city bank. He expressed a wish that Roland might acquire some insight into world and money matters: as he had such extensive possessions to manage in future, it would be an advantage to enter some business-house for a time, otherwise he would always remain to a certain extent dependent on others. Although contrary to his custom, he offered, in this exceptional case, to receive Roland into his counting-house as a clerk, without salary.

Erich nodded, for he recognized the advantages; but Roland was taken aback.

The Banker now showed Weidmann's letter, in which he expressed the same wish. With a timid look Roland glanced over the rooms, where a great many young men stood writing at desks, or were going back and forth. Was he to stand there too? Why is it that strangers dispose of him thus, and mark out a calling for him?

All this passed rapidly through his mind; and when he was questioned, he answered:

"Above all, I am grateful, not only for your kindness, but also for the frankness with which Herr Weidmann and you tell me all this."

Through a speaking-tube the Banker gave an order in the outer room to send Herr Rudolf Weidmann to his private office. Weidmann's youngest son, who was a clerk in the house, entered. Roland and Erich were introduced; the young man bowed to Erich and shook hands with Roland. The Banker told young Weidmann that he was excused from office-duties during Roland's stay. But the young man said that it would be impossible for him to leave, as there was too much to do just at present. The Banker at once dismissed him, with the request to come to his house that evening. After a few civil words to Roland, the young man retired.

The Banker suggested, as a matter of consideration, if it were not best to sell a portion of Sonnenkamp's American paper, in view of the impending danger; but, on the other hand, the responsibility could not be incurred, and the Banker smiled very good-naturedly when Roland insisted that it was a matter of duty to stake one's possessions on the new turn of events.

Roland and Erich accompanied the Banker "on 'Change." It was just at the time of Lincoln's election, when American stocks were going down from day to day. There was great activity in the city, and Roland and Erich were equally struck by the fact that great events are immediately indicated by fluctuations in the money-market; and the contradiction became apparent to them how great events of the world, that might be regarded with pure moral enthusiasm, are first of all perceptible in gain and loss by the fluctuations of stock.

Bewildered by the noise and their conflicting emotions, they left the exchange with the Banker, and remained his guests. Now the Banker became their mentor, as he explained to both how difficult it was to reconcile the laws of economy and of humanity, almost as difficult as the conflict of free-will and necessity in the sphere of philosophy. These are seeming parallels—lines that meet rarely, and then only to diverge again directly, but that, on the whole, in the gain of one being and the loss of another, nothing of the world's aggregate possessions were really lost.

Erich remarked that these contrasts were already recognized by the ancients, though in a different manner. The staff of Hermes is at the same time a divining-rod and a symbol of that flash—the entrance into and the departure from life—in which the birth and death of men took form in the myth.

The Banker, who liked to gather information, made Erich explain to him the interpretation of the myths and traditions, and the unity of their character among different races. He was always ready to penetrate into new fields of knowledge, and grateful to receive it. During dinner, telegrams were received several times. The Banker quietly read them, and handed them to

his two sons, who were also present. Here, at the Banker's table, Erich became aware that his whole being was undergoing a change. The Banker liked to be served with the rounded results of science, and enjoyed them understandingly, and with pleasure, just as he then did his well-ripened pineapple. But Erich was not as communicative as formerly; he no longer found it necessary to offer all he had at every demand upon him. He was silent, and let others speak. Immediately after their discussion of comparative mythology, the Banker touched in the same manner upon the effects of the rise or fall of one stock upon all the others, and explained to Erich how even the exchange was an organism.

Erich was a willing listener, and desirous that others should now give to him.

The Banker's daughter-in-law, a lady of noble bearing, was extremely courteous to Erich and Roland, and said how much she wished to make the acquaintance of Manna and Erich's mother. Erich was struck by having recollections awakened in him here, that had almost entirely passed from his memory. The lady had heard him sing at the musical-festival, and requested him, as she herself was something of a singer, to favor her with a song; but when Erich replied that he was not at all in the mood for singing at present, she immediately relinquished her wish, in the hope that it would be fulfilled at some future time, when there were fewer anxieties upon him. After dinner, young Weidmann was announced: the Banker had him shown into the dining-room, and asked him to sit down to dessert with them. Young Weidmann was embarrassed, and seemed to appreciate the favor conferred, in being thus admitted to the domestic circle of his employer. They went to the billiard-room, and young Weidmann received the special distinction of being permitted to smoke a cigar in the house, and in the presence of the head of the firm.

Roland showed no inclination to take part in the game, and the Banker told him that he must feel perfectly free to retire to his room, or to go out with young Weidmann. Roland went with Weidmann to his room.

Just as the game was finished, and the gentlemen settled down to quiet conversation before the fire, Roland returned, and with expressions of gratitude announced his resolve to enter the counting-house for a time, only begging not to be considered vacillating if he should withdraw again before long.

Roland talked with Erich until late into the night, and told him how strangely he felt, but that he considered it a fortunate circumstance, and was, on the whole, grateful to the friends who extended their hands for his guidance and protection.

The following morning the chest and papers were deposited at the bank. Roland and Erich seemed transported into the midst of a fairy tale; here the wealth of so many was securely bestowed. An old recollection seemed roused in Erich, for he said to Roland, half dreamily:

"How would it be if the Krischer, who once questioned so much, were to see all this?"

Roland looked at Erich with surprise, that he should regard all this so calmly.

"Aren't you overcome by it?"

"Oh, no, not at all. What are all these riches here? We see more wealth from the top of a mountain than lies here coined. Houses, fields, forests are more, far more."

Roland began to look rather dispirited. For some time he was to do nothing but cast accounts, and watch the money-market. The life at the Villa, the hills, the river, the busy life at Mattenheim, all now seemed removed to an unattainable distance. Yet he remained firm.

Erich accompanied Roland to the counting-room, where he was shown to a desk with young Weidmann.

Erich wished to become acquainted with Roland's companions, and remained for some days. He was particularly pleased with the cashier, Fassbender's son, a young man of great mental and physical activity, full of judgment and youthful freshness of spirit. He was president of a mercantile association, and cherished an unwearied desire for improvement in himself and his comrades. To this young man Erich could intrust Roland's guidance with perfect confidence.

He also spoke much of Clodwig with the Banker, who judged Bella very mildly. He could not help reproaching Clodwig for marrying again; he had deceived himself, and yielded to a deception of Bella's, who fully believed that she would be satisfied with retirement, and had forever resigned the claims her youth still had upon life, and now her repressed love of adventure had gone to this extreme.

Erich listened, and spoke very little; indeed, he considered it his duty to tell the Banker that he had given up his former garrulousness, that he was no longer in a condition to offer the total of his thoughts and studies. The Banker approved of this, because a man's professional science was a capital not to be given up. Every one has a sort of fund, of which the interest alone must be ventured in the market: he thought it very well that Erich had learned to economize himself.

On the third day Erich returned to the Villa, with the promise to send Roland everything he needed. He returned as from a different world, and yet he felt a sense of relief, and was glad of Roland's quick resolution. He began to no longer consider

himself as a mere scholar, but as one who has the management of large possessions intrusted to him.

Roland's resolve created great astonishment at the Villa. Erich found Professor Einsiedel and Fräulein Milch with his mother, and all looked at Fräulein Milch in surprise, when she exclaimed:

"What! Roland enter a Jewish house!"

On being asked why she found that so strange, she made no reply, and looked confused.

Erich told the Professor that he had grown much more just toward the rich, who were hardly able to rise to a free flight with the constant burden of large possessions on their mind, and that the safe-key in one's breast-pocket locked up something in the heart.

It was Manna alone who divined the true reason of Roland's strange resolve, for she said it must be a relief to him, not only to learn the management of wealth, which was like learning the art of using a weapon, but that he must have considered it a favorable circumstance to be thrown into an entirely different sphere of life. And so it was Manna almost envied her brother that he could undertake something new—become something else; she, too, would like to undertake something. It was Sonnenkamp's powerful nature that stirred within her, and made her long to go out into the wide world. She was more with the Aunt than with Frau Dournay, who was eager to heal as thoroughly and quickly as possible, while Aunt Claudine wished, at first, only to soothe.

Erich and his mother earnestly considered how Manna's mind, restlessly seeking an outlet, might best be influenced. Too much had been taken from her at once, and her love for Erich did not seem to replace it entirely, for at the bottom there still was a longing within her for the firm support of the Church. Weidmann came, and they considered with him if it were not best to set aside all the usual considerations, and have the marriage of Manna and Erich take place at once. He stated his opinion that marriage must not be applied as a healing remedy, but that only when the mind is calm, and the pleasure of existence again returning, a new phase of existence should be entered upon. This coincided entirely with Erich's own feelings, and when he was with Manna he said to her:

"Your wish to travel is natural; you are in search of something, for you miss the other, the larger house—the Church, whither you could turn for other thoughts. You feel an apparent need of another person, who from the depths of his soul and his thoughts, from the strength of a fixed institution, will again offer you a something within you that you have lost. You are to find all this at home, and within yourself. I know how hard

it is for you, but you must find it thus in the end. As long as you seek for something outside, you are not at home in yourself. Here, on this spot, in this house, where so much care has overwhelmed us—here we must conquer and learn to collect ourselves. ‘In place, Rest,’ is a military word of command, and it applies in a moral sense as well.”

In this way Erich cleared everything to Manna. She embraced him, and thanked him for entering so entirely into her own mind, and freeing it from so much.

The days sped quickly and cheerfully, when an invitation came to visit the Justice's wife. Frau Dournay at once accepted, but Manna said she could not go; she was not yet prepared and collected enough to appear among people, and be favored by their pity.

Erich motioned to his mother not to prevail upon Manna now, and she was left to do as she pleased.

CHAPTER VII.

BITTER ALMONDS TURN SWEET.

THE Justice's wife was universally envied, because the first “Winter-coffee” was to be given at her house. It would hardly be necessary to serve anything, for who would want to eat or drink, where there was so much to talk over about Sonnenkamp and Bella, of Manna's and Erich's engagement, of poor Frau Ceres' death, about negroes and princes, and Clodwig's death? It was hard to tell it all, there was so much. At last they were all assembled. The sofa-corner which Bella once occupied—it seemed an age ago—remained empty, for all avoided it, almost with superstitious awe. Mrs. Clotheshorse had the unparalleled good fortune to be able to tell a story about a sofa-corner. There was a doctor somewhere inland, with a very small practice, and the sofa in his best room had a hole in the corner. When company came the doctor's wife was extremely cordial and civil, but always sat down on the sofa where it was torn as quickly as possible. Now this story was certainly good, and Mrs. Clotheshorse told it well, and laughed in her usual way; for she always did laugh, yet no one else seemed particularly amused.

It was very fortunate that a new arrival had occurred in the village—and a very genteel one too—who appeared for the first time at the great “coffee.” It was the wife of the Chief Water-commissioner, who had taken up his residence here for some time, to oversee some matters concerning the Rhine-regulations. So his wife guilelessly glided into the seat formerly occupied by Bella.

Now they were ready to begin; but who would have believed it?—the avarice of the Privy-councillor's wife was the first stimulating morsel offered to their appetites: "Yes, that's the way with these aristocrats; with such machination, of course one is able to import their dresses from Paris. Her skill in bribery certainly is great, and who knows what she received besides from Sonnenkamp and others. It fairly makes one ashamed of one's stupidity and honesty. An English lady spoke very highly of the Americans who purchased the villa from the Privy-councillor. The Consul's wife particularly belonged to one of the first families in America, for they have a decided aristocracy there, distinguished by nobility of character; and besides, the great merchants, the millionaires of the Northern States, were usually called merchant-princes."

Mrs. White, called Coal, looked up somewhat deferentially to the Englishwoman, and implied by a glance, that she considered the woman happy who had something so good to tell.

The Water-commissioner's wife proved a great convenience, because the whole history of the house of Sonnenkamp could be told her, in which undertaking the ladies relieved and supplemented one another.

The wife of the Cement-manufacturer, with her look of perpetual melancholy, nodded at everything, as if she had a great deal to say, but never uttered a word.

Mrs. Clotheshorse remarked, with a complacent smile, that it was highly interesting to have known a slave-trader, that she had always wished to see one.

"And a cannibal, too," said the wife of the Steamboat-agent, who sat as usual with her cup in her left hand, unremittingly dipping cake into her coffee, for she always had the best of appetites.

"That *would* be interesting," seconded Mrs. Clotheshorse, laughing and showing her teeth.

Strange that no one seemed ready to venture an attack on Bella, until finally the Steamer-agent's wife related that she had been at the dentist's with her eldest daughter, who told her that he never had such a thing happen to him before; that he had been called to set some teeth for Countess Wolfsgarten, and the same night Count Clodwig was taken so ill. The Dentist's wife added that Frau Bella was somewhat to blame for her husband's death; and now they all turned upon her, to make her tell how she knew that. But before she had time to explain, Mrs. Clotheshorse added:

"Certainly, Herr Sonnenkamp is just as much to blame; who knows what he did?"

The poor Dentist's wife turned quite pale. What had she done? She vowed and declared by all that was dear to her

that her husband had not told her anything; if he had, she would certainly have remained silent. But they would not believe her. Now she regretted, and vehemently retracted, her view that Bella, during a fit of violence, had deeply wounded her husband's feelings. The strongly contradicted report of the Coroner's error was renewed, and it was decided that Frau Bella must feel guilty about something, which was the chief cause of her flight.

"I am sorry for Herr Prancken," said Lina, suddenly.

Every one looked up, and Lina quietly continued:

"He really is not a bad man; and now he has lost his betrothed, and his sister deserts him and heaps so much shame and misery upon him, it is a little too hard."

The Commissioner's wife praised Lina for her good heart, and asked many questions about the character of Bella. Mrs. Clotheshorse could give the best information, for she had a cook who had formerly lived with Bella. Bella was not severe toward the servants, but capricious; sometimes she scolded them dreadfully, and at other times made them presents and provided for their pleasure.

Now the topic was generally discussed whether Erich and Manna were to be married soon, and incidentally poor Frau Ceres' death and the Priest's violent harangue were discussed.

The Steamboat-agent's wife could furnish the latest particulars concerning Bella's nocturnal flight, for she had questioned the pilot; and there was general surprise that Bella had left her wardrobe behind.

"I suppose she will put on men's clothes, and they will be very becoming."

After this telling remark Mrs. Clotheshorse rolled her eyes round about the circle in triumph; but not a look met hers. All the ladies looked into their laps.

They now inquired if Frau Dournay had been invited. The Justice's wife answered in the affirmative, and Mrs. Clotheshorse began: that it was whispered—it was well known that no one whispered it but herself—that Frau Dournay had operated very skilfully to get Prancken out of the way and put her son in his place. Before a reply could be made to this, a knock was heard at the door, and Frau Dournay entered. All rose, and Mrs. Clotheshorse, who occupied the other and virtuous corner of the sofa, insisted upon Frau Dournay's accepting her seat.

The Professor's widow said, with winning openness, that she had felt a desire to go again among people who were friendly, and see them in their pleasant, unostentatious homes; for in the confusion she had passed through she had almost forgotten that anything could remain unchanged in the world. Every one was filled with respect and admiration, Mrs. Clotheshorse most of all.

They inquired for Manna ; and Frau Dournay delivered her greetings and her regrets at being unable to come.

The company was animated, and Lina did not need much urging, but at Frau Dournay's request sat down to the piano to sing. She felt that she would refresh the good lady by her singing ; and she sang with her whole soul. Lina never sang better in her life ; and while she was in the midst of it Aunt Claudine and Manna appeared in the next room. Both stood and listened till the song was ended.

Lina was perfectly happy that Manna had come, and her first words were :

"You must forgive me my wickedness, but I was vexed at all the sorrow that came to spoil my merry courtship ; but it is the same with you. You must forgive me ! Just now as I was singing I wished I might give you some of my happiness, make you forget and hope everything."

Every one's eyes were constantly turned to Manna, who looked like a stranger in her deep mourning ; and the Directorin whispered that she had never before seen such dark eyes and such a high, pure brow.

Manna was perfectly easy, and nodded when she was urged, on all sides, to insist on living at the Villa, instead of selling it and moving to another country, for she and Erich were so generally beloved that all would be glad to continue on good neighborly terms with her.

A spirit of generosity seemed to come over the assembly, and on the way home Manna said :

"Mother, Erich was right ; he finally urged me to go, and it was good, for we should not keep away from people, when they wish to show us kindness."

Manna held Frau Dournay's hand during the whole of the drive, and when she entered the Villa she mounted the stairs again for the first time with firm but hasty steps. She ordered many candles to be lighted, and then begged Erich to sing for her. He knew what songs to choose, and when they separated for the night she said :

"Oh, you dear ones ! I have made a journey, and now I am quite at home again."

CHAPTER VIII.

BEING TRANSPLANTED.

DURING this time Roland lived in quiet content and usefulness in the commercial town. He stayed at the Banker's house, with whose children he became acquainted, especially with a younger son who had just returned from the university,

having given up study to go into the banking business. But a perfect youthful friendship grew up between him and young Weidmann : how different that was from the imaginary friendship for the Cadet, based on merely exterior circumstances ! During the day they were uninterruptedly occupied. The principal meal, which was taken in the evening, closed the day ; after which they resorted to the billiard-room of the house, or went to theatres or concerts, but more frequently each one remained by himself, reading or studying.

Until late into the night, Roland often sat with his young friend Weidmann and Fassbender, teaching them English. He had now become a teacher himself ; and imparting not only from what he possessed but from what he really was, gave him a peculiar joyousness, that was often heightened to the purest pleasure by the fresh, sincere spirit of young Weidmann.

Wherever Roland showed himself, he was first an object of curiosity, and afterward of the kindest attention. He often thought of his winter at the capital : what a different life this was from that ! Here he moved in a circle of self-contained commoners, who were not without pride of their power.

All the clerks in the counting-house were particularly attentive to Roland : his beauty, his genial manners, and above all his hard fate, seemed to make it a duty for every one to be particularly kind to him. The Banker praised him because he quickly mastered the most important points, and readily learned how to calculate the market value of the various government-stocks, and obtain a practical insight into book-keeping.

Thus several weeks had passed, when old Weidmann arrived and invited Fassbender, Roland, and his son to be his guests. At first Weidmann was alone with his son and Fassbender, and heard from them how the subject of the slave-trade was discussed by the young mercantile world, that they had had regular debates upon it in their association, and had finally taken a vote on the question, which resulted in twelve against twelve. Great stress was laid upon the point that if the trade could be carried on without direct participation, it was right to do so, as the profitable business would surely be done by others if scruples prevented their taking advantage of it.

Weidmann looked very serious. Roland came and was extremely animated, and, encouraged by Weidmann's looks, he now begged to return to Mattenheim. The Banker readily assented.

All took leave of Roland with expressions of the most sincere cordiality. He returned with Weidmann to Villa Eden : he had left it a youth, and he returned a matured man. After a few days, Roland had everything packed to take up his residence at Mattenheim. Erich accompanied him, and Roland was ex-

tremely happy when, on entering his room—it was the same one Lilian had formerly occupied—Knopf handed him a letter from Lilian, who had particularly requested that the letter should not be given to Roland until he had become fairly settled at Matenheim.

The following day Erich returned to Villa Eden, and told Manna and his mother that he too intended to settle at Matenheim.

A strange struggle was going on in Manna's soul. Erich saw it, but as she did not speak of it, he believed it best to leave her quietly to herself.

The Major, to whom Erich communicated his plan, complained that he would be forced to build himself a new nest in his old age, for the head-master, whose wife had died, was betrothed again and intended to marry in the Spring. Fräulein Milch was not inclined to be tolerated, or barely endured by a young married woman; and when the head-master said that he intended fitting up one of the rooms the Major had occupied as a spare room, Fräulein Milch asserted great independence. She declared with polite determination that she would leave the house. This was perhaps the only time that a difference had ever occurred between the Major and her. But when the Major saw how deeply Fräulein Milch regretted her faulty independence, he reproached himself for being so humble and yielding; indeed he thanked Fräulein Milch for cherishing the pride he ought to have, and which he so easily forgot. He talked with Fräulein Milch over a plan of moving to the Castle, in which there were well-finished rooms, and he thought it would be quite pleasant living up there; but Fräulein Milch would not listen to living at a feudal castle. She pictured the trouble to the Major that would ensue with the butcher, the baker, the milkwoman, and the grocer; she let loose all the trades upon him, and the Major was quite intimidated.

"It's entirely out of the question!" he cried. "But please don't let me forget to ask Captain Dournay how the knights of old managed to live."

When Erich came this was the first question the Major propounded before telling him of his distress.

Erich was rather pleased with it; for he hoped the Major would move to the vine-covered cottage in Spring, and his mother occupy the Villa with Manna.

The Major laughed.

"Do you know the story," he said, "of the man who was betrothed nearly forty years? I tell you, courtship is a very fine thing, but forty years is most too long. Very well; you may leave us, but you will live to hear something yet: but you must promise me not to tell any one of this stale wooer. He was once as young as you and Manna."

On the evening before his departure, when Erich was alone with Manna, he said to her :

"Manna, we are not having a cheerful courtship—tossed hither and thither by grief and separation ; but we must try to be content."

"And may I know why you too are going to leave us?"

"I shall often be with you and mother ; but I must be alone too. Consider that I must become a new man, must change myself and my learned profession for something that I do not yet know. But you are sure, whether I am with you or not, whether I hold your hand and look into your eyes, or am far from you, that you are the inmost life of my heart ; I bear you within me like a holy faith."

Erich spoke of this and more besides, and there was a new and happy sympathy between both ; and Manna cried, throwing her arms about his neck :

"I shall not shed a single tear to-morrow when you leave ; and thus I shall watch you on all your ways in perfect trust, for I know that you are with me and I am with you. It seems perfectly incomprehensible to me that I have only known you since that day in Spring. I cannot imagine how the world was before I knew you, because I cannot imagine the world without you."

The next morning, when Erich too set out for Mattenheim, he kissed his betrothed for the first time in his mother's presence ; and, when he had mounted his horse, Manna said to him :

"I am glad that you are going. I shall live with your mother, quietly and inwardly satisfied. I thank you for allowing me to become a child again before becoming your wife. I never was a child. But forgive me ; I will always be grateful for what I have received, and will not carry sorrow into everything. I promise you, you shall have a strong, self-reliant wife in me."

Thus Erich rode away, and Adams rode with him : he was to learn farming at Mattenheim.

The ladies were left alone with Professor Einsiedel and the Major, who now spent more time than ever at the Villa.

The Villa was empty and silent ; for everybody lived in the vine-covered cottage. Many of the servants had been dismissed, and only the gardeners had been retained.

CHAPTER IX.

ON NEW SOIL.

THERE was a quickened life at Mattenheim. The day began early and ended early ; there were no inroads made into the night ; everything was well-ordered and full of diligence,—

even Adams could not escape it. Weidmann had brought that about quite methodically. Adams himself was never mentioned, but he was made to see how active every one was about him; and he could not help it himself in the end, for he was ashamed of his idleness; and the man who had formerly been a convict, had to teach him to plough and sow. He even volunteered to thresh; but that proved the most difficult, because he could not keep time. He liked best to work in the mill; and it was an odd sight to see the stalwart negro pacing back and forth, covered with meal-dust. Besides this, he zealously continued the evening-instruction that Knopf gave him.

Of all persons at Mattenheim, Knopf was the happiest. Had he not everything? There was Weidmann whom he honored, Erich whom he admired, Roland whom he adored, a prince and a slave whom he instructed. Prince Valerian was obliged to submit to be instructed with Adams. While the negro wrote from copies, the Prince continued his studies in history and mathematics; and Knopf often gave rise to a great deal of merriment, especially during his lectures on literature, when he said: "You see, my dear young ladies—," for he had hitherto been accustomed to give this instruction to young girls.

During the day they were all occupied in the open air; surveys were made, especially on the new domain, the forests were inspected, and there was much fine hunting, at which Roland distinguished himself with particular skill.

Roland went from hand to hand, for each of Weidmann's sons took him for days or hours, and each found special pleasure in giving him the best he had to impart.

Roland gained insight into the various manufactures; but aside from this, his attention was attracted in quite a different direction.

Everything was conducted so silently in the cement-factory, that Roland asked the Inspector, who was Fassbender's eldest son, if the workmen were forbidden to speak.

"They do it of their own accord," was the reply; "for talking takes off their attention, and as they are working by the job, speaking would hinder them very much."

This struck Roland very forcibly. For the sake of their support these people impose silence upon themselves!

The noon-bell rang. He saw young men and girls of his own age come from the factory; some of the girls were knitting as they walked, and the query dawned in him: "What is the difference between you and your sister and these? and why are you different?"

Saturday evenings, Roland was present when the workmen were paid off. They waited in groups before the house; some had already made themselves tidy, others were still covered with

dust. The little office-window was opened, Roland stood beside the Inspector, who pulled out a drawer in which the different coins were sorted in compartments. Roland called off the names of the workmen, who had their wages counted out to them in due order. Roland watched the hard hands that received the money, either taking it up or sweeping it off the board. When they were paid off, he went out among the men; there were soldierly fellows among them, young and old, and all carrying staffs with pointed ferules, and stopped to buy loaves of bread of a baker-woman, who had just come up, which they wrapped in cloths, and walked off, tucking it under their arms, and calling to one another to walk in company, before they scattered across the hills and valleys.

Is it the lot of man to live thus? How old are these people? What do they find at home?

Roland thoughtfully followed them with his eyes. Is there help, or is there none?

"What are you thinking of?" asked the Inspector.

"I am trying to make out why those weary people have yet so far to walk."

"It's good for them, it keeps them healthy; there's nothing worse than being shut up in a close room."

Roland was silent; questions without number rose within him, which he could not master, and no one else could solve for him, even though they would gladly have done so. Roland only required his perfect composure when he was with Weidmann, who always had a mental equipoise which made the turbulent emotion of others recede before it: he was dignified without being ponderous; he was neither as animated nor as inspiring as Erich, but applied his cool, firm judgment to all things. He made note of errors or misfortunes in politics, or in private affairs, quite dispassionately, without allowing himself to be swayed or discouraged. Erich had shown things to his pupil through a many-sided prism, which never shows objects in their right positions, but always presents them either above or below their actual level. Weidmann, on the other hand, simply showed them in their natural relations. Weidmann brought method into Roland's thoughts, life, and occupations, for he had hitherto been too unsettled, even in mental pursuits. He began a course of agricultural chemistry with Roland, which was at the same time a review for Prince Valerian. Erich also took part, and became a pupil with Roland.

Weidmann rarely diverged from established facts to an abstract generalization, and this made one all the more effective when it came. He led Roland to penetrate into the life of mankind, to patience and knowledge. He showed him that, notwithstanding the principles of equality among men, yet men,

like the various forms of matter vary in their capacity of retaining heat—of holding thoughts: the earth is warmed more quickly than water, but cools quicker. Thus Weidmann sought from the analogies of Nature to lead Roland to philanthropy and justice, and he was not unfrequently surprised to find Roland's mind so well prepared to receive new ideas and develop them. Ideas with similar characteristics must combine with one another, and create new forms of thought, just as combinations occur in the material world as evinced in chemistry. Weidmann often briefly expressed to Erich his pleasure that Roland was so quick at work and study, and also showed an interest in the work of others at the factories.

If all remarked a great and visible change in Roland, it was yet more strongly marked in Erich. Here, in the midst of an activity always concentrated upon the requirements of the hour, where not everything was interpreted, but every one lived more in his own thoughts, Erich went about for days with sealed lips. He no longer felt himself called upon to give, and not only found an inward satisfaction in his love to Manna, but was also more pleased to listen than to speak, to see rather than to show. He now became conscious of the perpetual unrest in which he had lived, and felt like one on a lonely island, though every moment assured of the kindest sympathy. Could Pranken have observed him now, he would have retracted his hard words about his garrulousness. Roland and Knopf often looked at him in surprise; he would take long walks with them without uttering a word.

The evening of each day had its peculiar consecration. The leisure hours that are, alas, departing from the world, still received their due. Frau Weidmann, who during the day was always well and neatly clad, regularly appeared in evening-dress. Prayers were not the custom at Mattenheim, but Weidmann had, instead, an intellectual devotion of his own.

When Roland expressed his peculiar pleasure in the raising of horses, which was so well carried on at Mattenheim, Weidmann would say:

"I sometimes illustrate this by a story. Every one has been told, or perhaps has seen himself, how, years ago, a landed proprietor would drive through his villages with a handsome pair of bob-tailed bays. Every one stood still to admire and exclaim. Such horses are never seen now-a-days, so large, and strong, and handsome! Maybe, neither do we see such wretched jades as formerly. We have plenty of handsome, vigorous horses, of good stock: everywhere the whole breed is improved; that is our age. Like the horse, the elder-bush is another good example. Formerly this profusely flowering shrub was brought from Persia, and only found in the parks and gar-

dens of the wealthy. Now it is common, and yet its beauty is the same in spite of that. Thus the beautiful will extend its circles farther and farther."

During such conversations Roland's eye would seek Erich's, and the radiance of his glance expressed that he felt how great, how fair, and how perennially fresh the world is.

On another evening Weidmann casually remarked :

"If the last century was called the age of enlightenment, ours may fitly be termed the age of free-labor, for self-imposed labor alone is true and fruitful."

Roland did not look up to Erich at these words, but cast down his eyes, for he knew what that meant : he had often heard the term used in contradistinction to slave-labor.

Prince Valerian was the cause of much amusement. He still had the same thirst for knowledge which he showed the first day at Wolfsgarten, and unwearied as the Prince was in asking questions, Weidmann was just as untiring in answering them.

In this way Roland gained greater depth in his instruction. He lived in community with others ; heard answers to questions he had not asked himself, and by being forced to renew those questions in his own mind, the answers became more firmly fixed in his memory than even those he had formerly sought for himself. Weidmann's instruction was always decided, and perfectly lucid ; never diverting the attention to the teacher, but always to the subject exclusively, so that Weidmann's own importance could often be entirely overlooked. A stream so clear that the bottom can be seen, never seems as deep as it really is. This was the case of Weidmann ; he was less brilliant than purely practical.

Letters from Doctor Fritz always created a particular sensation at Mattenheim. Weidmann openly said that a great storm was gathering over the world, and he hoped that its outbreak in America would purify the atmosphere in Europe too. Knopf, encouraged by this, related that representations were made to Louis XIII. that savage tribes could not be converted to the Church without being reduced to slavery ; they were converted to the Church, but when that was at last done, they overlooked the trifle of freeing them from bondage again.

Frau Weidmann was quite indignant that these discussions were held in Roland's presence, but comforted herself by thinking that her husband probably had some object in view. It was indeed Weidmann's intention to initiate Roland fully and thoroughly into this question. He knew the sophistry of this world, and how easily a burdened spirit is accessible to it. Had he not just heard in town that even humane and intelligent men found excuses to cover the ignominy of the slave-trade ? Roland must feel the full pang, in order to make atonement according to his

strength; and, with a vehemence foreign to his nature, he expressed his indignation at the attempt to consider a human being, endowed with speech and reason, a chattel.

But their extensive and varied occupations did not allow them to follow out isolated thoughts, especially as the settlement of the village on the new domain kept all very busy. Weidmann was especially happy at being enabled to carry out his plan. He told the young men vineyards without land were a misfortune, not only when the crop failed, but also because the small vintners, who are obliged to sell in the Fall, receive less for their short crop, while a farmer who has wheat and potatoes to sell receives the same general price for his products that others do for large quantities of the same, which is not the case with wine. Knopf was continually begging not to build one of those stupid colonist villages, laid out in straight lines. The Architect consoled him by showing him that the brook with its windings, and the hill on which the church was to be built, would present picturesque groupings. Knopf won Roland to his plan of erecting a singing-hall at the outset.

Thus they lived and worked together at Mattenheim for some time.

On returning from the fields, the factories, or the estate, they could always see by Frau Weidmann's face when letters had arrived from America. Doctor Fritz wrote often; and the pleasure was double if Lilian had written too. Roland was led to think more about Lilian for two reasons: Prince Valerian took particular pleasure in dwelling on Roland's happiness in being able to cherish a youthful love without losing anything of his manly spirit; and Knopf took particular delight in being made the secret confidant of such a romantic passion.

CHAPTER X.

THE LOST ORGAN-TONE.

RHENISH hospitality still flourished in its prime at Mattenheim. Friends arrived almost hourly. The Banker came, and was glad to find Roland so vigorously at work. Professor Crutius came too. He made friendly advances to Roland, who said to him:

"You cannot expect me to be your friend."

Through Crutius, and his communication of affairs in the New World, an animated discussion arose. A great, long, and decisive struggle was pending between Freedom and Slavery. Crutius asserted, from his own knowledge, that the South was well supplied with well-trained officers; for at the military-

school at West Point, where he had formerly been a teacher, there were far more pupils from the Southern than from the Northern States. If the slaveholders are victorious, and the Union is divided, which is not improbable, then the cause of Freedom is struck to the heart: not only the faith in it is lost, but the cause is damaged; who knows how much or for how long?

Soon after Professor Crutius' departure, a silent, morose melancholy was observed in Roland. He did what was required of him, but he would stand staring at vacancy for hours. He said nothing, either to Erich or Weidmann, of what was passing within him; he only spoke of the cause of his depression to Knopf, from whom he exacted the promise not to say anything about it.

Roland had discovered that Doctor Fritz was his father's bitterest opponent; nay, more, he had accidentally overheard Crutius say to Weidmann that Sonnenkamp was one of the most active demagogues in the Southern States, and would probably play a conspicuous part during the war.

Like a smouldering flame, that suddenly darts hissing upward, all Roland's anguish was renewed in him. His grief at the past, the flight of his father with Bella while his mother was still living, his mother's death, the sad inheritance, everything whirled through his mind, and gave him no peace. Lilian was the daughter of one of his father's bitterest enemies; and if matters came to an issue, was he to oppose his father in the ranks of the enemy?

Roland was in despair. Where is justice and the moral order of the world? Everything is chaos—barbarism!

Knopf could suggest no help, and it was hard for him to keep his promise of secrecy.

At length, it was on a clear cold winter's day, Weidmann took Roland with him alone, to conclude a contract for the delivery of railway-ties, on the opposite shore. When they returned, the Rhine was filled with floating ice, the bells pealed from hill and valley, and the glow of evening overspread the sky, strangely lined by a grayish background. Grip stood at the bow of the boat, and contemplated the landscape; and as they floated along, and pushed the blocks of ice away with the boat-hook, Roland suddenly said:

"On such a day, such an evening as this, Washington crossed the Delaware."

He added nothing more; and Weidmann divined that Roland had been pondering why Washington had not abolished slavery at the outset when he founded the Constitution: however, he digressed in another direction, by remarking that one

of Washington's finest qualities was, that he was always ready to be convinced of an error.

Roland was struck. What does that mean ?

Weidmann continued :

"I am sure, Roland, I have let you take your own course ; but to-day I will tell you what is passing in your mind. You are in doubt and despair. You will never be a self-reliant man if you don't work your way out of it."

The young man looked at him with eyes wide open, and Weidmann continued :

"There are two things troubling you. You have ceased to believe in the sway of the moral law that governs the world ; you have lost your faith in the Supreme Being that we too call God, although priests call it by that name too. You further believe—which is harder yet—that it is your fate to suffer the punishment for deeds which you have not committed ; you fear the consequence which everything in this world entails, and that confuses you."

Roland looked in wonder at the man who so calmly and considerately gave utterance to his own inmost thoughts.

Weidmann said further :

"On the one hand, you do not believe in eternal laws, and on the other hand you still fear them. Now look about you, see these blocks of ice upon the Rhine. Will you to-day learn to understand the inscrutable wisdom that pervades the universe and breaks the laws of nature, where their strict logical sequence would involve the destruction of the world ?"

"If I could learn that, if it were really so."

"Well then, listen. Do you know the changes that bodies undergo as they become warmer and again as they grow colder ?"

"Yes, as they get warmer, they expand, and become lighter ; if they grow colder, they contract and become heavier."

"Is that the case with water ?"

"I think it must be so, too."

"But it is not so. Look at this cake of ice ; it ought to be heavier than the water and sink to the bottom, thus freezing the river from below. But at this point there suddenly comes a flexion in what we call the stern inflexible laws of nature—men usually call it an exception. Water reaches its greatest weight and density on falling to a temperature of three degrees Reaumur, after that, it becomes lighter and expands. And here I tell you that I do not understand how men manage not to believe in God. This is God. It is not merely self-governing, or passive nature ; here is unbounded Genius, the Universe ; here, too, is wisdom. Look : if congealed water became heavier, causing

the stream to freeze from below, we would not only have a thawing and rending of the river-bed every Spring, but more; do you know what the consequence would be?"

"Yes; all the fish in the stream would be killed."

"You're right. See, this is the wisdom of God. It is He who reverses a natural law to preserve His creation. The Spirit of God no longer floats above the waters—above the laws: it lives in the waters themselves, and sets aside the laws of nature for the preservation of nature. We have no more miracles from without, but beyond a certain point everything moves in miracles—in the miracle of Genius. Our earth's surface, too, on which we sow a plant, is one of these natural miracles. The globe in the centre is liquid heat, while the cool crust remains above. Do you understand me?"

"I think I do."

"And now, my son, remember that you are not doomed to suffer—to repent and atone according to an inflexible natural law, because the man who was your father is guilty, for man, above all, is not subject to these natural laws alone; he is master of his fate. Look up! The world is radiant with light, is great and beautiful, and God is everywhere. Let those who toll their bells yonder worship Him in their way, we cannot do so: churches are but little chambers in the Temple of the universe. They shall not come to me and crowd the Highest into a revelation or a rite. God is great and holy everywhere, and it is impossible not to find Him. We have Him here beneath the wide arch of heaven, and we have Him in our hearts. Whoever is breathed upon by this eternal breath lives a holy life. Come to my heart, my son, you have wrestled bravely and you are free!"

Roland threw himself upon the breast of the man and kissed his garments, weeping from the fulness of his soul.

It was dark when they landed, but there was light, a wonderful light in and about Roland. A new being stepped upon the shore. Silently Weidmann and Roland walked toward home.

With a sense of relief, as though an evil spirit had been cast out from him by an exorcism, he returned with Weidmann. For a long time he stood by the window gazing out upon the starry heavens. Then he sat down to write to Manna, and told her from the fulness of his heart how, to-day, he had found the highest faith, reliance, and peace, which he had never thought possible: but he could not finish his letter.

He went to Erich and told him that he would like to go back to Villa Eden for a visit. Erich assented, so the next day they rode off together. It was a happy return home, when Erich and Roland entered the Villa. They found the women in cheerful quiet, and Manna's soul shone with a twofold joy; she had her

brother and her lover to welcome, and both brought so much fresh, solid vigor with them !

There was so much to tell on both sides, and yet, after the first greetings were over they drifted into generalities again. All were strangely moved when Manna related her experience : sitting with her hand in Erich's, she told them :

"It has been hard for me to dispense with the accustomed holy consolations. When I passed by the church I thought of you and of myself. I heard the tones of the organ swelling so mightily, reverberating through my heart. This tone is lost to you and to me. You have often told me that your friends called you romantic because you could not get rid of a longing in your soul for these sounds, and now this longing was aroused in me too by the thought of you. But we cannot recall them, and must be content that the realm of tone and of exalted emotions is vast and wide, beyond the peal of the church-organ, and I cling to that great word, 'Ye are my temples.' If the soul of man becomes the temple of the Holy Ghost, it needs no outward temple."

A solemn spirit brooded over those assembled in the vine-covered cottage : they felt themselves members of a communion for which there is no name.

CHAPTER XI.

A FULL HOUSE, AND WELL-SPENT DAYS.

LINA and her betrothed, and the Major with Fräulein Milch, were invited for the following day, and it was arranged that if the snow remained they were all to take a sleigh-ride to Mattenheim, to bid farewell to Prince Valerian, who was on the point of returning to his native country.

The day was delightful in home-blessings, and Manna repeatedly said that though she did not at first understand why they imposed this separation upon themselves, she now saw that it was best for both.

The day proved favorable, and they set out in several large sleighs for Mattenheim. When they arrived, Knopf took his young friend aside and delivered a special letter to him from Lilian. No one knew why Roland was so unusually cheerful. Knopf alone smiled knowingly by himself.

Manna and Frau Dournay found perfect congeniality in Frau Weidmann and her daughter-in-law ; all were refreshed with the rich, full life they found here.

While Lina continually expressed her pleasure at sitting down to five full meals a day at Mattenheim, and stoutly maintained that love increased the appetite, the ladies from Villa Eden

took particular delight in being allowed an insight in Frau Weidmann's domestic management. Frau Dournay had known her in younger years, and well remembered the handsome presence of the stately woman, who now always wore a large pair of spectacles. She, Manna, and Aunt Claudine were led to a strict self-examination in contemplating the constant and unwearied activity of Frau Weidmann. For, in spite of the busy life in the house, there was a quiet, well-ordered routine, and without much thought or vexation, Frau Weidmann attended to her round of duties. She was proud of showing the ladies the whole house, especially the great preserve-jars, which not only contained supplies for her own wide-spread family, but for the poor as well, who cannot provide in advance. To be sure, she complained that she had not time enough left to improve herself, but laughingly added, that she compared herself to her kitchen-garden, where she drove away the birds, as they must either give up good lettuce or the song of the birds.

From Frau Weidmann Manna heard more about Pranken's life, that which he led during his short stay at Mattenheim, as well as the facts which were well known in town.

Till now, Manna had felt some regret at being obliged to treat Pranken so unkindly; he had shown himself so friendly and good to her father and herself. Now she was freed from this regret.

The ladies from Villa Eden were not a little surprised when they heard of the great movement going on in the New World, for, together with Lilian's letters, newspapers, &c., other letters had arrived. Weidmann could not refrain from saying that the greatest issues of our century, yes, perhaps in modern history, were being decided now. For if it were possible to dissolve the Union, and make the slave-trade, which was now carried on surreptitiously, recognized by Government, then the freedom and human progress for which all of us have labored, will be so thoroughly repulsed and stricken down, that the tiny labor of individuals must vanish before it. A relief from the oppression of this impending danger was given to the circle of listeners by a passage from Dr. Fritz's letter, which Weidmann read to them. The Doctor wrote:

"Grand beyond expression, and so beautiful, that classic antiquity has no brighter example to give us, was Seward's noble conduct. In statesman-like power and consistency, in purity of character, he is surpassed by none; and we Germans, above all, must highly honor him, for he has publicly said that wherever Germans go, it is their task to open a path for liberty, and that the true Germanic spirit is that of tolerance and freedom. This man, who was a candidate for the Presidential nomination both before and together with Lincoln, as soon as he saw that

Lincoln's prospects were better than his own, not wishing to scatter the vote, withdrew and became Lincoln's most earnest supporter." Weidmann added, that modest Prince Valerian would also find similar changes going on in his country.

Manna did not hear the last, for she said softly to Erich :

"Our father ! Do you think he will take part in this struggle ?"

"I think he will, and we must be prepared to bear that, too."

The Prince took his departure. At the last moment he made Roland and Lina sing him the song of "To Meet Again." He regretted very much that he could not take Knopf with him, for Knopf had promised Lilian to come to America, and be active there, but he did not explain in what way.

When the Prince was gone, they all sat down again. Roland, Manna, and Erich were alone in Roland's room, when he said :

"Manna, if there is to be a war in our country, I shall go, too—I have resolved upon it, and will not be prevented by any one."

"And what if our father should be opposed to you in the other army ?" were the words that rose to her lips, but she repressed them, and only said :

"If you go to America, I shall go with you."

"Then Erich will go too. I have already spoken with Herr Weidmann about it, and he has given his consent, and whatever he sanctions, is doubly reliable and good. He only made me promise that I would not go before he says that it is time."

Manna grew calmer when she saw her brother's life under such good guidance.

On their way home, Aunt Claudine expressed the sentiments of all, by saying :

"It seems to me as though we had done nothing but enjoy eating and music for the last few days."

"Yes," added Lina, "one can eat enough to last a year at Mattenheim."

And laughing they drove away.

CHAPTER XII.

FETTERED HANDS UPLIFTED.

THE great law of our time, to regard the events of the day in a moral aspect, was nowhere more strongly and constantly apparent, than in the active circle at Mattenheim. A mature man voluntarily fixed his thoughts upon the events in the New World, and a youth was involved in them by circumstances.

Letters and papers from the New World came quicker and more frequently. They lived a double life here, in varied and

earnest work, and at the same time watching events in another hemisphere, that grew nearer and nearer to culmination.

Roland eagerly read all the papers and writings that discussed the question of slavery, and Doctor Fritz wrote in dissatisfied terms about Lincoln. He believed that a man of such purity of character, and thorough belief in the goodness of mankind, would not proceed energetically enough against the barons of the South.

For the first time Roland heard the Southern slave-owners called barons, and Weidmann explained to him that it was not a mere form of speech, but a very comprehensive expression. The slave-owners desire to live solely for the enjoyment of their mediæval pleasures, others must work to supply their necessities and their luxuries; that is the true feudal spirit, which considers work as unworthy and degrading, in face of the truth that labor alone gives nobility to man.

Two books exercised a profound influence over Roland's mind. He now for the first time read "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and shed tears over it; but soon he rallied, and asked himself: What is this, to refer a whipped and abused fellow-being to a future reward in Heaven, where the master will be punished and the maltreated slave be exalted? Who will take away the tortures inflicted? Is not that like the Krischer's case? Who indemnified him for the imprisonment he suffered, only to be found not guilty in the end?

Another book, by Frederic Kapp, the result of laborious studies, "The History of Slavery in America," which by a wonderful coincidence appeared about this time, had a quite different effect on Roland. At first the youth could not comprehend how such a revolting condition of things could be discussed as a mere matter of fact, from a purely historical point of view; but one passage made him weep aloud, for it said: "The owners of slave-ships are nearly all foreigners, Spaniards and Portuguese, and sad to say"—here was a dash, but this dash was like a dagger—"and sad to say—*Germans* too."

During all his walks by day or night, Roland continually referred to that which engrossed his mind, and for the first time he began to doubt Benjamin Franklin. He read that though Franklin presided at the Abolitionist Society in Philadelphia, he, like the other heroes of the great struggle for independence, had, in their efforts to create harmony in founding the Republic, consoled themselves with the belief that in the course of one generation slavery would cease, and become extinguished by free labor. Their hopes were not fulfilled, and the truth of Theodore Parker's words, that "all great charters of humanity are written in blood," was sadly illustrated.

Roland often stood thinking for hours before a picture by

Ary Scheffer that hung in the great sitting-room : it represented the worship of the child Jesus. Among the worshippers is a negro, a deeply-touching figure, uplifting his fettered arms to the liberating and consoling Redeemer. For two thousand years this race is thus stretching its fettered arms toward the redeeming idea of humanity. Why has it been thus until now? Roland confided to Weidmann what was troubling him, and Weidmann knew how to change his sorrow to joy, by telling him that the time had come when this must end. He was particularly severe upon those who, like sentimental criminals, designate sin and shame as evils, and say : "We cannot help it; it is so, and must remain as it is."

Roland now thought of some verses of Goethe's : he repeated them to Weidmann, who said :

"It is the inheritance of a free man, never to look upon any one as perfect and complete in himself. Like Goethe, the Americans boast of not having mediæval prejudices to conquer, and yet they have the inheritance of slavery, which some of them even pronounce to be the natural condition of the working-classes."

Weidmann gave Roland the speech delivered by Abraham Lincoln at Cooper Institute in New York. Roland was asked to read it aloud. His voice trembled and his manner was greatly moved as he read :

"And even if we were to sacrifice our votes, Republicans, you may be sure that the Democrats would not rest there—we dare not even remain passive, we should not only be obliged to cease calling slavery an evil, but should be forced to justify it forcibly and unconditionally. The Constitutions of all our free states would need remodelling ; at least, all portions that stand in opposition to slavery would have to be obliterated. As the Southerners assert that slavery is a moral institution which ennoble humanity, they will endeavor to make us all recognize it as a moral right and social blessing ; consequently, they will work to have it universally introduced. Our sense of duty commands us to oppose such an attempt.

"Neither let us be slandered from our duty by false accusations against us, nor frightened from it by menaces of destruction to the government, nor of dungeons to ourselves. Let us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith, let us, to the end, dare to do our duty as we understand it."

Tears started to Roland's eyes, and he looked up at the picture, where the negro was lifting his fettered hands, and a voice within him said :

"You are free !"

CHAPTER XIII.

IN THE BROTHERHOOD.

OUR bees, that we brought from Europe, are flying out into the Spring sunshine," wrote Lilian from New York. At Mattenheim, too, Spring was rapidly approaching. Labor in field and forest became urgent, sunshine and hailstorms followed in quick succession, but the buds were swelling and the new green refreshed the eye. On the new plant, which is called the "Sleeping-eye," fresh slips were grafted that the tree in its prime might bear improved fruit. This was also repeated symbolically in another way.

They were assembled, one evening, at Mattenheim. Weidmann read aloud a letter from Doctor Fritz, in which he described the lawless association of the "Knights of the Golden Circle." They had a web of associations all through the South, besides companions in the North. By means of their signs and passwords, they constituted a sort of secret court, and committed countless assassinations and secret executions.

Just then a letter was brought, with the Prince's seal. It contained many expressions of regard for Weidmann, and the Prince's request to communicate to young Sonnenkamp-Banfield, that there were no obstacles to his entering the army at once, but that, on the contrary, every personal consideration would be shown him.

Roland looked up with an eager glance.

"I cannot; it's too late!" he said. But he expressed his pleasure at the Prince's kindness; and his voice was sad as he added how much it gratified him to have the honor of comradeship extended to him.

"You shall have another instead of it," said Weidmann. "You shall be received into our league with your friend and teacher here, Captain Dournay. You are really too young; but we want to show how much we honor you."

In the evening, while it rained incessantly, Weidmann reclined in the window, and looked out into the open landscape. He called Roland to him, and said:

"These are happy hours, my son, when one can look out of the window, and know that the rain refreshes and invigorates the whole vegetable world. A creating power, that awakens and quickens the souls of men, a benefactor who has blessed people's lives, must experience some such happiness as this in his sacred, silent hours. Rejoice, that you may attain this. Should I not see you again when you come back from the war, you may know that I have felt this for you, and let it gladden you."

"Is the decision already so near?"

"Yes; I have received a letter from my nephew; and I tell you now, the time has come."

A shudder crept over Roland; he seized Weidmann's arm, and held it fast, and Weidmann continued:

"Though my nephew writes that the war is expected to be brief, and that those who enlist hope to return to their homes within a few weeks, I do not think so; and you will yet be in time for the great struggle. Be glad that you are prepared."

Roland hastened to Erich, who exclaimed:

"Shake hands, Roland; I'm going with you."

Adams came too. He leaped up, and his eyes glistened, as he cried:

"Are all of us going—all of us?"

And they embraced one another, as though salvation had come upon the world, and all night long they found no rest.

Next morning Roland and Erich rode to the Villa, to announce their resolve; and Manna too repeated: "I am going with you." She gave Erich a look at the same time, which he understood; for this look asked: "Can you, will you, allow a son to meet his father in the enemy's ranks?"

Erich told her that he had sent a message, by way of Paris, to the Southern paper her father had designated, and in words that he alone could comprehend. It stated that Roland would enter the Federal army, in the hope that by this means he would at least avoid his father, who was serving in the Confederate navy.

Erich had great difficulty in moderating Roland's impatience and in impressing upon him that days would have to pass before they could think of leaving.

They went together to the Major, who exclaimed:

"That's right; now you must join us. Brother Weidmann told me some time ago that you were to be initiated and consecrated, to enter upon the combat for humanity. This I may tell you now, that in war our fraternity shows its power. You will receive a sign, and no enemy who has raised his weapon against you, dare kill you face to face; and you will kill none who give you the sign. My dear brethren—I call you so already—there is no good in the world that is not done by Freemasons; and these liberators are either actual Freemasons, or they are so in principle. But I will not talk any more; Brother Weidmann will tell you all. Leave me now; I must go to the Castle. So it is to be, after all?"

Up at the Castle, the Major walked about, and often repeated to himself: "If the Architect of all the worlds will only let me hold out now, I must live to see that, and something else; and then it's enough."

Men went and came, workmen hammered; and at last, what the Major had always wished, was accomplished. A great Freemason's festival was celebrated at the Castle; and what a festival it was! Roland, Erich, and Adams were to be received into the Brotherhood. Men came to the Castle from all parts of the country. The Major conducted Roland, the Architect went with Adams, and the Banker—who had arrived on a visit at Eden with his daughter-in-law—accompanied Erich. At the Castle, the three men were taken to separate rooms. After awhile, the Major came to Roland and took all the money and valuables he carried about him. By and by, men came and blindfolded each of the three. They were led through long passages, upstairs and down, and, as it seemed, into the open air. At length they were bidden to stop, and violently accosted for venturing to intrude themselves here; but they remained undaunted.

Roland felt reassured when he heard Weidmann's voice; but it seemed to come to him from a great distance; and Weidmann told them that they should consider it as a symbol, to be led blindfold by seeing friends; and should learn to trust to those who had proved true in life, and offered them aid and guidance. Some one shouted that it was time to remove the bandage.

"No," cried a strong voice, "Roland, I will not admit you!"

Roland did not know this voice. What is this? what did they want of him?

"Go back, go back! you stand on the verge of a precipice!" cried voices from all sides, and the first voice was heard again:

"Roland, are you prepared to give up everything you now possess, or will receive in the future? to be naked, poor, and helpless—to be no more than you are by nature? Will you cast aside the mammon, rightfully or wrongfully won? Answer! answer!" was repeated by numerous voices. "Will you be poor?"

"Answer!" was re-echoed a third time. "Will you cast all this from you, and become naked, poor, and helpless?"

"No, I will not."

A pause ensued, during which Weidmann asked in a reassuring voice:

"Speak further: why not?"

"Because I have not the right; nor is it my duty to place into other hands that which is intrusted to my keeping, or allow others to dispose of it, though they were the purest and noblest. It is my duty to watch over it, and use it alone."

"Where is your obedience? You intend to become a soldier, a champion in the cause of humanity, and you cannot obey. Do you know what obedience is?"

"I believe I know. In the great plan of the campaign I am

bound to stand at the post assigned to me faithfully, and at the risk of my life, without knowing why it must be just there; this I have been taught is a soldier's duty. But it is otherwise with the interests of my private life. Who gives you a higher right than those other communities, who also say: 'Place into our hands what you possess, that we may dispose of it as we see fit?' Here I stand; I do not know who is near me, I only recognize the voice of my noble friend Weidmann. I trust to him; wherever he is I will stand by him, or blindly follow. I am blindfolded, but I can see within myself, and I know that I am in duty bound to do the best I can, according to my knowledge and the aid of others, but I shall never blindly give up myself, or what is mine. Take me away, and reject me if I am wrong, but I cannot do otherwise."

"Off with the bandage, off with the bandage!" cried the whole assembly three times.

The pealing of an organ was heard in the distance. The bandage was removed from Roland's eyes, and a veil thrown over his head to prevent his being dazzled by the light. When the veil was finally removed Roland stood supported on one side by Erich, and on the other by Adams. Weidmann spoke the formula of initiation, and Roland knelt down and took the oath. Erich's hand rested on his right shoulder, and Adams's on his left. Swords clashed, and in the distance singing was heard, accompanied by the organ. The portly singer whom we met at Herr von Endlich's soirée and at Wolfsgarten, sang an appropriate song in a rich bass voice, which shed quiet and harmony over all.

Roland arose. Weidmann kissed him, and kissed his Brothers, Erich on the right, and Adams on the left. They were now shown the signs: the sign of distress made a specially deep impression on Roland.

Erich, Roland, and Adams were conducted from the hall; they received back their money and valuables, and the Major remarked:

"You went through it bravely, my boy. No, excuse me, my Brother, I should say."

They returned to the hall once more: all rose as Weidmann began, after commanding Erich and Roland to take Adams's hand:

"That we embrace our colored Brother to-day as one of us, shows you what we are. A sound is borne upon the air of our century that no age after ours shall hear. It is the rattle of the slave-chain that bound our fellow-beings; only as a sign, as a sad symbol, will this chain be known hereafter. We, who are human beings, and desire to be fully men, form a living chain by going hand-in-hand. We recognize all the short-com-

ings of our association. The principal difficulty always lies in organizing a community without an historical background, but based merely upon an abstract idea. This is a great drawback in opposition to the Church. Enthusiasts and hypocrites therefore seek a historical basis, and yet our association is the refuge of the good. But being a fraternity of free men, it is doubly difficult to establish its unity, because the free will not be bound. And yet in the solution of the so-called social problem, of which the slave question is only a part, our association is a great working principle, even though its name is not spoken. We want no name, we want the thing. Freedom cannot be based upon calculation alone. Love must do its work, for the works of egotism cannot last. The love of gain and the love of pleasure force themselves into the foreground, as though they alone were the characteristics of our time, but I, and all of us exclaim: 'Our century is great!' Europe, with its ages of culture, and its decaying nobility, is striving to impose the obligation to labor upon all men, and to redeem Russia and America to the labor of the free. Since I feel the great wave of this century rolling upon me, I live in sacred and joyous trust, and our association stands invisible amidst this activity. Two principles are in conflict with one another in this world—egotism and humanity; we oppose humanity by egotism. The more you serve others with love, the freer you are; the more you sacrifice, the richer you become in yourself, and we say to every one: 'Free yourself from slavery first.' Great things transpire in the world, but the lesser must be accomplished first. I say to each of you, and to myself, begin the abolition of slavery in yourself. The slavery of prejudice, negligence, and indolence is within you: free yourself from this slavery; then only will you be fit to free the slaves around you. And now, my new Brothers, let me tell you, that as our signs of recognition are not a language, but are perceptible only to the sight and the touch, and as this mode of communication from man to man lies outside of speech, so also do our thoughts lie outside of the associations organized as religious bodies. We seek peace and contentment in thought and action; our tenets each one interprets according to his own mind, just as he utters them in his own peculiar voice. Action, just, beautiful, and free, cannot be misinterpreted, misunderstood, or changed by any one. We are a Brotherhood, united for beautiful actions."

And turning to Roland, he cried:

"You, my young Brother, to whom much has been given, must now speak, as must your brother, who is rich in mind, and the other, who has prepared himself to labor. What I am and what I have, I do not derive from myself nor must I keep it to myself. To be unselfish is to elevate ourselves; our own

good is the good of the world. What you do must not be done to obtain something from others, but to obtain something from yourself. There is a revolution in men's minds, as there must have been at the time when the world first learned that the planet on which we live moves. Those generations who had slavery amongst them, and believed in its righteousness, could not think otherwise than did the writers of that great sacred book. I say that men could not but regard labor as a curse inflicted upon man, and we have not been led to overcome this prejudice by a new revelation, but by natural recognition and convictions. A new era is dawning; labor is no longer a curse, it is a blessing. No religion brought from outside can sanctify labor, for it is not of the other world, but of this world eternally. If our century were to be commemorated by a medal, the symbol of free-labor should be on one side and on the other that of the love of nature; neither has yet appeared in the form of art. Our thought has not yet received the many-colored beauty, nor the rich variety of form embraced in those conceptions, for humanity may be said to be pure white, the color of absolute light. Then walk in that light, and if you fall in the cause of humanity you have at least lived in the light, and will live on in the eternal realization of brotherly-love and sacrifice."

From a spirit deeply moved, Erich briefly replied. Roland, too, had to speak, but he could only say, my brother and teacher has spoken my own mind. Adams, too, stammered a few words, and said he would try and show himself deserving of the honor of brotherhood they had conferred upon him. And now the three took their seats in the ranks of the Brotherhood, and at once became participators in a great and important discussion. With easy and practiced eloquence, the Head-master, the Major's landlord, reported that the Pope had issued a bull against all lodges of Freemasons, and he read a well formulated protest for the lodge to accept. Weidmann asked if any one decided to offer any remarks upon the subject. The Doctor took the floor and said:

"I am decidedly for the rejection of every protest, and advocate the acceptance of the reproaches contained against us in the bull. I find that Freemasonry is often conducted boastingly within and cowardly without, for it is cowardly not to confess openly, that we do recognize the merely moral man without a positive Church, not necessarily *against* the Church, but we recognize him without it. This denial and truckling to clerical phrases, this cowardly hiding of our colors—"

"A little less vehemently, if you please," interrupted Weidmann, quietly. The Doctor continued with composure and decision to urge the rejection of the protest. The Head-master looked helplessly on; he, who is burdened with honors to pre-

sent something which is not at once accepted! The Doctor asked Erich, who, he said, was not tainted with the traditions that prevailed here as elsewhere, to speak his mind freely. Erich rose and said, that he could not yet concede the right to himself to speak, though he perfectly agreed with the Doctor; he only allowed himself to quote a noble spirit that had passed away. That Clodwig on his death-bed has said, as if in a prophetic vision, that the combatants would divide into two armies, one rallying around the Pope, the other around the standard of free thought. A third party, half inclining to one side and half to the other, could not exist.

The protest was rejected; but likewise the Doctor's motion to publicly recognize the justice of the Pope's censure.

When the solemnities were over the Brethren sat down to a banquet. Roland was once more heartily welcomed by the Banker, and Roland softly inquired why Professor Einsiedel and Knopf did not belong to the association.

"Of right they do belong to us," replied the Major.

When at last they walked home from the Castle through the bright moonlight, Roland said to the Major:

"To have experienced such hours, such a day, I should think would make death easy."

"I say with the Krischer," replied the Major, "we'll leave death till the last." This changed the solemn mood of all into merriment. The Major begged the Banker to help him the following day in a matter that was vital to the interests of his life, and about which the Banker could best advise. The Banker at once expressed himself willing to do so.

CHAPTER XIV.

A FREE-WILL SACRIFICE AND DESTINY FULFILLED.

FLOWERS of every kind bloomed in the hothouses, buds opened in the garden, on the skilfully trained fruit-trees; and in the park was heard the song of birds, who, now in their pairing and wooing time, were restlessly flitting to and fro.

Erich felt the approach of Spring as never before; he, too, was filled by the happiness of love, and the burdens fate had heaped upon him seemed merely the incidents of a dream that might suddenly be shaken off. Early in the morning he strolled about the park, and a new sense of gladness came over him in the thought of possession. Now that Spring was so near, why should these trees, these orchards, these meadows, not blossom anew for him? And in the midst of his longing that it might really be granted him to dwell here in peaceful industry, he

could not overcome a feeling of pity for Sonnenkamp—the man who had planted and cherished all this; where was he now?

Manna and Frau Dournay were walking with the Banker's daughter-in-law, who had come to make their acquaintance. The ladies had rapidly formed one of those friendships that easily spring up from the basis of a liberal and graceful culture. They enjoyed each other's society greatly, but each already felt anxious about the contemplated journey.

The ladies entered the hothouse, where Manna had selected the finest myrtle-tree, to weave its branches into a wreath for Lina, whose wedding was to be celebrated a few days later. She had bent the blooming branches down when Weidmann entered with a happy countenance, and said:

"This tree has blossoms and leaves enough for three bridal-wreaths, and I hope we shall want them."

He then told them that he came as an envoy from the Major to ask the ladies to listen to Fräulein Milch's story.

The Major and Fräulein Milch arrived, and the latter cast a strange look at the Banker's daughter-in-law, as she said:

"You must be present too."

After calling the Banker and Professor Einsiedel, the Major declared that he was ready to yield to the request of his friends, and live in the Villa to superintend it, and keep everything in good condition, if Fräulein Milch would at last consent to break her vow, and if she was ready, after telling the history of her life, to submit the matter to the judgment of the Banker and the Professor.

"Another history!" lamented the Professor, for he feared that, as in Sonnenkamp's case, he would be again called upon to give advice that after all would not be followed. But the Major begged so earnestly that he consented, and Fräulein Milch began:

"You, Professor, are very much like my father, and yet you are unlike him. He was a scholar, too, but in quite a different sphere. You have many of his ways, and if you will be with me on my wedding-day, it will seem to me as if my father were there, though you are much younger. And you, Frau Dournay, who honored me before you knew my history, and you, Fräulein Manna, who, after I had conquered a little prejudice, gave me your warm attachment, you will now learn to know me justly. But you," she continued, turning to the Banker, "will be able to judge me best, for you are a Jew, as I am."

All were astonished. Fräulein Milch quietly waited till her hearers had recovered from their surprise, and then went on:

"I am the daughter of a Jewish scholar, and the only surviving child of my parents. I had one brother; I shall speak of him soon. My father was a pious, noble-minded man, and was

considered a brilliant scholar, with great argumentative power, childishly ingenuous in all things that concerned practical life, and—why shall I not say so?—perfectly helpless. He read in the sacred books from morning till night.

“My mother, who came from a wealthy family, was once blessed by Moses Mendelssohn, who laid his hands upon her head; and it was said that she would one day marry a great scholar, which turned out to be true. She married my father on account of his piety and learning, in conformity with the wish of her parents. In olden times this was the way in which wealthy Jews evinced their gratitude and reverence for a scholar of their faith, just as Christians gave endowments to their churches and convents. The Jews were not permitted to make endowments; they enjoyed no protection, and all their possessions were movable, so they devoted a part of their wealth to the support of a scholar of their own faith.

“My mother worshipped my father. Quiet and contentment reigned in our house. How the poor were fed, and how our whole life was nothing but a passing from one service to another, from one festival to another, you alone can know,” she said, turning to the Banker—“you alone can understand. I myself must often recall it like a dream. In Winter, when the congregation came to my father’s study to pray, as he was not allowed to go out, after the devotion was over I heard the affairs of the world discussed. What did we know of the world? The government officials, the soldiers out there, the world belonged to them: to us they were beings who moved in a fabled realm, which we could never enter. My brother—he was a handsome man, and resembled Captain Dournay—became the friend of a young drummer, Grassler, who was quartered in our house, and the way in which Grassler honored my father, and revered him as a saint, being in his presence always reserved and gentle, made us all very happy. The drummer left with the army. I remember as though it were to-day, I stood upon the stairs and held the movable knob on the banisters in my hand, and was playing with it, when the drummer said to me: ‘Well, Rosalie, when you are grown up, and I am an officer, I shall come back and fetch you.’ He went away drumming, but through the sounds I kept hearing his strange words, and stood on the stairs turning the knob, and everything whirled around. But I beg your pardon, I am going too much into details.”

“No, go on; be as minute as you please.”

“But I cannot,” replied Fräulein Milch. “Well, they went off to the war. My brother was killed, but Conrad came back an ensign, and brought my father my brother’s little prayer-book, through the cover and leaves of which a ball had passed.

“My father, my mother, and I, sat upon the ground and

mourned for seven days. Conrad came and sat down with us, for he honored our sacred customs.

"My father returned to his holy books once more, but though formerly he murmured to himself, he now uttered the words loudly and vehemently. It seemed as if he must conquer the thoughts that would go out to his lost son. Gradually time seemed to lessen his grief. My brother had long been resting in his grave—who knows where?—and Conrad had returned to his home. It was eve of the Passover; I was seventeen years old; we had just celebrated the festival, and my father spoke much of our wonderful release from captivity, which is commemorated at the Passover, and he complained of the oppression under which our people were still groaning. My father loved and revered Jesus deeply and truly, and constantly regretted that so much misery was brought upon us, his people, in his name. And that night I heard him say: 'Our great and wise Rabbi, Moses ben Maimon, has taught, that, though Jesus had overthrown Pagan worship, yet he was not the Messiah, but only the way to the Messiah.' It was late at night when we went to rest. My room was next to that of my parents, and I heard my father say to my mother: 'How miserable are we Jews! There is that splendid young man, that faithful heart, Conrad Grassler, come back, promoted to a captaincy, and retired with a Major's pension, and now he is here to ask for our Rosalie. If the dear youth were of our faith, if he were only a Jew, how gladly I would give him my child! I could not wish her a better husband; but as it is, it cannot be, and may God forgive me for thinking what I have done.' All this I heard in the next room. I was still bodily in my paternal home, but in spirit I was off, and away out in the wide, wide world, where the government officials lived, and the soldiers, and all the rest to whom the world belonged.

"My parents had no fault to find with Conrad, if it were not for that one thing—so said something within me all night long. The following morning, when father and mother had gone to the synagogue, I sat alone with my prayer-book—this same little prayer-book here—it is a book of devotion for women, written by my father—but my thoughts were elsewhere. It was perfectly still; I was alone at home, and there was no one to be seen in the streets, for the whole congregation was at the synagogue. I seated myself in the middle of the room, because I did not want to look out of the window, for I was sure Conrad would pass by. I wonder how he looks? How wonderful for him to keep the promise he made me as a child! What is he like? and how will he find me? Then all at once, I don't know how it happened, I stood by the window and looked out, when suddenly I saw Conrad, who had grown to be a handsome man.

I withdrew from the window, but I heard footsteps on the stairs, and my heart beat as if it would burst.

"Conrad was alone in the world: he had been brought up at the military orphan-school."

A smile passed over the faces of her listeners, but Fräulein Milch continued:

"I told Conrad what my father had said to my mother the night before. I could give up Conrad on account of my parents, but Conrad had not that duty imposed upon him, and I had not the right to sacrifice Conrad to my parents' principles. We agreed to elope.

"My father returned from the synagogue, and never have I suffered more than when he placed his hand in blessing upon my head, as is the custom among us. I did not wish to disturb the joy of this festival. Oh! I destroyed the joy of his life; there were no more festivals for him. I fled with Conrad, and persuaded myself that my father would give us his blessing, when he found that things could not be altered. We wrote to him, but he did not answer. He sent us a message by a friend, that he had had two children who were both dead, and he begged and prayed that they might be happy in the other world. And one message more he sent me: 'You sought honor before the world, and left your father for the sake of worldly ambition.' I wrote to him, and assured him by all that was holy, that I did not seek honor before the world through Conrad; and I promised him to take the shame and contempt of the world upon myself, and I have kept my promise until this day.

"Conrad received the news that my mother was dead: my father followed her within a few months, and I received a small inheritance. Conrad and I moved to the Rhine and lived twelve years in perfect seclusion over in the village yonder, happy only with each other. It was Conrad's constant wish to be married, but I had vowed to bear the shame and contempt of the world my life long. We might have contracted a civil marriage here, but I declined that too. I went to church, for I had the desire to pray in common with my fellow-beings. I had my quiet corner, and while the organ pealed, and a service was held that was strange to me, I sat alone and prayed from the prayer-book my father had written, and from the other my brother carried in the field with him, and which had rested against his heart till it ceased to beat. I was in church, but I was not a stranger; there were men and women beside me who prayed after another fashion, but they prayed to the same Spirit to which I addressed my devotions, and this Spirit will receive the prayers, and know why men pray to Him in such different ways. I now believe that I can break the ban under which I have lived."

"You may, and you must!" exclaimed the Banker, rising. Frau Dournay rose, and embraced Fräulein Milch with all her heart.

"Well, then, do you want to hear the conclusion?" resumed Fräulein Milch again.

"We removed hither. You all know how I lived; and at our removal Conrad again urged our marriage, but I preferred not to be called Frau Majorin, because it would seem like a penance and chastisement to me, because I faithlessly quitted my parents and my people; and we lived faithfully united, without outward ties, and live so now, and my vow was fulfilled."

"We will go to the altar with you," cried the Professor and Weidmann.

Weidmann now took Manna's hand, and said: "Do you know for whom the third bridal-wreath from this myrtle-tree is to be?"

Manna trembled as Wiedmann continued: "It is for you; you have suffered and waited long enough. Help me, Frau Dournay."

The Mother, too, took Manna's hand. The Major ran off to seek Erich, and told him the most confused things on the way back.

The following day the three couples were married, and no one can tell who was happiest, Manna and Erich, the Major and Fräulein Milch, or Lina and the Architect.

Rooms had been furnished at the Castle, where Manna and Erich were to spend the first days of their married life.

They sat at the wedding banquet. Joseph had arranged everything very tastefully; he was now betrothed himself, for Roland and Erich had assisted him to buy a hotel in the city, and he had become engaged to a daughter of the landlord of the Hotel Victoria. But on this occasion he came of his own accord and served the house as before.

Knopf very modestly recited three different poems he had composed for the three several weddings, and he skilfully introduced a variety of little incidents, much to the amusement of all.

Erich sat beside Manna, and whispered to her: "I am glad that I have danced with you already, for it seems to me that I must whirl again in a merry measure, and forget the whole world. Well, we have already danced together—but hush! our good teacher is about to speak."

Einsiedel smiled, and his eyes glistened as he cried:

"Come here, you children of the Rhine, and I will teach you something. My pupil, Doctor Dournay here, knows it. I merely remind him of it, but I must tell it to the rest. All mythologies tell of immortal gods. But the gods are not immortal by nature, they only become so by the drink of the gods, through nectar, wine, and mead: that is the drink which produces im-

mortality. Floating among the clouds and drinking from them they become immortal, ethereal breathing, awakening souls. Yes, drink! see how the sun glistens in the glass, and in it is oscillating the primitive life, fire! We drink, and are immortal like the gods. Thus let it be! Always drink the drops of the immortal nectar in the ocean of ether, the spiritual ocean that floats above the world, and you will be immortal and eternally happy."

Evening set in, and Manna and Erich went alone, hand-in-hand, to the Castle.

The moon stood over the valley of the Rhine and glittered on the stream, over trees and shrubs where the buds were softly expanding and the nightingale unweariedly singing—the world was bathed in bliss.

For three days Manna and Erich remained alone at the Castle; on the evening of the third day they went down again to Villa Eden.

CHAPTER XV.

A MERRY PARTING, AND HUMBOLDT'S BLESSING TO TRAVELLERS.

THERE was a noisy bustle at the Carp tavern. The Cooper, as the young landlord, cheerily filled the glasses, and the two fathers, the Krischer and the Seven-piper, looked contentedly on, and sometimes hob-nobbed with their ribbed glasses. It was well known the whole country round that the Cooper was the confidant of Erich and Roland, and young men came from far and near to enlist for the American war; there was even a deputation from Weidmann's cement-factory, who came to ask for passage-money for thirty-two men.

The Cooper reported to Roland what was going on, and Roland was very enthusiastic. Here he had something that wealth could achieve: he could enlist a whole regiment and take it to America; they would land, and at once fall into *line*.

Erich, too, took great interest in the execution of this plan, but Weidmann decidedly opposed it, and maintained that they had no right to withdraw the strength Germany required for its own development. This reason, however, would not suffice, but another one proved decisive. He told Roland that President Lincoln must necessarily take another step, that he must arm the negroes; in that case Roland might find it his duty to lend pecuniary aid, for it were far better for the negroes to fight for their freedom by the side of their white brothers.

Roland had been to the court-house and been declared of age. He came to the Carp tavern, and all were surprised when the

young man told them that he could only take three young physicians with him, for one of whom the Banker provided, and that he would not be the means of prevailing upon any one else, because the negroes must fight for their own freedom.

Roland returned to Villa Eden, where the Major had now taken up his quarters, accompanied by the Krischer.

The Major and the Frau Majorin even made a wedding tour; they stayed some time in the part of the grounds called Nizza, then sauntered through the park upon the hill from where there was a view down the Rhine, and the Major said in high spirits: "Now, Frau Majorin, you are standing upon the highest mountain in Switzerland;" and when he came to the little lake he said: "Frau Majorin, will you oblige me by admiring the Lago Maggiore?" They went through the hothouses, and the Major declared that the world had here united its most beautiful floral show, in order to save them the fatigue of long journeys. He begged his wife to excuse him, if he could not show her very lover-like devotion for the next few days, as there was yet so much to prepare for the departure of the two knights of freedom. And really there was yet so much business to attend to, that Erich was obliged to leave a considerable portion of it to Weidmann and the Justice. Before leaving the country he must obtain permission to retire from the militia. In answer to his application, he was informed that the Prince desired to see him personally: he was obliged to go to town, and he was not a little astonished to find how graciously and flatteringly the Prince expressed himself, saying that he could not permit a man like Erich to retire from service altogether, but that he would prefer to give him leave of absence for an indefinite period. But Erich's pride was immediately humbled, for the Prince soon indicated, that since he now possessed so much wealth he ought to remain in the country.

The day of departure, though long anticipated, came surprisingly fast. Joseph the valet came with his betrothed. Although he had received the means of opening a hotel of his own, he still considered himself as a servant of the family.

Fassbender's son, who had been employed in the Banker's counting-house, also emigrated to the New World, to enter into the business of his brother, who was a very extensive builder.

The mute, from the cement-factory, whom Roland had given a knife, came the evening before their departure and brought Roland a jug, on which was scratched in very clumsy characters the words: "Come back again."

Roland made provision that the poor forsaken fellow should always be well cared for.

It was very hard for Roland to part from the horses and dogs. He had wished very much to take Grip with him, but the trouble of doing so was represented to him, and he desisted. And he

said, as he placed his hand on the dog's head: "Old friend, I can't take you with me: I have to leave much more behind than you, and I don't know myself where I'm going, so stay here quietly, and wait till I come back."

The next morning there was a great pilgrimage from the Villa to the steamboat-landing. The carriages were sent on before: Weidmann and Erich walked together, the Major went arm-in-arm with Roland, and Knopf walked with the negro, while Manna went between Frau Dournay and the Major's wife; Aunt Claudine and Professor Einsiedel remained behind at the Villa. So they strolled along. Roland wept; and so did Manna, leaning on the arm of her friend. Looking up to the churchyard, she said:

"The shore of this river is our home; our mother rests in this earth. It makes me think of an old tradition, I don't know why. Nomadic tribes wander and wander; but wherever they make a grave for one of their people, they must finally remain."

Manna's voice trembled. After awhile she continued:

"There are the trees that father planted—." She could not say more, for her tears choked her.

On reaching the landing, they found a great assemblage. The Krischer kept laughing and nodding. He had made a night of it at the "Carp;" for he was determined to be jolly once more before he went out into the wide world. The Cooper and the Seven-piper came, to present a cask of Virgin wine, wreathed with fresh garlands, in the name of many of the neighbors. At this the Krischer became very animated, and quickly calculated how much per day would fall to the share of each of the party until they reached New York. He found it would be fully two bottles per man; and as Erich and Roland would hardly use their full allowance, he offered at once to be deputy for them, and take good care of the wine.

The Gauger told them, in his merry way, that the emigrants would have the good fortune to travel with a young married pair, for the steamboat they were expecting was the Beethoven, whose steward had married the stewardess of the Lorelei.

Erich and Manna sat holding the hands of their mother, who cheered them, and said:

"Do not be reckless with your life, Erich; but if you should fall in the great cause, I shall mourn for you uncomplainingly."

"I feel assured, Mother, that I shall return safely from the fight; but should I fall, stand firm, Mother. Through you I have lived the highest life—through you and father, and through the love of my Manna."

His mother silently pressed his hand.

Now the Doctor and the Justice arrived with their wives; Lina came with her husband; and the Doctor brought the interest-

ing news to all that Prancken had entered the Papal Guard. Weidmann was greatly impressed by this news, and told Erich to think, beyond all the pain of parting, how wonderfully all this had come about—Prancken there, and he here. He enlarged upon the facts, and succeeded in placing their personal grief in the background, in view of the great general considerations. What the man and the youth had decided upon, of their own free will, following the course of events, ceased to be their own free act; for it had at once been offered and received into the great whole.

Now the animation of Rhenish life began to show itself. The singing-society arrived with a band of music, and a merry song rang through the clear air from the boat that was gracefully floating with the stream. A salute was fired, the boat came to the landing, and partings were hurried. Erich, Manna, and Roland kissed their mother, who said to them:

“Hold out firmly to the last!”

The boat started; a loud cry was heard. The dog Grip, whom the Cooper was holding by the collar, broke away, plunged into the Rhine, and swam after the boat. The boat was stopped and the dog drawn on board; and now they took him with them.

Those who remained behind, waved their farewell to the travellers on the boat, until they could no longer distinguish one another; but the eyes of the travellers rested to the last upon the Villa. What will become of the house? What kind of people will one day return there? and what kind of a life be developed?

Manna stood leaning on Erich, when suddenly something glided up against them. The two dogs, Rose and Thistle, had forced their way upon the boat. Roland, who stood lost in his own thoughts, suddenly brightened up, for Grip had found his way to him.

But there was still another surprise in store for them. In the excitement of parting, no one had noticed the Major's absence, and now he suddenly appeared from the cabin with his wife. They were on their wedding-trip, and accompanied the travellers to the Lower Rhine; and it seemed like a large part of home going with them.

There was music on board; and the Major soon brought the steward and stewardess,* and introduced himself and his wife, and Erich and Manna, as bridal couples.

* On the Rhine steamers the steward (*caterer* would be a more literal translation) holds an independent position of no little consideration. He is, practically, the hotel-keeper of the boat, carrying on the business on his own responsibility and with his own capital.

"You know," said he to Erich, "I was a drummer—but I'll tell you another time. You shall hear the story when you come back."

At the station before the Island, the Major and his wife left the boat. It was here they had spent the first years of their life together; and now they wished to show themselves to their kind friends as husband and wife. The Major waved his adieus from the skiff, and tried to show a happy face; but the tears would run down his cheeks. He leaned over the side of the boat, and his tears mingled with the Rhine.

Silently those on board the steamer continued their course. As they passed the Convent Island, a troop of white pigeons floated over it; and the nightingales sang so loudly that they could be heard above the splash of the paddle-wheels. The children on the Island were walking in pairs along the shore, singing. Manna sighed deeply, and involuntarily beckoned to them; but no one dreamed who was sailing past—on toward the ocean, to the New World.

When they landed that evening and stopped for the night, Erich remembered the paper Weidmann had given him. He read it; and, among other things, it contained the words from the conclusion of "Humboldt's Cosmos":

"There are some races more cultured and advanced and ennobled by education than others; but there are no races nobler than others. All are equally destined for freedom."

BOOK FIFTEENTH.

FROM LETTERS FROM AND TO THE NEW WORLD.

Erich to his Mother.

“On board the Benjamin Franklin.

OUR ship bears the name that father always mentioned with special affection.

“I have been transported into the midst of the realities of life, dear Mother; I have seen the ocean for the first time! I live on it, and it seems to me as if I were writing to you from another world.

“We were dismissed from the Fatherland with a happy incident. On the first evening of our arrival, a stout, kindly, comfortable-looking figure stood in one of the windows of a corner house at the landing. The man bowed; I returned it, but did not know him. When we went on shore the man came to meet us: it was the director, Ferdinand, whom I had helped out of his difficulty at the musical-festival. I briefly told him of our plans, and with an alacrity inspired by perfectly disinterested goodness, he collected a crowd of talented professional and amateur friends, with whom we sang until deep into the night. With our souls filled with music, we left the Rhine—we left Germany.

“Manna and Roland will write to you themselves; they are on deck just now, reading the Odyssey; it is the only thing one cares to read here. The bustle of the street on shore, all the occupations of home amidst the ordinary surroundings of a house, have all grown far away.

“A ship like this is a new world in itself.

“Herr Knopf, too, had a most singular *rencontre*. He is writing to the Major, whom you must ask to show you his letter. I will only write what concerns myself.

“It was evening when we arrived in Liverpool, where we intended to stop for a day's rest. The next morning I stood alone near the harbor, thinking over the fact that Liverpool was the first port that fitted out slavers. I was aroused from my reveries over the changes wrought in history, by a ship that was weighing anchor to put out to sea. A man stood on deck, about whom I could not be in doubt; it was Sonnenkamp. He wears a full beard now, but I recognized him notwithstanding. He had either been in Europe until then, or had returned. He seemed to recognize me, and lifted his broad-brimmed hat, and beckoned to some

one to join him. A figure approached him : I could not recognize it distinctly, but I believe it was Bella. From some members of an association to whom Weidmann had recommended me, I learned that a man, whose appearance and bearing closely corresponded to Sonnenkamp's, was fitting out a ship with arms and ammunition for a Southern port. I dare not give expression to the horror a meeting here would have brought with it. It was wonderful that Manna said to me in the afternoon, as I walked through the town with her : ' It seems to me as though I would meet my father here ; as if he must turn the corner there.' I believe I did rightly in withholding from her what had passed. It is an intensely torturing thought that father and son may, after all, fight against each other in the hostile armies. My comfort lies in the thought that Sonnenkamp, as a veteran seaman, will serve in the navy. Roland is the favorite of all on board ; he tries, with unremitting zeal, to familiarize himself with all the arrangements of a ship, and the duties of the crew. He is active everywhere, and I am glad that by being so he drives thinking and brooding from his mind.

"The wind has been favorable, and the twittering and singing of the birds the Krischer gave us to take with us, is merry and cheering. Like a famous singer, the blackbird mounts her perch for a stage, looks around, coquettishly ogling her audience, and sings 'Life let us cherish.' You know she never gets any farther, but we accept the song, and the motto, 'Life let us cherish !'

"The second evening out.

"It is night. Manna is alone on deck, looking at the stars. What a wonderful world ! Above us the innumerable stars, and around us the immeasurable ocean. It seems as if I must let all heavy thoughts, reflections, and broodings flutter into space during this voyage, and become, on the soil of the New World, exclusively a man of practical action. It was an adventurous trait in my character and my career—what is it that now impels me to stake my whole existence on a great mutation in the history of humanity—to be no longer a looker-on, but to act, to live, and perhaps—No, Mother, a something tells me I shall return from this contest alive.

"Home ! home ! Oh, Mother, my soul is wafted over the boundless billows of life ; we are with you, and Villa Eden bears its name in truth ! But should fate have decreed otherwise, oh, Mother, then know, keep unswervingly before you, that your son knew the sum of happiness—he reached the fulness of life ! —I had you, father, Manna, and knowledge—a pure yearning to achieve, and action : all, all, have been mine ! Here I sit, borne along by the waves : we are all floating on waves, and

well for him who feels, as I do now, that he is steering for a lofty goal.

"It seems as if your hand were resting on my forehead, I feel so happy and free. And, strange! I see myself transported back in spirit to the University city. It is evening: in the guest-room at the 'Post' the old frequenters are assembled, who really don't like one another, but meet here every evening notwithstanding, and are sitting round the table covered with black oil-cloth, their schoppens before them, discussing the affairs of the world, telling stories, and quizzing each other; and then they attack the quixotic Doctor Dournay. I furnish them a fruitful theme. Lank Professor Weisskoff lights his cigar, smokes, and says with self-complacency: 'I always said he would desert science.' Then the 'Ever Extraordinary' will say:

"'Enough; I visited another planet once, and it looked strange enough, but I believed I was at home there.'

"May 18th.

"I have not written for five days, and now, Mother, a man writes to you who, with those belonging to him, has stood on the verge of death.

"We have experienced a storm, such as the Captain, who has been at sea twenty-three years, never knew. I was not among the strong ones; and in the midst of the storm—such are the twofold accords of the soul—I could not help often thinking how the 'Ever Extraordinary' will discuss my death at the long table in the 'Post'; and I had to regret that he has given up making poetry—our death would have furnished such a beautiful theme! The strong ones during the storm were Roland and Knopf. But Knopf was not with us, he was on the forward-deck with his betrothed. Manna clung to me; we were resolved to die together. But why do I tell you of our danger? It is past, and we only speak of it now that we are in safety.

"In the morning, when the sky was so serene, and the ocean so calm, we celebrated a betrothal on the ship. Friend Knopf is engaged,—he will write all particulars himself. The keg of Virgin wine, which was given us at parting, was emptied by all on board. The Rhine poured joy into all our veins. We sang, we danced, we rejoiced, all the flags were hoisted, and at table friend Knopf made a speech as merry as it was pathetic. I think he will send the speech to Fräulein Milch. We had music, too. Knopf played the flute, and persuaded Manna to have her harp brought on deck and play. The passengers and crew stood round and listened with breathless attention, and when they ended, every one shouted and applauded.

"In three days more we are to land. I do not know whether I shall find time to write again. My first errand in the New

World will be to mail this letter to you, unless we meet a ship returning that will take it to Europe. To Europe! I am so jubilant that I think I could play with whole continents.

— “Be glad in the thought of your happy son,
“ERICH.”

Knopf to the Major and Fräulein Milch.

“DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER: How good it seems, that I, who could never before say so to any human being, can now say, *brother and sister.*

“In the red memorandum-book, that you, dear Sister, gave me, I have jotted down many travelling sketches. I hope to be able to work them all up some day; I can't just now, and at once give you the best: I am engaged!!!

“Do you remember, dear Sister, that I once told you how in going to visit our friend Dournay, I met a girl and two little boys in the wood. This girl is my betrothed: her name is Rosalie, like yours—she might be your sister—and she is; her eyes are brown like yours, too.

““But who is she?” I hear you ask, as, laying aside your sewing, you look at me with both eyes—I had almost said with both hands. Well, only let me tell you peaceably.

“This girl, then, whom I once met in the woods, my forest maiden, is the daughter of a teacher; and, I demand your respect, she also has passed her examination as a teacher, and her two brothers are splendid boys. I did not venture to approach the girl, though I recognized her at the first glance, so I sought to win over her brother, and told the little one—the little fellow attached himself to me at once—‘Tell your sister that I met her in the woods, when she was going to the chapel with you: she had on a brown dress.’

““Why don't you tell her yourself?” asked the child. I had not time to reply, for my forest maiden came along just then, and scolded her brothers for troubling the strange gentleman, when the little fellow cried out:

““That's the gentleman you mimic squinting at you over his spectacles!”

“Now it was out. So she had been laughing at me. She too! I took off my spectacles, and honestly confessed I could have thrown them into the water, and myself after them.

“We both stood embarrassed. At last she said—and oh, what a voice she has! and she sings very much like the Justice's Lina, but has a higher compass, up to A.

““But what did she say?” you ask.

“Good, kind things—that she had not been laughing at me,

and—I really don't remember what—she gave me her hand, and . . .

"I cannot write it—you will hear it all by and by; and if I don't write it, you will know just the same—I, Emil Knopf, teacher of girls for so and so many generations, am engaged to an angel. That is a threadbare expression; besides, who knows if angels could pass a teacher's examination.

"I say with Herr Weidmann, 'I don't see how people manage not to believe in God.' Could any human reason have divined that the girl took a liking to me when we met so long ago? That I had no idea whence she came, or who she was, and now she is put here on board the ship for me—or I might say I am put on board the ship—war must break out, and she go to join her uncle in America—what a fine institution an uncle in America is! But do you know the best of all?

"Why, it is to have a girl one loves, and then live through a storm at sea. In the midst of the storm—and it was not a common one—I thought: 'Suppose you had gone to the bottom, without ever knowing what a girl's kiss is like, nor how it feels to have a delicate hand stroke your face, and even have it said to you, 'You are good-looking'—only think of it! I, Emil Knopf, renowned for my harmlessness among the fair sex, I am good-looking! Oh, how blind were the mothers and daughters in the holy land of Unifarmingen!

"Rosalie has a little mirror, and when I looked into that, I really found I was good-looking. I am pleased with myself. Don't think that I've lost my wits, I am in full possession of my faculties, and ready, Herr Major, to explain the law of the centre of gravity, and the lines of gravity to you—I am perfectly sane. One thing, however, is hard: I see that I am not a poet. If I were, I should make poems now that would prevent the world from talking of anything else. The sailors would sing them, and the soldiers when they came home from drill, the delicate fingered Miss at the piano, and the travelling tinker by the wayside, when he takes off his oil-skin cap and lays his head on his knapsack. Oh, I feel as if I must have something to fill the whole world, and cry out to all men, 'Do you not see how beautiful the world is?'

"Now I am going to stipulate for a wedding-present. You and Fräulein Milch must have your photographs taken for me. But forgive me for writing 'Fräulein Milch,' I mean the *Frau Majorin*. I just realize that I have said 'Fräulein Milch' through my whole letter, and you must excuse me for not crossing it out. I will write you again from the New World. Now not another word, I have written enough my life long, and choose to do nothing now but chat and kiss. Oh, how that brings the beautiful melody from Don Juan to my mind! I will only add that

Manna's conduct to my Rosalie is kind and charming. The three young Doctors, Fassbender, and Adams, all sympathize with our happiness, and so have their share of it, and my young brothers-in-law are bright fellows.

"We are all practising English, but intend to remain Germans nevertheless.

"In sight of land.

"In three days we shall be in New York. I do not know what may rush in upon me there. Rosalie urges me to write now; she is sitting beside me. I really cannot write from the depths of my heart if there is any one in the room; particularly not, if such dear eyes are watching me. However, I will try, for Rosalie says that I spoke so well that it ought not to be lost. She will make me vain in the end, for she has the highest opinion of everything I say.

"You know that we have had a terrible storm, and were formally betrothed the day following it. Our table was small, but the best were bidden to our board in spirit. I conjured them all up and addressed them all. First of all, you, dear Major—or pardon me, thou, dear Brother; and then thou, dear Sister, the blue ribbon of thy cap serving as a link of connection. I spoke as follows: 'Dear good people'—I really cannot go on. They all tell me that I spoke like a Whitsuntide spirit. Maybe, but I can't write it. I must give my Rosalie a kiss now. Major, do you give one to the Frau Majorin. There now, that'll do.

"P. S. I have just read what I have written to my Rosalie, and she has set me down with a bad mark; that's the way with these girls graduated as teachers.

"New York.

"To crowd into a letter what we see in New York in three days, indeed in one day, would be like trying to grasp and hold the shifting images of clouds. I never write in my journal now; there is too much.

"When we landed, the uncle was there to receive us, but he did not like to accept me as his nephew. I wish, dear Major, I had you here, to explain to him what I really am; now I must wait till he finds it out for himself, which perhaps may never be. I don't blame the uncle, because he had a husband already selected for Rosalie. When I presented Captain Dournay to him, he only said, 'Dournay—Dournay?' and nothing more. He must have had something to do with some one of the family before.

"The uncle is very reserved; and directly the opposite of the uncle's reserve, is the openness in Doctor Fritz's house. Now, my dear Brother and Sister, I know how Herr Wiedmann's house must have been in his youth. But Herr Wiedmann has more

sons; and here there are daughters, and what splendid creatures! And a wife!—I can only say it is enough to have her look at one with her large eyes. What capital fellows we Germans are! Transplant us where you will, above all into an atmosphere of freedom, and we unfold, and show plainly what we are.

"I was present when Roland and Lilian met. They must have a secret sign of recognition, for their first word was '*pebble*.' These secret understandings always exist between lovers. Roland and Lilian only shook hands, and then they went out together. Young people here move with great independence.

"Life in Doctor Fritz's house is very agreeable, but no one ever has any time here. I understand now why people in America say, 'Time is money.' Their restlessness is without parallel.

"Here is war—war! Most people believe it will be over soon. Doctor Fritz, however, says the tenacity of the Southern States is immense; besides, they are far better prepared than the North.

"What is to become of us? Doctor Fritz thinks it strange that I can seriously mean to be a teacher of negroes. I am not enough advanced in English yet; but he gives me hope that I may carry it out in the future. And I even go further, and think there must be established a seminary to educate teachers for young negroes, and I won't give it up. Meanwhile, I give music-lessons, and it is strange when I come from a house where I have been practising with some one, to hear the drums rattle in the streets.

"Adams is in despair: the President will not receive any negroes into the service yet, and he is to work on the intrenchments, which he refuses to do.

"Young Fassbender won't have anything to do with the bird-trade, with which the Krischer commissioned him; he has taken a government contract together with his brother. I hope he will prove honest; for, as I hear, there is much swindling and illicit trade in the Republic, which is a very sad thing."

Knopf to Fassbender.

"Dear Colleague:—Tell me, did I not once meet at your house a teacher by the name of Rungler? I am quite anxious to know, because this teacher Rungler was my father-in-law. I think he must have been at your house, when I saw him constantly taking snuff from a great snuff-box.

"Yes, it is so. I have just asked my Rosalie. Her father did take his snuff from a great box-wood snuff-box, which establishes the fact. Memory is a wonderful thing after all; we ought to give it far more consideration from a pedagogic point of view. I really only recollect the box-wood snuff-box, and I

beg you will tell me what we talked about at the time. You will recollect, or rather I remind you, that I was very much depressed at the time at the childish trick Roland had played me. I was so much depressed that I have no recollection of things that passed at the time. So I beg you will write me everything, and show me a great favor by so doing. You will soon receive a card with the following:

EMIL KNOPF.

ROSALIE KNOPF—née RUNGLER.

"I tell you the world is full of fairy-tales. Life itself is nothing but a fairy-tale. Schelling, the philosopher, was right in saying that Art, Poesy, State, Religion, all originated in the Myth.

"My good Roland told me about his interview with Abraham Lincoln, and I have a good poem about it in my mind: unluckily I have got no farther than the title, but the title is fine, it is: 'In Abraham's Bosom.' Think for yourself how much can be made out of that.

"Your son is an extremely practical man; you will take pleasure in him.

"If your sub-teacher chooses to come here, I can procure plenty of music-lessons for him. We have teachers enough in Germany to export some."

Roland to Frau Dournay.

"Pardon me, if I no longer venture to call you mother. It seems to me a wrong to my departed mother, that I ever did so. I beg you will have my mother's grave well cared for, and keep her favorite flowers, Carnations and Ericas, upon it.

"Now this is off my mind, I will go on.

"Whenever I think of the vine-clad cottage, it seems to be floating on the ocean to come to us.

"Erich and Manna will have told you all about our voyage. During our trip I learned nearly the whole management of a ship, and would rather enlist in the navy, but Erich decidedly opposes it, for it is probable that my father will fight against us in the navy on the other side, which makes it desirable for me, to be in the army.

"I met Lilian here, and to you alone I confide it—we have promised to belong to one another. Do not say that I am only seventeen, and Lilian only fourteen, for circumstances have made us older. Besides, did not Franklin want to marry Miss Read when he was eighteen years old? We have vowed to each other only to be married when the war is over.

"I beg you not to allow any eye but your own to read these lines.

"I have been in Washington, and have seen the Acropolis of the New World. I wished first to make a pilgrimage to Franklin's grave, but it was better that I could first go to one of his greatest successors, to Abraham Lincoln. I have for the first time seen a man of immortal fame, and in his presence uttered his own name, which posterity will cherish. The lips whose words will reach the world of to-day as well as the world of the future, have spoken my name.

"Yes, I have seen greatness, and how simple it is!

"It was at Carlsbad, during one of those remarkable conversations—I do not remember much, but this struck me—when one of the gentlemen, I think it was the Privy-councillor, remarked, that whoever had walked through a gallery of his ancestral portraits whose looks were bent upon him, walked through his whole life accompanied by these eyes. Oh! from the eyes of Lincoln, the spirit of Socrates and Aristides, the spirit of Moses, of Washington, and of Franklin looked down upon me; and then I felt distinctly that these are the ancestors every man can win for himself, by honest endeavor, fidelity, and self-sacrifice. I have the highest ancestry, and will try to become worthy of it.

"I here enclose Lincoln's photograph for you; he resembles Herr Weidmann, not so much in appearance as in his manner.

"I told him about Adams, and how unhappy the negro was that he could not enter the army, and would only be employed on the fortifications. Lincoln advised me to trust to maturer reflection, and not to forget, in youthful ardor, that every means of conciliation must be exhausted first, in order that one may be justified before God and one's own conscience, when it became necessary to go farther; for he said that it was a war between brothers, which was not carried on for extermination, but for reconciliation.

"I would like to enter a negro regiment, and I told him so.

"Manna remains with Doctor Fritz's family, and Erich has probably told you that he enters the army with a Major's commission. I have a comrade in Hermann, Lilian's brother, who is a good deal like Rudolph Weidmann. He is of the same age, but seems much older; at eighteen, one is much more advanced in this country than at home. He says very little, but all he says is so thoughtful and firm! Oh! he has had a beautiful youth—but I will not speak of it any more.

"I have left Grip with Lilian. We are in a cavalry regiment. How I wish we had our horses here from Villa Eden! You must tell the Major to write me who bought them. It makes my heart ache when I think of Villa Eden.

"Just as I write that word I must stop. Have patience with

me; you shall see that you have not done me so much good in vain. You shall see by my conduct that there is a man in

“Your

“ROLAND DOURNAY.

“P. S.—I have taken the name of Dournay here; you can easily imagine why?”

Manna to Frau Dournay.

“I would like to throw myself upon your breast; then say Mother! and no more. The pen trembles in my hand, but I hear you say, be strong. It will be. I dare not think of how things will be when we join you again in our home. We must hold out—who knows how long, and for what sacrifices? I dare not think that Erich will be taken from me.

“It seemed to me like a dream when we set foot upon the mainland—the land of my birth. I could have sailed along forever on the ship.

“I am staying at the house of Doctor Fritz. Roland and Erich have gone to Washington to-day to see Lincoln. I cannot comprehend that Erich is not with me, and that I must yet learn to part with him still longer. We need not fear, need we, Mother? A wonderful fate has brought us together and sustained us, and must remain true to us.

“I would like to tell you much about the house in which we live,—about all the good people whose minds are so constantly at work; and often when I hear the mother or the children speak or observe their actions, I feel like saying: ‘You have learned that from Erich’s mother, from my mother.’ There is a brotherhood of the noble-minded through the whole world, and whoever has some of it within himself meets it everywhere, and to me it verifies the words: ‘Seek, and you will find; knock, and it will be opened unto you.’ From you I have received the power of searching and knocking, and I find that they open for me. Oh, Mother, why must such mighty events, that open the greatness, the goodness, and the spirit of sacrifice in men to the world, turn on the pivot of life and death! Why not on peace and love silently cherished?

“You have often said that the age of prophecy will be fulfilled when the best no longer is revealed in struggle, but in an untrammelled beauty and peacefulness. You, Mother, are an apostle and a witness of this in your world of paradise yonder, far from the strife; rejoice at it, as we rejoice that you are indeed this apostle and this witness. I will be as thou art; I am thy daughter and will ever become more so.

“It was fortunate that I was interrupted. Lilian has a fresh

voice, and the fiancée of our friend Knopf sings well too. We have practised some pieces in which I accompany Lilian's songs on the harp. Could we only send some of these tones over across the sea! In the midst of the turmoil of life we sit for hours and sing. I have a fresh comprehension of those words from father's work—that art is a deliverer.

"Why does the word father so wound my soul? How happy my mother was to be so taken away! When I enter upon this train of thought it seems to me as though I were walking in a desert, on and on, nowhere anything to refresh the eye, to revive the soul. We must bear it.

"It pains me to see how confusedly I am writing. But you know and will believe that I am not myself so; and above all, you must know that I never burden Erich with such heavy thoughts. It is scarcely from resolve. As soon as he comes all grief and fear is banished and everything is light—sunshine—day."

"Three days later.

"Erich has returned from Washington with Roland; they have much to tell, and Roland is in a state of enthusiasm which you alone can picture.

"Have I told you already that our friend Knopf has found a capital little wife? She is an active nature, full of good sense and modesty. She, too, had to struggle with religious troubles as I did, but not so heavily, but nevertheless hard enough. Lilian, young as she is, is far riper than her years. She was sent to Germany on account of her religious tendencies. Our friend Knopf has completed a good work there.

"Lilian has become a sister to me, and we often talk of how she will return to the Rhine with us, but she thinks that Erich and I will stay here, which can never be. Our home is there; you are our home. I kiss your eyes, your cheeks, your mouth, your hands. Oh! let me only kiss you once more. You are mine; you do not know what you are to me, but this you know, that I am

"Your daughter,

"MANNA DOURNAY.

"P. S.—Dear Aunt Claudine, please select a great pile of good music for me; among the rest, some songs with accompaniment for the harp, and send it as soon as you can. I will think of you at every tone. My naughty little finger, with which you took so much pains, is quite obedient now."

Erich to the Banker.

..... "I fully understand your being pained because there

are Jews among the Secessionists. General Twiggs—who commanded in Texas, and surrendered his army, fort, and munitions to the rebels—was a Jew. Then Jewish speculators aid and abet the defenders of Slavery: why shall not they do so as well as the church-going English? Why do you demand that all Jews, without exception, should stand on the side of Morality? Jews have equal rights to Immorality. They are, if I may so express it, equally entitled to Vice. It ought to become apparent, and it now is becoming apparent, that no one religion has been chosen as the sole path to Morality.

“You complain of the progress which the love of luxury is making in your communion. That is a part of the considerations I have stated.

“The more I reflect upon your letter, the more I am led to the following view. The Jews, excluded so long and so cruelly from the political community, and condemned to a sad cosmopolitanism, show themselves now, since their emancipation, as natives of the various States, and are steadfast in their patriotism.

“But then you must know that very many Jews are with us, fighting bravely and devotedly on our side.

“The young physician whom you fitted out is excellent in every way.

“The money you sent is being applied conscientiously.

“I hope to sing again with your daughter-in-law, to whom please convey my regards.

“My wife begs to be remembered to you.”

Frau Dournay to Erich and Manna.

“It is all well. I would I could send you the fragrance and beauty of the Spring which now gladdens us. No tree here, covered with blossoms, has as many as there are blessings for you in my heart. We here are at peace, and you are in a great war. We can do nothing for you. Let me only tell you, my Son, and you, my Daughter, whatever may happen, be comforted by the conviction that we have followed the behests of the soul, that we must bear our share in silent resignation.

“I have been in the new village. I fancy a new settlement in America must be somewhat like it. It is a beautiful and grand thing, to prepare a cheerful, industrious existence for so many people.

“My Son, why do you not write whether you have made inquiries for Uncle Alphonse? Do not neglect to do so. If he be still living, tell him that I never misjudged him, although he treated us so unkindly; and tell him that your father, too, always

thought of him in a brotherly way. But I do not know whether he is living. Do not neglect to find out.

"Our friend Einsiedel is arranging your father's papers.

"Our good Major intends to fit up a room in the hothouse, so as to live all next Winter among the plants and to inhale their breath. He insists, that if he can do so, he will live a hundred years!"

Claudine to Manna.

"If, at times, you should feel oppressed and unhappy, under the trials which you must endure, do not forget to give yourself up to the study of the stars. That will lift you above petty troubles."

Lina to Manna.

"I'm going to have my first great coffee-party to-morrow. Do me honor! I shall lay fine damask-cloths, and I've got my own gilt cups. Oh! why can't you be here, too! People say that my voice has become much stronger since I've been a mother. O Manna! the most beautiful of all songs is that which a woman sings to her child!—Be sure to tell me, first thing.—Prancken and his wife have got back; but they're not going to stay here. He's to go as ambassador down to the Lower Danube, near Turkey. I don't remember what they call the place.

"I've thought out something so nice for you! When you come back, you must get up a singing-society of all the ladies and girls in the neighborhood; and then we'll sing in your garden, and in the fine music-room, and in boats on the water, and on the flat roof, everywhere. What a life we'll lead! I wish we could begin to-morrow!"

Weidmann to Erich.

"We are at work; working hard and in many ways. You took much of our peace away with you when you left us; but now it's all right again. Thank you, my dear Dournay, for your letter. My nephew sends me the newspapers regularly. You must not let the thought of Europe and our troubles here worry you; you are now at a post where you must fix your eyes on what is immediately about you. Pardon my taking the liberty of exhorting you thus.

"It was high time that this disgrace was taken off the conscience of our age, for it appears that through long habit it had ceased to be felt very pointedly or vividly as a sin and a disgrace. I've been making astonishing discoveries on this point. Herr

Sonnenkamp demoralized this neighborhood more than he knew; people speak well of him now. 'Oh! only a slave-dealer? is that all?' are questions you hear on every side.

"Anything approaching the heroic imposes upon men; a bold miscreant is more attractive than a simply virtuous man. Not only malicious people, no! very serious men, find it over-scrupulous in the Prince to have refused to ennoble Sonnenkamp.

"A plant has been carried to Europe—the common people call it the 'Waterpest;' you have, undoubtedly, read of it; it came from Canada, probably it stuck to the bottom of a vessel; it has almost stopped up the Thames with the tangle of its roots and stalks: it has spread far into the Continent, and has made its appearance with us; we shall get the upper hand. A similar Waterpest is spreading in moral things."

Doctor Richard to Erich.

"I've no doubt that the rest of the folks have written very clever letters, full of fine sentiment: I've got something better. First let me tell you that you ought to be glad because you need no longer keep thinking, but have something to do. And now a pretty story.

"Otto von Prancken, for whom, in common with all profane people, I always felt some sympathy—he's no hero in virtue, but he's an out-and-outer of his kind—has beaten the black-coats in the race-course of shrewdness: he got them to give him a recommendation to Rome, and played a jolly trick when he got there. He entered the Papal army with the rank of Major, but soon got into a quarrel: my own opinion is that he provoked it. He wrote a letter full of dissatisfaction with the organization of the army. That was his excuse for leaving it, and marrying the young widow, Herr von Endlich's daughter. When you come back, you'll have new neighbors. In the mean time, it's reported that Prancken will enter the diplomatic service; and I believe it,—he has his gifts in that direction.

"Haven't you heard or seen anything of Frau Bella?"

Einsiedel to Erich.

"There are inspiring thoughts in your father's papers. It is to be regretted that some of them were not published long ago. He foresaw this American war very distinctly. Logical deduction is a kind of prophecy. I shall publish these leaves, and pledge my word that, many years previous to these events, they were written from a noble mind dwelling in solitude."

Frau Majorin Grassler, late Fräulein Milch, to Knopf.

"You may imagine how much pleasure your letter gave us. My good husband was much cheered by it; ever since you all went away he has been very restless. For months he could not get rid of the thought that if he had only been younger, he might have gone with you. And, you mustn't laugh, we are suffering under a family affliction, for our Laadi has gone blind, and no doctor can do anything for her. People laugh at us because we nurse the dog so faithfully; they want us to have her shot, but we cannot make up our mind to have it done. And so we are nursing poor Laadi. My husband sits with her for hours and talks to her; yes, he even takes her out walking every day, leading her by a string. Why had the dog to grow blind? Here, I am asking questions like a young Miss. We must be on our guard, and not grow sentimental; mother Nature is a very hard mother.

"I knew your Rosalie's father; he called on us once with Herr Fassbender."

Erich to Weidmann.

"Adams was ordered to work upon the intrenchments, and a great number of other negroes with him. He was unwilling to take up the spade. Then Roland did what I once dissuaded him from. Long ago, when they were rebuilding the Castle, he wanted to work. I think I have told you of it. Now he joined the negroes, and plied the spade with them; and one day when I came up to him, and he passed his hand over his forehead to wipe the sweat away, I saw a peculiar fire flashing in the boy's eyes: the brow from which the sweat of labor runs, bears the crown of manly dignity.

"The letter I am writing to you serves me as a concentration of myself and a recovery from the din of war, which keeps me in constant excitement.

"There is much dissatisfaction in the army. The soldiers are vexed with Lincoln because of his vacillating, uncertain, or, to put it gently, his very hesitating policy.

"I must leave to Doctor Fritz, or rather to time, the verification of your nephew's judgment. He asserts that Lincoln is not a man of genius; towering head and shoulders above the mass, he is only the average, the exact expression of what the popular mind has attained in this country,—a true exponent of the more intelligent of his people. It may be so; but even that is a great deal! It is not greatness, in the sense of the ancients. But perhaps we have already entered the era which has passed

beyond heroship, beyond heroes, who stand prominently forth, dwarfing all secondary characters.

“Over against monarchy, aristocracy, monotheism, stand the republic, democracy, pantheism. They are merely three different names for three phases of the same principle.”

Roland to Frau Dournay.

“My first lines from the field are for you, my dear Frau Professorin. I remember the motto you gave me that day. It seems to me as if it could not be myself that is going through all this experience. I promise you—and my promise is but a second oath of allegiance—to remain true to your motto. Ah! why don't you know Lilian? She deserves to be known by you. I've told her much about you. She thinks that she would be afraid of you, because you are so learned and so wise; but I've told her that there would be no need of fear. What a man Doctor Fritz is! He has told me that he was a pupil of your husband's. It must be a source of happiness to you to know that the spirit of your husband still lives in such a man in the New World.

“I must take care not to think too much of you and the past. I must think of nothing now but our present purpose. And then I'm tired; we've just had a long drill.

“Erich is very highly thought of here. The camp is very still now. Report goes that we are to smell powder to-morrow for the first time.

“Morning.

“The battle is beginning. I hope to do my duty.

“Evening.

“I was made an officer on the field.”

Erich to Weidmann.

“In Camp.

“We have had a battle, and we are beaten. Roland distinguished himself, and has been promoted to a lieutenancy. I must use all my influence to bridle his boldness. I find effective aid in your grand-nephew's coolness.

“The hardest thing about this war is, that thousands must be sacrificed, so that the leaders may learn the art of war. There is lack of tried and trusted leaders; and it is no small thing that the enemy acts so well, while it has as yet no real confidence in its leaders. They must learn to fight by fighting. The Southern States have an advantage there.

“I have been considering much whether our enemies fight

with the hope of victory; I mean, whether they honestly hope, in their own hearts, that, in case they are victorious, their doctrine will be permanently established. Their very bitterness, which overleaps the boundaries of humanity—the very spirit of revenge which animates them, are to me indications that they may believe in a victory through war, but not in a victory through peace. And then the question rises again in my mind: ‘Why must something, which has attained recognition as truth, be conquered, again and again, with blood?’ That is the great enigma of history. Still, it is even so in small things and with individuals. Man is a rational being, but, to a much greater degree, a passionate being; and to this day it is passion—emotion which inspires and renews the life of the individual and of the race. I recall one of your sayings—that nothing makes plants grow as much as a thunderstorm. Perhaps the same holds true in the history of mankind. Schiller’s dream, that the idyllic, the peaceful, the painless solution of impending conflicts, must become the highest form of poetry, is a dream which cannot even be realized in the realm of abstract ideas, much less in life. Just as Goethe was wrong in saying that America was without basalt-formations, so was he wrong in saying that it had no Middle Ages to overcome; it is only now emerging from its peculiar feudalism. Its history has only been crowded into short periods, as in a dramatic poem.

“This American nation has passed through no dynastic, no religious wars; it is now forced to battle for an Idea. Independence was the first stage; that may be selfish. The liberation of others is the second and purely ideal stage. And the passage from the stage in which striving after property and money—in which material prosperity is the only ultimate supreme desire, up into a historical period, in which life must be staked for an idea—that transition develops the soul of a nation. It is only now that America brings its new element—its offering—into the Pantheon of Humanity. Until now it might be said that the historical greatness of America was not in proportion to its material greatness.

“Now America is in a concentrated form; passing through its Migration of nations, its Crusades, its Thirty years’ war; something of the rapidity and the time-compressing power of the telegraph has been infused into history.

“But here I am in camp, and lecturing. Still it has done me good; I feel collected, refreshed, satisfied, by having addressed my thoughts to you.”

Roland to Frau Dournay.

“We are beaten! Mother, we are beaten! Erich comforts

me, and comforts all of us: he says that the defeat is good for us, that we must learn perseverance. Well! I will try to learn it."

(*Postscript by Erich.*)—"Mother! These lines from Roland, I found among his things; I send them to you. Roland has disappeared; he has fallen, or been taken prisoner; he behaved nobly; he had been promoted. Oh my Roland!"

Erich to Weidmann.

"In Camp.

"The great—the inevitable necessity has been accomplished; the negroes have been admitted into the army, and we have joined a negro regiment,—Roland, Hermann, and I; now at length the contest has reached a full consistency. The negroes behave admirably, and are always in high spirits. This discipline of the army is a good preparatory school for life.

"We have learned from one of our spies, that a man who calls himself Banfield—from the description I suspect he is Sonnenkamp—is in the force opposed to us, and with him a woman in man's dress, who is of splendid beauty, and receives the homage of all. I had hoped he was in the navy, and it is terrible for me that he and his son will now fight against each other so directly. If only Roland may not find it out!

"It is a pleasure, amid all of this, to see the beautiful friendship between Roland and your grand-nephew Hermann: the two young men are inseparable."

Roland to Frau Dournay.

"Now all is complete. Erich, Hermann, and I serve in a negro regiment; that is just what I have longed for. To you I can say that they love me, these enslaved ones, who now seek in war those human rights which they could not obtain in peace. I think of Parker's words. Oh what a day it was for me when I first heard his name from you, there in the vestibule of the church; and then—

"*Forward* is now our watchword; we shall not look back, we no longer can.

"I must add that I have found a friend—a friend such that even you with all your love could not wish me a better—and my Hermann is Lilian's brother. I must not think of it—he fights from spontaneous choice; and I—No, I too stake all of my free choice."

Erich to Weidmann.

"In Camp.

"Oh my friend, Roland is lost! We have gained a victory! At night I searched the whole battle-field with our surgeon.

Oh, what a sight ! But we did not find Roland. We hope that he has been taken prisoner ; and what a hope !

"I must find comfort in comforting Hermann. The whole strength of this fine young fellow's character now shows itself anew in his grief at our loss. He is far from being sentimental, and the good training of a free State, and that of his German home, now evinces itself. Hermann shares my tent. He is very different from Roland. There is a place for every one here in America. All twigs and branches live and form themselves according to the tree. Hermann has no hard fate in his soul, as my poor Roland had.

"In case any communication from Sonnenkamp is sent to me there, I beg you will write him that his son is taken prisoner.

"I am exhausted almost to death. The images of the wounded, the dead, and the mangled will never leave my soul.

"I do not know when I shall write to you again, but beg that you will at once write to Sonnenkamp in regard to Roland. Perhaps you can have it inserted in some English paper that will get to the South. Talk it over with Professor Einsiedel, but do not, I beg you, tell my mother of it yet."

Lilian to Frau Dournay.

"'Write it at once to Erich's mother,' Roland tells me. Know, then, dear Madam, that I have found him. The dreadful news came to us that Roland was killed, and not taken prisoner. I could not endure it any longer, and set out for the enemy's country. Oh, I have passed through so much ! I went over the battle-fields, and looked into the faces of hundreds of dead and wounded. I have been in the hospitals, and heard the groans and sighs, but nowhere a trace of Roland. Further and further I went, and the terrible men took pity on me—a solitary girl looking for her lover. At last I found him ! No, not I—Grip found him ; for the faithful creature was with me. We found him in a barn : he is wounded. Oh, how thin and changed he was ! I hardly recognized him again, but now all is well.

"Roland tells of a woman in man's clothes, who had him taken to the barn, and he insists that it was Countess Bella. I saw her once, when I was at Mattenheim, and I've seen her here. I think it must have been she, rushing past on horseback, dressed like a man. She looked at me too ; she must have recognized me.

"And it is wonderful, Mother. Perhaps Roland told you that he gave me a pebble and I gave him one, the last time we met at Mattenheim. He wore this pebble, sewed fast in his clothes, next his heart, and it was the means of saving his life.

"I've written to New York to tell them all, but I don't know whether the letter will reach them. Letters to Europe can be forwarded, and I beg you will send the news to Erich, and to my father. You may add that Roland is out of all danger; a German physician, who is serving in the Southern army, gives me this assurance.

"Please forward this news to Mattenheim to uncle and aunt, and all our friends there.

"Roland has just woke up; he has slept well, and he begs you will take the poor deaf-and-dumb man to the Villa, and give him work in the garden. He talks about the mute a great deal."

Erich to Weidmann.

"The great event has been passed through. I hardly know how to put it in words.

"It was a hot day, and the fight was stubborn on both sides. We were victorious, but our loss is great. Suddenly Adams came to me; he was bleeding, and his mouth was covered with froth. I wanted to have his wound dressed, but he refused, and cried:

"'Come! come! I didn't kill him; he gave the masonic sign of distress. I was not allowed to kill him. He's lying out there.'

"'Who?'

"'That man! that man!'

"With difficulty I got him to utter the name. It was Sonnenkamp.

"I took the doctor with me, and hastened past mutilated men crying for help. We came to a hill, and there he lay.

"When I stood by him, I could hardly breathe: at last I cried, 'Father!'

"'Father?' he shrieked. 'Away from me! leave me!'

"He stared at me with glassy eyes. He pulled up the grass, burrowed in the ground, and pressed his face into the loosened earth, as if he were seeking the only fragrance that had always refreshed him. But he shook his head; he seemed to smell the breath of the earth no longer.

"The surgeon examined him; he was bleeding from several wounds, but he vigorously pushed the surgeon from him.

"'I will not have my wounds dressed! Away with all of you!'

"I knelt down beside him, and told him that he had not been personally opposed to his son in battle; that Roland had been lost for three months, and was probably taken prisoner.

"'Prisoner!' he cried; 'Oh, woe, threefold woe! Prisoner! Oh, she is the cause—she! she! I didn't want to . . . I was forced to . . . she wanted to ride on horseback . . . she rides

well . . . play soldier'—and he laughed derisively. 'On the sea—on the water—there I wanted to be . . . I had to follow her . . . I saw her fall . . . she was beautiful even in death . . . an enchantress ! an enchantress !'

"The doctor signed to me. I understood, and asked if he had no wish to communicate to me. He stared at me.

"'There . . . that . . . give it . . . give !'

"He pointed to a beautiful Erica that grew not far from him. Adams had followed our looks and pulled up a bunch of Ericas, and placed them in the hand of the dying man, who gazed at the negro with his eyes starting from his head. Then a smile passed over his face ; with tremendous strength he raised himself up once more, uttered a terrible scream, and sank back, death stretching his limbs. With the Erica convulsively grasped in his hand, he died.

"Oh, what have I not seen, what have I not lived through ? Now, nothing more can come.

"When we buried him in the earth, and I covered him over with Ericas, I could not help shedding tears for a man whose strength had gone astray.

"What might he not have become, if—

"I was interrupted here in the midst of my writing. Since those lines were written, I have buried one more. I was called to Adams. He had neglected to have his wounds dressed, and now it was too late ; he asked for me, I stood by his bedside, and he inquired with his last strength :

"'Major, can they steal anything like that ?'

"'What do you mean ?'

"'Can a man like him belong to the Brethren, and give the sign ?'

"'You see that he could.'

"'Of what use is it for the Brethren to carry swords ? Why didn't I—' he cried, gnashing his teeth. He clenched his fists, raised himself up, and fell back. His savage nature, which was only tamed and repressed, broke out again in his death-struggle.

"I cannot write more. I was mistaken in myself : I thought I was steeled against everything, but I am not. I beg, dear Herr Weidmann, that you will communicate the death of Roland's and Manna's father to my mother.

"If I could only sleep—only find rest !

"P. S. [*In Manna's hand.*]

"This letter, so far written, was found in my Erich's pocket when they drew him from under his horse. In his excitement, which increased to delirium, he mounted his horse and was going to battle, when the horse fell with him. I forward the

letter. Up to this time he recognizes no one, and speaks deliriously; but the doctor gives me hope.

"I think, after all, I will not send the letter until I have better news.

"Three days later.

"My husband says that the thought of you refreshes him. I wrote to mother, too, to-day."

Manna to Frau Dournay.

"Mother, he is saved! All fear has taken flight? He is saved!

"For days and nights he lay in a fever; he did not recognize me, but my dogs, Rose and Thistle, he knew. Only once he cried: 'Oh, the tones of the harp!'

"I telegraphed to New York at once, to send me my harp, but the telegraph-operator told me that there was one in the place, owned by a lady who lived entirely secluded, as she had had a very sad life. She was married, and afterward discovered that her husband already had a wife. I went to see the lady—she is the mother of my little Cricket. The Superior had written to her of the child's fondness for me, and the mother made me tell her all I knew. And now we live in the midst of wonders—little Cricket gave me the harp, that was to soothe my husband.

"The doctor said I might, so I sat in an outer room and played. Erich slept, and when he awoke, he said:

"'Why doesn't Manna come?'

"The doctor forbade my going to him, saying that all excitement must be avoided, and I was only allowed to see him when he was asleep, until the doctor finally allowed me to go to him. During his delirium he constantly saw me in the convent, as I appeared to him that evening, with that pair of wings; then he would speak French, and laugh at Sister Seraphine.

"The shock father's death caused Erich had so unsettled his nerves, the physician told me that for a long time he did not find an hour's sleep. They administered opiates, which seemed dangerous, and they had to be given up. A new battle was fought. All begged him to give himself rest, that he had proved his courage, but he mounted his horse and rode away. The horse fell with him, and he was carried to the hospital for dead. I received the news, and hastened hither at once. All danger is passed now, he only remains very weak. But, as is his way, he begged me to give the other patients the pleasure of hearing the harp; so I often sit in the sick-rooms for hours, and play to the men. It refreshes them very much, and the physicians even say that it made them so cheerful, that their wounds

heal more rapidly. When I come to Erich, and the doctor tells him how good music is for the sick, his face brightens. He talks but seldom; he often holds my hand and says that he has done too much talking in his life. But, Mother, you can be at rest.

"Erich begs that he may write you a line too.

[In a trembling hand here stood:]

"Your living, loving Son—ERICH.

[Then in Manna's hand:]

"Don't be frightened by this unsteady writing; the doctor says that all danger is past, and nothing is needed but complete rest.

"Oh Mother! how shall I thank the Eternal Spirit that my Erich lives. I am not widowed—with a life orphaned before birth. Be at rest, I am strong, I have a threefold life to guard."

Manna to Professor Einsiedel.

... "In the hospital I was called to a dangerously-wounded man, a prisoner from the Confederate army: he had heard my playing on the harp, and asked about me, and heard that I was German. The man told me that he had an uncle in Germany, who had been book-keeper in a large banking-house. One evening, when his uncle was at the theatre, he robbed him and fled. I told him that I had made the acquaintance of such a man through you, that is, I had seen him. I described him as well as I could: the wounded man insisted that it must be his uncle. And now he asked me to write to him that he was penitent for his deed. He had always hoped that he would become wealthy in order to go back and make all right again. This had not come to pass, and now he had to die, and he wished his uncle to know of his repentance.

"Will you tell all this to the man?"

Erich to his Mother.

"In my delirium, I kept saying to myself: 'Why! didn't you promise your mother to return to her safe and sound? You have no right to be sick—to die! You must keep your promise.' And this was always running through my mind; sometimes it quieted me, sometimes it fretted me. I always thought that I should be able to do something to compel nature to lift the shadows, the heaviness, the incapacity which weighed upon me. There were two souls within me. And once I heard quite distinctly the words: 'Keep quiet; learn before everything to keep quiet; you destroy your life with your thinking. Learn

for once not to think at all.' And then I was standing on the platform at the musical-festival and had to sing, and I could not get out a single note. I have suffered fearful tortures, but now I am entirely well again."

Doctor Fritz to Weidmann.

..... "Through the wounds of Erich, which were mentioned in connection with his victory, in the newspapers, a strange riddle has been solved. A little old man, with an air of distinction about him, came to see me. He spoke German, but with a hesitation which showed that he had not used the language for many years. He asked me if I was ever acquainted with Major Dournay. I said yes, and not without difficulty I drew from him that he was Erich's uncle, and a man of great wealth. He wanted to get tidings of the family—above all, to know if his sister Claudine was alive. Fortunately, Knopf could tell him all that he wanted to know."

Erich to his Mother.

"Oh, Mother, uncle is found! Through my fall from my horse, and still more through Manna's playing on her harp, which all the papers spoke about—as if it were some fairy-tale—uncle was led to go to see Doctor Fritz. Uncle himself came to see me while I was still very ill, and I was under the impression that I saw father. They tell me that I was so excited that they feared for my life. They had to withhold the news from me until I was entirely well. I showed your letter to uncle, and the old man, who for years and years would never listen to anything about Europe, or about his relatives, wept bitterly. He will return home with us."

Knopf to Fassbender.

"The old classical times had grand, beautiful figures, but they had no *Uncle in America*. And how could the world get along, before Columbus, without the Uncle in America? I believe that our Lord, when He rested in His noon-nap, dreamed of the rich uncle, and awoke to create him.

"My friend, Major Dournay, has found an uncle too, with ever so much—I don't know how much—money, and all honestly gained. Now he himself is so placed that he must solve the riddle, 'What's to be done with so much money?' He will not build my singing-hall, but he will do great things"

Doctor Fritz to Weidmann.

..... "Two children are born to us. Manna has a boy and Knopf's wife a girl. I happened to be at Knopf's when his

daughter was born ; and when he saw her the first time, he cried aloud :

“ ‘ Pure Caucasian blood ! ’ ”

“ He confessed to me that, in spite of his love for the negroes, he had been in terror lest his Rosalie should bear him a black baby ; for she saw nothing but negro children around her, as she was a teacher as well as he. And now he rejoiced that his daughter—whom he will name Manna Rosalie—shows her pure Caucasian blood ; and he thanks Fortune, in his jolly way, for giving him—the teacher of girls, a girl for his first-born.

“ Manna’s child is named Benjamin Alphonse. Uncle Alphonse is his godfather. In his will, he has made over his whole fortune to be divided equally between his sister Claudine and his brother’s son. He intends to come home with us ; but I fear the good little man will not last long enough.

“ I have told you before that my daughter Lilian sought out our brave boy Roland in the enemy’s country, and saved him. Roland is still very weak, but his youth will carry him through.

“ The struggle draws to its close ; and, with the celebration of victory, we will celebrate the marriage of Lilian and Roland. They will remain with us. Roland has proved himself a brave man. We used the greater part of his property to buy free land for the negroes, to fit them out with all the necessaries, and to establish schools for them.”

Erich to his Mother.

..... “ Mother—Grandmother—all are doing well. What more can be said, than that now, after so much misery, we are happy ? And, Mother, I am coming, I am coming home, with my wife, my child, and my uncle Alphonse. The waves will float us, the ship will bear us, the land will wait for us, and, Mother, I will again embrace you ; I will lay my child in your arms. We will live—work.”

Erich to Weidmann.

..... “ We have entered Richmond with our black regiment. Yes, I have known the ultimate experience in this world ! It has been permitted me to co-operate in the greatest struggle of our century. There is no more slavery. Now let the gentlemen in bands and surplices come on, and show us heretics a deed like this !

“ Later.

..... “ There ! Read ! A murder—an assassination ! Why can nothing pure and beautiful be complete ? Lincoln murdered ! Does it not often seem as if some malicious demon ruled the world ?

"This deed stands forth an evidence of the barbarity that the believers in aristocracy, the defenders of privileged classes, the deniers of human rights, are capable of.

"In future days such villainy will seem incredible; now it stands forth plain and distinct,—an assassination, and not assassination by one man. A whole band had conspired. During the war they slipped the leash of fanaticism in the Southern States, and now it is caged under a bloody seal."

Knopf to Weidmann.

..... "Our friend Dournay's uncle is dead. The news of Lincoln's assassination has killed him.

"Erich, Manna, and their child are going home."

Erich to Professor Einsiedel.

..... "What I would like to arrange would be the realization of the ultimate idea of my life—of the new vocation which has become mine.

"This is the torture of the introversive modern mind, that with it action is constantly impeded by reflection and doubt.

"I want to found a home of refuge for the laborers of the mind, and this is what I am pondering over. Is not this idea directly opposed to our modern spirit? Is not our modern habit of free thought—our emancipated individuality, which is the highest product of our time, itself based on the yearning for solitude? Can I think of a Lessing in his old age living in this home of refuge which I think of founding? Is not the quiet self-communion, which is our most sacred thing, disturbed and destroyed by such association?

"I believe it is not: besides, only those to whom rest is the ultimate necessity shall enter.

"Pray do not consider this the roof of my building; it is only the merry green bough* which I have hoisted up."

Erich to Weidmann.

..... "This letter should arrive only three days earlier than we hope to be in Europe—on the Rhine. I am going home. My wife and child accompany me. Roland, as probably you know already, casts his lot here.

"Please give the enclosed document to your local register. In it I declare that Villa Eden shall be the residence of my family only during my lifetime and Manna's. I have declared irrev-

* As soon as the ridge-pole is in place, a green bough is placed upon it.

ocably that the house, the garden, and the park, as described on the records, and, in addition thereto, a suitable sum of money, not yet determined, shall be set aside for the use of men who have worthily devoted themselves to art and science.

"My friend and teacher, Professor Einsiedel, is commissioned to work out the arrangement of the statutes concerning the admission and mode of life of those who are to live in Villa Eden.

"My intention is that a resting-place for deserving laborers in the fields of thought may always be found in The Villa on the Rhine."

"P. S.—I have promised Roland that if I live, I will return here in 1889 to assist at the celebration of the centenary of the American Republic. Then we will compare notes regarding what each has done for his country and his fellow-men."

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